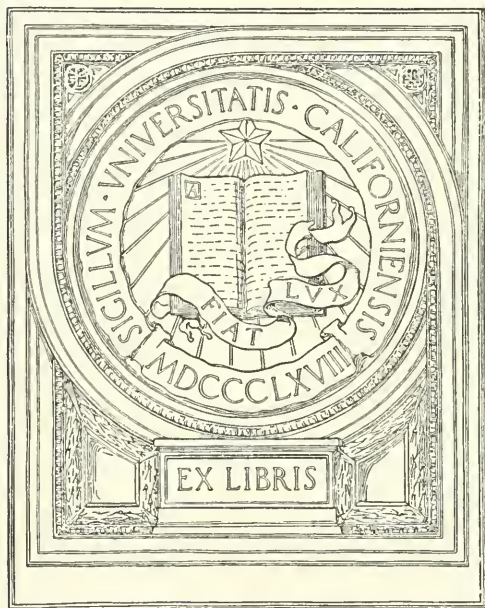




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SHAKESPEARE'S
COMPLETE WORKS

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

VOL. XV.

KING LEAR—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK AND LONDON

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

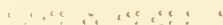
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SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY
OF
KING LEAR



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LEAR (AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS).

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

King Lear was first published in quarto form in 1608, with the following title-page :

M. William Shak-speare : | *HIS* | True Chronicle Historie
of the life and | death of King LEAR and his three | Daugh-
ters. | *With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne* | and heire
to the Earle of Gloster, and his | sullen and assumed humor
of | TOM of Bedlam : | *As it was played before the Kings*
Maiestie at Whitehall vpon | *S. Stephans night in Christmas*
Hollidayes. | By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at
the Gloabe | on the Bancke-side. | LONDON, | Printed for

Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in *Pauls* | Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere | *S^t. Austins* Gate. 1608.

A second quarto edition was issued by the same publisher in the same year, the title-page of which is similar, except that instead of the imprint "*LONDON*," etc., it has only "Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*. | 1608."

Some editors have stated that a third quarto appeared in 1608; but this is an error which has arisen from the fact that no two copies of the 1st quarto are exactly alike. The Cambridge editors account for this by supposing that corrections were made while the edition was printing, and that the corrected and uncorrected sheets were bound up indiscriminately.*

In the folio of 1623 *Lear* occupies pages 283-309 in the division of "Tragedies," and is divided into acts and scenes. The critics are fully agreed that the text is, on the whole,

* Furness (p. 356) is inclined to think that the binder was responsible for the confusion. He adds: "The text of these quarto editions was evidently set up piecemeal. For some reason or other 'Master N. Butter' was in a hurry to publish his 'booke,' and he therefore sent out the 'copy,' divided into several parts, to several compositors, and these different parts, when printed, were dispatched to a binder to be stitched (it is not probable that any of the Shakespearian quartos were more than merely stitched, or had other than paper covers). We learn from Arber's invaluable *Transcript of the Stationers' Registers*, ii. 881-2, that the binding was not done by the printers, and as there were nearly fifty free-men binders at that time in London, there must have been among them various degrees of excellence. As ill-luck would have it, the several portions of this tragedy of *Lear* fell to the charge of a careless binder, and the signatures, corrected and uncorrected, from the different printers, were mixed up, to the confusing extent in which the few copies that survive have come down to us."

We have followed Furness in considering the "Pide Bull" quarto as the earlier of the two, though, as he remarks, we have only circumstantial evidence in favour of this view. The Cambridge editors, Mr. P. A. Daniel (introd. to *Praetorius Lear*), Mr. A. A. Adey (introd. to "Bank-side" *Lear*), and others also agree in this opinion.

much better than that of the quartos, and that it was printed from an independent manuscript. Each text, however, is valuable as supplying the deficiencies of the other. The quartos, according to Furness, contain about two hundred and twenty lines that are not in the folios, and the folios fifty lines that are not in the quartos.* One entire scene (iv. 3) is omitted in the folios. This discrepancy in the texts has been the subject of much investigation and discussion. Johnson believed that "the folio was printed from Shakespeare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes than of continuing the action." Knight infers from the metrical imperfections of the quartos that they could not have been printed from the author's manuscript, though they may have been from a genuine play-house copy; the omissions in the folio, which (including iv. 3) are chiefly *descriptive*, were made, he thinks, by the poet, who "sternly resolved to let the effect of this wonderful drama entirely depend upon its action." Staunton, after a careful examination of the two texts, is convinced that in the folio we have "a later and revised copy of the play;" whether the curtailment is the work of the author it is now impossible to determine, but the additions are undoubtedly his. Delius, who has subjected the texts to a minute comparison, comes to the conclusion that "in the quartos we have the play as it was originally performed before King James, and before the audience at the Globe, but sadly marred by misprints, printer's sophistications, and omissions, perhaps due to an imperfect and illegible manuscript;" while "in the folio we have a later manuscript, belonging to the theatre, and more nearly identical with what

* Koppe! finds 287 more lines in the quarto than in the folio, and 110 lines in the folio which are not in the quarto. According to Adeë, the folio has 35 half-lines and 88 full lines that are not in the quarto, and the latter has 25 half-lines and 242 full lines not in the former.

Shakespeare wrote." The omissions of the quartos, he believes, are the blunders of the printers; the omissions of the folio are the abridgments of the actors. Koppel comes to a conclusion directly opposed to that of Delius, and maintains that the omissions and additions in both texts were mainly the work of the poet himself; that "the *original* form was, essentially, that of the quarto; then followed a *longer* form, *with the additions in the folio*, as substantially *our modern editions have again restored them*; then the shortest form as it is preserved for us in the folio." Schmidt supposes that the manuscript for the quarto was prepared from notes made during a performance on the stage, and was marred by the errors due to the imperfect memory of the actors and the abbreviations and blunders of the copyist; and that the various readings of the quarto are consequently of no authority, and ought to be adopted only in the few instances in which they serve to correct indubitable errors in the folio. Fleay decides that "in the quarto we have the version of the play as it was performed on the 26th of December, 1606, before the King;" and that the folio is "an abridgment for stage purposes, most likely made after Shakespeare's retirement, and probably *circa 1616-22*."*

The date of the play cannot be earlier than 1603 nor later than 1606. The former limit is fixed by the publication of Dr. Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, from which Shakespeare got the names of some of the devils mentioned by Edgar in iii. 4; and the latter by the entry of the play in the Stationers' Registers, dated November 26, 1607, which states that it was performed "before the kinges maiestie at Whitehall vppon Sainct Stephens night at Christmas Last," that is, upon the 26th of December, 1606.

Malone made the date 1605, seeing evidence in Edgar's "I smell the blood of a *British* man" (iii. 4. 173) that the

* For a fuller presentation of these various views, see Furness, pp. 359-373. See also Adee's introd. to "Bankside" *Lear*, pp. xxi.-xlii.

(for I will not disguise my conviction that in this one point the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic), Shakespeare has precluded all excuse and palliation of the guilt incurred by both the parents of the base-born Edmund, by Gloster's confession that he was at the time a married man, and already blest with a lawful heir of his fortunes. . . .

By the circumstances here enumerated as so many predisposing causes, Edmund's character might well be deemed already sufficiently explained, and our minds prepared for it. But in this tragedy the story or fable constrained Shakespeare to introduce wickedness in an outrageous form in the persons of Regan and Goneril. He had read nature too heedfully not to know that courage, intellect, and strength of character are the most impressive forms of power; and that to power in itself, without reference to any moral end, an inevitable admiration and complacency appertains, whether it be displayed in the conquests of a Bonaparte or Tamerlane, or in the form and the thunder of a cataract. But in the exhibition of such a character it was of the highest importance to prevent the guilt from passing into utter monstrosity, which, again, depends on the presence or absence of causes and temptations sufficient to account for the wickedness, without the necessity of recurring to a thorough fiendishness of nature for its origination. For such are the appointed relations of intellectual power to truth, and of truth to goodness, that it becomes both morally and poetically unsafe to present what is admirable—what our nature compels us to admire—in the mind and what is most detestable in the heart as co-existing in the same individual, without any apparent connection or any modification of the one by the other. That Shakespeare has in one instance—that of Iago—approached to this, and that he has done it successfully, is, perhaps, the most astonishing proof of his genius and the opulence of its resources. But in the present tragedy, in which he was

compelled to present a Goneril and a Regan, it was most carefully to be avoided ; and, therefore, the only one conceivable addition to the inauspicious influences on the preformation of Edmund's character is given in the information that all the kindly counteractions to the mischievous feelings of shame which might have been derived from co-domestication with Edgar and their common father had been cut off by his absence from home and foreign education from boyhood to the present time, and a prospect of its continuance, as if to preclude all risk of his interference with the father's views for the elder and legitimate son :

"He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again."

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."**]

We wish that we could pass this play over and say nothing about it. All that we can say must fall far short of the subject, or even of what we ourselves conceive of it. To attempt to give a description of the play itself, or of its effect upon the mind, is mere impertinence ; yet we must say something. It is, then, the best of all Shakespear's plays, for it is the one in which he was the most in earnest. He was here fairly caught in the web of his own imagination. The passion which he has taken as his subject is that which strikes its root deepest into the human heart, of which the bond is the hardest to be unloosed, and the cancelling and tearing to pieces of which gives the greatest revulsion to the frame. This depth of nature, this force of passion, this tug and war of the elements of our being, this firm faith in filial piety, and the giddy anarchy and whirling tumult of the thoughts at finding the prop failing it ; the contrast between the fixed, immovable basis of natural affection and the rapid, irregular starts of imagination, suddenly wrenched from all its accustomed holds and resting-places in the soul—this is what

* *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt ; edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 108 fol.

excitement. The imagination is glad to take refuge in the half-comic, half-serious, comments of the Fool, just as the mind, under the extreme anguish of a surgical operation, vents itself in sallies of wit. The character was also a grotesque ornament of the barbarous times in which alone the tragic groundwork of the story could be laid. In another point of view it is indispensable, inasmuch as while it is a diversion to the too great intensity of our disgust, it carries the pathos to the highest point of which it is capable, by showing the pitiable weakness of the old king's conduct, and its irretrievable consequences in the most familiar point of view. Lear may well "beat the gate which let his folly in" after, as the Fool says, "he has made his daughters his mothers." . . .

Shakespear's mastery over his subject, if it was not art, was owing to a knowledge of the connecting-links of the passions, and their effect upon the mind, still more wonderful than any systematic adherence to rules ; and that anticipated and outdid all the efforts of the most refined art not inspired and rendered instinctive by genius. . . .

Four things have struck us in reading *Lear* :

1. That poetry is an interesting study, for this reason, that it relates to whatever is most interesting in human life. Whoever, therefore, has a contempt for poetry has a contempt for himself and humanity.

2. That the language of poetry is superior to the language of painting, because the strongest of our recollections relate to feelings, not to faces.

3. That the greatest strength of genius is shown in describing the strongest passions ; for the power of the imagination, in works of invention, must be in proportion to the force of the natural impressions which are the subject of them.

4. That the circumstance which balances the pleasure against the pain in tragedy is, that in proportion to the greatness of the evil is our sense and desire of the opposite

good excited ; and that our sympathy with actual suffering is lost in the strong impulse given to our natural affections, and carried away with the swelling tide of passion that gushes from and relieves the heart.

[From Schlegel's "*Dramatic Literature*."*]

As in *Macbeth* terror reaches its utmost height, in *King Lear* the science of compassion is exhausted. The principal characters here are not those who act, but those who suffer. We have not in this, as in most tragedies, the picture of a calamity in which the sudden blows of fate seem still to honour the head which they strike, and where the loss is always accompanied by some flattering consolation in the memory of the former possession ; but a fall from the highest elevation into the deepest abyss of misery, where humanity is stripped of all external and internal advantages, and given up a prey to naked helplessness. The threefold dignity of a king, an old man, and a father is dishonoured by the cruel ingratitude of his unnatural daughters ; the old Lear, who, out of a foolish tenderness, has given away every thing, is driven out to the world a wandering beggar ; the childish imbecility to which he was fast advancing changes into the wildest insanity ; and when he is rescued from the disgraceful destitution to which he was abandoned, it is too late : the kind consolations of filial care and attention and of true friendship are now lost on him ; his bodily and mental powers are destroyed beyond all hope of recovery ; and all that now remains to him of life is the capability of loving and suffering beyond measure. What a picture we have in the meeting of Lear and Edgar in a tempestuous night and in a wretched hovel ! The youthful Edgar has, by the wicked arts of his brother, and through his father's blindness, fallen, as the old Lear, from the rank to which his birth entitled him ; and, as the

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel ; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 411 fol.

only means of escaping further persecution, is reduced to assume the disguise of a beggar tormented by evil spirits. The king's fool, notwithstanding the voluntary degradation which is implied in his situation, is, after Kent, Lear's most faithful associate, his wisest counsellor. This good-hearted fool clothes reason with the livery of his motley garb; the high-born beggar acts the part of insanity; and both, were they even in reality what they seem, would still be enviable in comparison with the king, who feels that the violence of his grief threatens to overpower his reason. The meeting of Edgar and the blinded Gloster is equally heart-rending; nothing can be more affecting than to see the ejected son become the father's guide, and the good angel who, under the disguise of insanity, saves him by an ingenious and pious fraud from the horror and despair of self-murder. But who can possibly enumerate all the different combinations and situations by which our minds are here, as it were, stormed by the poet? Respecting the structure of the whole, I will only make one observation. The story of Lear and his daughters was left by Shakspeare exactly as he found it in a fabulous tradition, with all the features characteristical of the simplicity of old times. But in that tradition there is not the slightest trace of the story of Gloster and his sons, which was derived by Shakspeare from another source. The incorporation of the two stories has been censured as destructive of the unity of action. But whatever contributes to the intrigue or the *dénouement* must always possess unity. And with what ingenuity and skill are the two main parts of the composition dovetailed into one another! The pity felt by Gloster for the fate of Lear becomes the means which enables his son Edmund to effect his complete destruction, and affords the outcast Edgar an opportunity of being the saviour of his father. On the other hand, Edmund is active in the cause of Regan and Goneril; and the criminal passion which they both entertain for him induces them to execute justice

on each other and themselves. The laws of the drama have therefore been sufficiently complied with ; but that is the least : it is the very combination which constitutes the sublime beauty of the work. The two cases resemble each other in the main : an infatuated father is blind towards his well-disposed child ; and the unnatural children, whom he prefers, requite him by the ruin of all his happiness. But all the circumstances are so different, that these stories, while they each make a correspondent impression on the heart, form a complete contrast for the imagination. Were Lear alone to suffer from his daughters, the impression would be limited to the powerful compassion felt by us for his private misfortune. But two such unheard-of examples taking place at the same time have the appearance of a great commotion in the moral world. The picture becomes gigantic, and fills us with such alarm as we should entertain at the idea that the heavenly bodies might one day fall from their appointed orbits. To save in some degree the honour of human nature, Shakspeare never wishes his spectators to forget that the story takes place in a dreary and barbarous age : he lays particular stress on the circumstance that the Britons of that day were still heathens, although he has not made all the remaining circumstances to coincide learnedly with the time which he has chosen. From this point of view we must judge of many coarsenesses in expression and manners ; for instance, the immodest manner in which Gloster acknowledges his bastard, Kent's quarrel with the steward, and more especially the cruelty personally inflicted on Gloster by the Duke of Cornwall. Even the virtue of the honest Kent bears the stamp of an iron age, in which the good and the bad display the same uncontrollable energy. Great qualities have not been superfluously assigned to the king ; the poet could command our sympathy for his situation, without concealing what he had done to bring himself into it. Lear is cholerick, overbearing, and almost childish from age, when he drives

"Cordelia. Nothing.

"Lear. Nothing can come of nothing ; speak again.

"Cordelia. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave

My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty

According to my bond ; no more, nor less."

Now this is perfectly natural. Cordelia has penetrated the vile characters of her sisters. Is it not obvious that, in proportion as her own mind is pure and guileless, she must be disgusted with their gross hypocrisy and exaggeration, their empty protestations, their "plaited cunning ;" and would retire from all competition with what she so disdains and abhors, even into the opposite extreme? In such a case, as she says herself,

"What should Cordelia do? love and be silent?"

For the very expressions of Lear—

"What can you say to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters?"—

are enough to strike dumb forever a generous, delicate, but shy disposition, such as Cordelia's, by holding out a bribe for professions.

If Cordelia were not thus portrayed, this deliberate coolness would strike us as verging on harshness or obstinacy ; but it is beautifully represented as a certain modification of character, the necessary result of feelings habitually, if not naturally, repressed ; and through the whole play we trace the same peculiar and individual disposition, the same absence of all display, the same sobriety of speech veiling the most profound affections, the same quiet steadiness of purpose, the same shrinking from all exhibition of emotion. . . .

As we do not estimate Cordelia's affection for her father by the coldness of her language, so neither should we measure her indignation against her sisters by the mildness of her expressions. What, in fact, can be more eloquently significant, and at the same time more characteristic of Cordelia,

than the single line when she and her father are conveyed to their prison :

“Shall we not see these *daughters* and these *sisters*?”

The irony here is so bitter and intense, and at the same time so quiet, so feminine, so dignified in the expression, that who but Cordelia would have uttered it in the same manner, or would have condensed such ample meaning into so few and simple words?

We lose sight of Cordelia during the whole of the second and third and great part of the fourth act ; but towards the conclusion she reappears. Just as our sense of human misery and wickedness, being carried to its extreme height, becomes nearly intolerable, “like an engine wrenching our frame of nature from its fixed place,” then, like a redeeming angel, she descends to mingle in the scene, “loosening the springs of pity in our eyes,” and relieving the impressions of pain and terror by those of admiration and a tender pleasure. For the catastrophe, it is indeed terrible! wondrous terrible! When Lear enters with Cordelia dead in his arms, compassion and awe so seize on all our faculties that we are left only to silence and to tears. But, if I might judge from my own sensations, the catastrophe of Lear is not so overwhelming as the catastrophe of Othello. We do not turn away with the same feeling of absolute unmitigated despair. Cordelia is a saint ready prepared for heaven—our earth is not good enough for her ; and Lear—oh, who, after sufferings and tortures such as his, would wish to see his life prolonged? What! replace a sceptre in that shaking hand? a crown upon that old grey head, on which the tempest had poured in its wrath, on which the deep dread-bolted thunders and the winged lightnings had spent their fury? Oh, never, never!

[From Dowden's "*Shakspeare*." *]

In *King Lear*, more than in any other of his plays, Shakspeare stands in presence of the mysteries of human life. A more impatient intellect would have proposed explanations of these. A less robust spirit would have permitted the dominant tone of the play to become an eager or pathetic wistfulness respecting the significance of these hard riddles in the destiny of man. Shakspeare checks such wistful curiosity, though it exists discernibly; he will present life as it is; if life proposes inexplicable riddles, Shakspeare's art must propose them also. But while Shakspeare will present life as it is, and suggest no inadequate explanations of its difficult problems, he will gaze at life not only from *within*, but, if possible, also from an extra-mundane, extra-human point of view, and, gazing thence at life, will try to discern what aspect this fleeting and wonderful phenomenon presents to the eyes of gods. Hence a grand irony in the tragedy of *Lear*; hence all in it that is great is also small; all that is tragically sublime is also grotesque. Hence it sees man walking in a vain shadow; groping in the mist; committing extravagant mistakes; wandering from light into darkness; stumbling back again from darkness into light; spending his strength in barren and impotent rages: man in his weakness, his unreason, his affliction, his anguish, his poverty and meanness, his everlasting greatness and majesty. Hence, too, the characters, while they remain individual men and women, are ideal, representative, typical; Goneril and Regan, the destructive force, the ravening egoism in humanity which is at war with all goodness; Kent, a clear, unmingled fidelity; Cordelia, unmingled tenderness and strength, a pure redeeming ardour. As we read the play, we are haunted by a presence of something beyond the story of a suffering old man; we

* *Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 258 fol.

become dimly aware that the play has some vast impersonal significance, like the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, and like Goethe's *Faust*. We seem to gaze upon "huge, cloudy symbols of some high romance." . . .

But though ethical principles radiate through the play of *Lear*, its chief function is not, even indirectly, to teach or inculcate moral truth, but rather, by the direct presentation of a vision of human life and of the enveloping forces of nature, to "free, arouse, dilate." We may be unable to set down in words any set of truths which we have been taught by the drama. But can we set down in words the precise moral significance of a fugue of Handel or a symphony of Beethoven? We are kindled and aroused by them; our whole nature is quickened; it passes from the habitual, hard, encrusted, and cold condition into "the fluid and attaching state," the state in which we do not seek truth and beauty, but attract and are sought by them, the state in which "good thoughts stand before us like free children of God, and cry, 'We are come.'"^{*} The play or the piece of music is not a code of precepts or a body of doctrine;† it is "a focus where a number of vital forces unite in their purest energy." . . .

Of the secondary plot of this tragedy—the story of Gloucester and his sons—Schlegel has explained one chief significance: "Were Lear alone to suffer from his daughters, the impression would be limited to the powerful compassion felt by us for his private misfortune. But two such unheard-of examples taking place at the same time have the appearance of a great commotion in the moral world; the picture becomes gigantic, and fills us with such alarm as we should entertain at the idea that the heavenly bodies might one day

^{*} Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann*, Feb. 24, 1824.

† Flathe, who ordinarily finds all preceding critics wrong, and himself profoundly right, discovers in *King Lear* Shakspeare's "warning letter against naturalism and pseudo-rationalism;" the play is translated into a didactic discourse on infidelity. (by permission).

fall from their appointed orbits.”* The treachery of Edmund, and the torture to which Gloucester is subjected, are out of the course of familiar experience; but they are commonplace and prosaic in comparison with the inhumanity of the sisters and the agony of Lear. When we have climbed the steep ascent of Gloucester’s mount of passion, we see still above us another *via dolorosa* leading to that

“Wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured,”

to which Lear is chained. Thus the one story of horror serves as a means of approach to the other, and helps us to conceive its magnitude. The two, as Schlegel observes, produce the impression of a great commotion in the moral world. The thunder which breaks over our head does not suddenly cease to resound, but is reduplicated, multiplied, and magnified, and rolls away with long reverberation.

Shakspeare also desires to augment the moral mystery, the grand inexplicableness of the play. We can assign causes to explain the evil in Edmund’s heart. His birth is shameful, and the brand burns into his heart and brain. He has been thrown abroad in the world, and is constrained by none of the bonds of nature or memory, of habit or association.† A hard, sceptical intellect, uninspired and unfed by the instincts of the heart, can easily enough reason away the consciousness of obligations the most sacred. Edmund’s thought is “active as a virulent acid, eating its rapid way through all the tissues of human sentiment.”‡ His mind is destitute of dread of the Divine Nemesis. Like Iago, like Richard III., he finds the regulating force of the universe in the *ego*—in

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art*, translated by J. Black, p. 412.

† Gloucester (i. 1) says of Edmund, “He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.”

‡ This and the quotation next following will be remembered by readers of *Romola*; they occur in that memorable chapter entitled “Tito’s Dilemma,”

the individual will. But that terror of the unseen which Edmund scorned as so much superstition is "the initial recognition of a moral law restraining desire, and checks the hard bold scrutiny of imperfect thought into obligations which can never be proved to have any sanctity in the absence of feeling." We can, therefore, in some degree account for Edmund's bold egoism and inhumanity. What obligation should a child feel to the man who, for a moment's selfish pleasure, had degraded and stained his entire life? In like manner, Gloucester's sufferings do not appear to us inexplicably mysterious.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us;
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes."

But having gone to the end of our tether, and explained all that is explicable, we are met by enigmas which will not be explained. We were perhaps somewhat too ready to

"Take upon us the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies."*

Now we are baffled, and bow the head in silence. Is it indeed the stars that govern our condition? Upon what theory shall we account for the sisterhood of a Goneril and a Cordelia? And why is it that Gloucester, whose suffering is the retribution for past misdeeds, should be restored to spiritual calm and light, and should pass away in a rapture of mingled gladness and grief—

"His flaw'd heart,
Alack! too weak the conflict to support!
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly"—

while Lear, a man more sinned against than sinning, should be robbed of the comfort of Cordelia's love, should be stretched to the last moment upon "the rack of this tough

* Words of Lear (v. 3).

world," and should expire in the climax of a paroxysm of unproductive anguish?

Shakspeare does not attempt to answer these questions. The impression which the facts themselves produce, their influence to "free, arouse, dilate," seems to Shakspeare more precious than any proposed explanation of the facts which cannot be verified. The heart is purified, not by dogma, but by pity and terror. But there are other questions which the play suggests. If it be the stars that govern our conditions, if that be indeed a possibility which Gloucester in his first shock and confusion of mind declares,

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport,"

if, measured by material standards, the innocent and the guilty perish by a like fate—what then? Shall we yield ourselves to the lust for pleasure? shall we organize our lives upon the principles of a studious and pitiless egoism?

To these questions the answer of Shakspeare is clear and emphatic. Shall we stand upon Goneril's side, or upon that of Cordelia? Shall we join Edgar, or join the traitor? Shakspeare opposes the presence and the influence of evil, not by any transcendental denial of evil, but by the presence of human virtue, fidelity, and self-sacrificial love. In no play is there a clearer, an intenser manifestation of loyal manhood, of strong and tender womanhood. The devotion of Kent to his master is a passionate, unsubduable devotion, which might choose for its watchword the saying of Goethe, "I love you; what is that to you?" Edgar's nobility of nature is not disguised by the beggar's rags; he is the skilful resister of evil, the champion of right to the utterance. And if Goneril and Regan alone would leave the world unintelligible and desperate, there is

"One daughter
Who redeems Nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to."

We feel throughout the play that evil is abnormal; a curse which brings down destruction upon itself; that it is without any long career; that evil-doer is at variance with evil-doer. But good is normal; for it the career is long; and "all honest and good men are disposed to befriend honest and good men as such." *

[From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's *Introduction to the Play*.†]

"This play resembles a stormy night. The first scene is like a wild sunset, grand and awful, with gusts of wind and mutterings of thunder, presaging the coming storm. Then comes a furious tempest of crime and madness, through which we see dimly the monstrous and unnatural forms of Goneril and Regan, Cornwall and Edmund, and hear ever and anon the wild laugh of the Fool, the mad howls of Lear, and the low moan of the blind Gloucester; while afar off a ray of moonlight breaks through the clouds, and throws its silvery radiance on the queenly figure of Cordelia, standing calm and peaceful in the storm, like an angel of truth and purity amid the raging strife of a sinful and blood-stained world. At the last, one great thunder-clap of death: the tempest ceases, and in the grey light of a cloudy dawn we see the corpses lying stiff and stark, the innocent and the guilty alike whelmed in the blind rage of fate" (Florence O'Brien).‡ *Lear* is especially the play of the breach of family ties; the

* Butler, *Analogy*, Part i. chap. iii.

† *The Leopold Shakspeare* (London, 1877), p. lxxviii fol. (by permission).

‡ This passage was written by one who had never heard of Coleridge's comments on Shakspeare, and had never seen his words, which I had long forgotten too: "In the Shaksperian drama there is a vitality which grows and evolves itself from within, a key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout. What is *Lear*? It is storm and tempest—the thunder at first grumbling in the far horizon, then gathering around us, and at length bursting in fury over our heads—succeeded by a breaking of the clouds for a while, a last flash of lightning, the closing-in of night, and the single hope of darkness" (*Lit. Rem.* ii. 104).

play of horrors, unnatural cruelty to fathers, brothers, sisters, by those who should have loved them dearest. Not content with unsexing one woman, as in *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has in *Lear* unsexed two. Not content with making Lear's daughters treat him with cruel ingratitude, Shakspeare has also made Edmund plot against his brother's and father's lives. *Lear* is a race-play, too. It shows the Keltic passion, misjudgment, and superstition, as in Glendower of 1 *Henry IV.*, in *Macbeth*, and *Cymbeline*. Goneril and Regan are like the ghoulish hags of the French Revolution. A few links with *Othello* may be named. Desdemona and her love for her father being subordinate to that for her husband, are the same as Cordelia's. Othello, at the end of the play, has seen the day that with "this good sword" he'd have made his way through twenty times their stop; and Lear, too, at the end of this play, has seen the day that with his "good falchion" he would have made them skip.* With *Macbeth* we may compare the witches, the Keltic king, the ingratitude of Macbeth to Duncan, as of Lear's daughters to him; while the terrible fierceness of Lady Macbeth is but the preparation for the more fiend-like Goneril and Regan. Under *All's Well* we have already noted the likeness of the king's "sunshine and hail at once" to Cordelia's "sunshine and rain at once," her smiles and tears. Lear, as first presented to us, is so self-indulgent and unrestrained, has been so fooled to the top of his bent, is so terribly unjust, not only to Cordelia, but to Kent, that one feels hardly any punishment can be too great for him. The motive that he puts to draw forth the desired expression of affection from Cordelia, "Do profess love to get a big reward," is such that no girl with true love for a father could leave unrepudiated;† and when his proposal

* Compare Shallow in *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 219-221, "I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats."

† I can't help thinking that if Lear had asked the question as One

gets the answer it deserves, he meets his daughter's nobleness by curses and revenge. Stripped by his own act of his own authority,* his Fool † with bitter sarcasms teaches him what a fool he 's been. And few can regret that he was made to feel a bite even sharper than a serpent's tooth. Still one is glad to see that he was early struggling against his own first wild passion, and that he would blame his own jealous curiosity before seeing Goneril's purpose of unkindness. One sympathizes with his prayer to heaven to keep him in temper—"he would not be mad"—with his acquirement of some self-control, when excusing the hot duke's insolence by his illness. One sees, though, how he still measures love by the allowances of knights it will give him; and it is not till driven out to the mercy of the winds and storm, till he knows that he is but a "poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man," till he can think of the poor naked wretches of whom he has before taken too little care, that one pities the sufferer for the consequences of his own folly. When he recovers from his madness and has come to the knowledge of himself, has found, smelled out those flatterers who'd destroy him, then is he more truly "every inch a king," though cut to the brains, than ever he was before. The pathos of his recognition of Cordelia, his submission to her and seeking her blessing, his

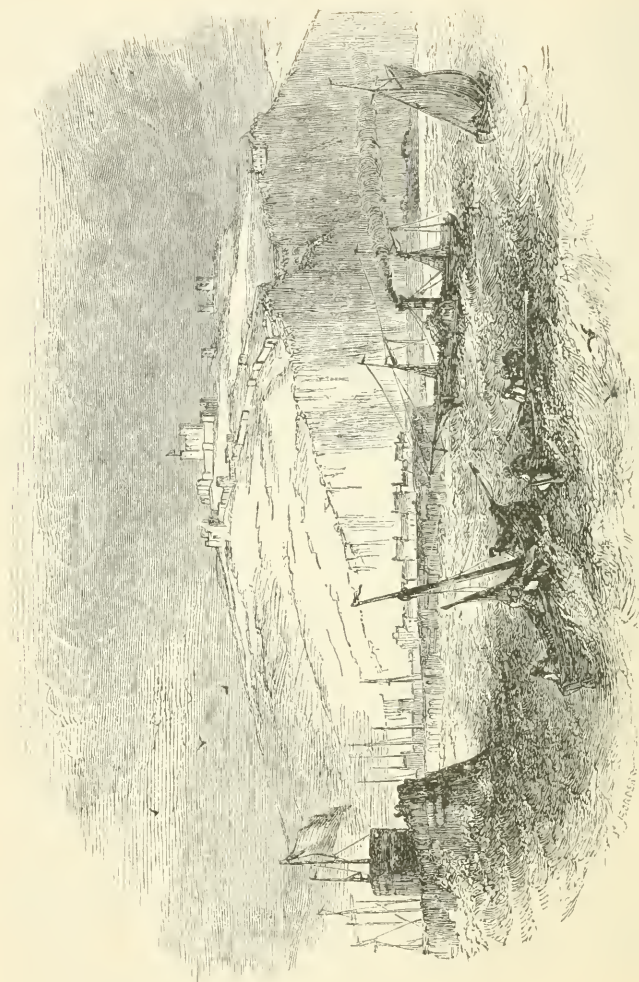
asked it, free from selfishness of heart, "Lovest thou me *more than these?*" the answer would not have been unlike Peter's—"Thou knowest that I love thee" (E. H. Hickey).

* The folly of parents giving up their property to their children was often dwelt on by early English writers. It is so by Robert of Brunne: see the tale he tells about it in my edition of his *Handlyng Synne* (written A.D. 1303), pp. 37-9.

† Note the growth in depth and tenderness of Shakspeare's fools as he advances from his First Period. Mr. Grant White says, in *The Galaxy*, January, 1877, p. 72: "In *King Lear* the Fool rises into heroic proportions, and becomes a sort of conscience, or second thought, to Lear. Compared even with Touchstone, he is very much more elevated, and shows not less than Hamlet, or than Lear himself, the grand development of Shakspeare's mind at this period of maturity."

lamentation over her corpse, are exceeded by nothing in Shakspeare. Professor Spalding dwells on the last scene as an instance of how Shakspeare got his most intense effects by no grand situation, as Massinger did, as Shakspeare himself did in earlier time, but out of the simplest materials. Spalding says, "The horrors which have gathered so thickly throughout the last act are carefully removed to the background, but free room is left for the sorrowful group on which every eye is turned. The situation is simple in the extreme; but how tragically moving are the internal convulsions, for the representation of which the poet has worthily husbanded his force! Lear enters with frantic cries, bearing the body of his dead daughter in his arms; he alternates between agitating doubts and wishful unbelief of her death, and piteously experiments on the lifeless corpse; he bends over her with the dotage of an old man's affection, and calls to mind the soft lowness of her voice, till he fancies he can hear its murmurs. Then succeeds the dreadful torpor of despairing insanity, during which he receives the most cruel tidings with apathy, or replies to them with wild incoherence; and the heart flows forth at the close with its last burst of love only to break in the vehemence of its emotion, commencing with the tenderness of regret, swelling into choking grief, and at last, when the eye catches the tokens of mortality in the dead, snapping the chords of life in an agonized horror." Cordelia is as the sun above the deeps of hell shown in Goneril and Regan. One can hardly help wishing that Shakspeare had followed the old story told by Layamon and other repeaters of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and made Cordelia set her father on the throne again, and reign after him for a while in peace. But the tragedian, the preacher of Shakspeare's Third-Period lesson,* did wisely for his art and meaning in letting the daughter and father lie in one grave.

* See our ed. of *As You Like It*, p. 25, foot-note.—*Ed.*



DOVER IN OUR DAY.

KING LEAR.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, king of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, son to Gloster.
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.
CURAN, a courtier.
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.
Doctor.
Fool.
A Captain employed by Edmund.
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } daughters to Lear.
CORDELIA, }

Knights of Lear's train. Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Britain.*



[SCENE IV]

ACT I.

SCENE I. *King Lear's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Gloster. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he

values most ; for qualities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord ?

Gloster. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge ; I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to 't. Do you smell a fault ? 10

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Gloster. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account ; though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

Edmund. No, my lord.

Gloster. My lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend. 21

Edmund. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edmund. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Gloster. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. [*Scenet within.*]

Enter one bearing a coronet, KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Gloster. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.—
Give me the map there.—Know that we have divided 30
In three our kingdom ; and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,—
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
 Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, 40
 And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
 Since now we will divest us both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state,
 Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend
 Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

Goneril. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the
 matter;

Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; 50
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cordelia. [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and
 be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
 With shadowy forests and with champaigns rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter, 60
 Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Regan. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
 I find she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short: that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys
 Which the most precious square of sense proresses,
 And find I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

Cordelia. [Aside] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue. 70

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last and least, to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd, what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cordelia. Nothing, my lord. 80

Lear. Nothing?

Cordelia. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing; speak again.

Cordelia. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond; no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cordelia. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me; I
Return those duties back as are right fit, 90
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cordelia. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cordelia. So young, my lord, and true. 100

Lear. Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
 By all the operation of the orbs
 From whom we do exist and cease to be,
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
 So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France. Who stirs?
 Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest the third.
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
 The name and all the addition to a king;
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
 This coronet part between you.

Kent.

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart! Be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak 140
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more!

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight! 150

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Albany. } Dear sir, forbear.
Cornwall. }

Kent. Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me! 160
That thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride

To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
 Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
 Our potency made good, take thy reward.
 Five days we do allot thee, for provision
 To shield thee from diseases of the world,
 And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
 Upon our kingdom; if on the tenth day following
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
 The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
 This shall not be revok'd.

170

Kent. Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou wilt appear,
 Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
 The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
 That justly think'st and hast most rightly said!—
 And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
 That good effects may spring from words of love.—
 Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
 He'll shape his old course in a country new.

179

[*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Gloster. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
 We first address toward you, who with this king
 Hath rivall'd for our daughter; what, in the least,
 Will you require in present dower with her,
 Or cease your quest of love?

Burgundy. Most royal majesty,
 I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
 Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
 When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
 But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands.
 If aught within that little-seeming substance,
 Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,

190

And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.

Burgundy.

I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Burgundy.

Pardon me, royal sir;

Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made
me,

200

I tell you all her wealth.—[*To France*] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France.

This is most strange,

That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fallen into taint; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

210

Cordelia.

I yet beseech your majesty,—

If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend
I'll do 't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;

220

But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy, 236
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stands
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Burgundy. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing. I have sworn; I am firm.

Burgundy. I am sorry then you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cordelia. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love, 241
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon;
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 't is strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France. 250
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again.—Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but France, Goneril, Regan,
and Cordelia.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

260

Cordelia. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are,
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father.
To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Regan. Prescribe not us our duty.

Goneril.

Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scant'd,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

270

Cordelia. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France.

Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Goneril. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most
nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence
to-night.

Regan. That 's most certain, and with you; next month
with us.

280

Goneril. You see how full of changes his age is; the ob-
servation we have made of it hath not been little. He always
loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath
now cast her off appears too grossly.

Regan. 'T is the infirmity of his age ; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Goneril. The best and 'soudest of his time hath been but rash ; then must we look from his age to receive, not alone the imperfections of long-ingraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

291

Regan. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Goneril. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together ; if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Regan. We shall further think of it.

Goneril. We must do something, and i' th' heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edmund. Thou, Nature, art my goddess ; to thy law My services are bound. Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom, and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines Lag of a brother ? Why bastard ? wherefore base ? When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue ? Why brand they us With base ? with baseness ? bastardy ? base, base ? Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land. Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund As to the legitimate ; fine word,—legitimate ! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate. I grow ; I prosper :— Now, gods, stand up for bastards !

10

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Kent banish'd thus ! and France in choler parted !
And the king gone to-night ! subscrib'd his power !
Confin'd to exhibition ! All this done 20
Upon the gad !—Edmund, how now ! what news ?

Edmund. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.]

Gloster. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter ?

Edmund. I know no news, my lord.

Gloster. What paper were you reading ?

Edmund. Nothing, my lord.

Gloster. No ? What needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your pocket ? the quality of nothing hath not such
need to hide itself. Let 's see ; come, if it be nothing, I
shall not need spectacles. 30

Edmund. I beseech you, sir, pardon me : it is a letter from
my brother, that I have not all o'er-read ; and for so much
as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

Gloster. Give me the letter, sir.

Edmund. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The
contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Gloster. Let 's see, let 's see.

Edmund. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote
this but as an essay or taste of my virtue. 39

Gloster. *[Reads]* ' *This policy and reverence of age makes
the world bitter to the best of our times ; keeps our fortunes
from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an
idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who
sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me,
that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till
I wake him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and
live the beloved of your brother,*

EDGAR.'

Hum !—Conspiracy !—' *Sleep till I wake him, you should en-
joy half his revenue,*'—My son Edgar ! Had he a hand to

write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it? 51

Edmund. It was not brought me, my lord; there 's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Gloster. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edmund. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Gloster. It is his.

Edmund. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents. 60

Gloster. Hath he never before sounded you in this business?

Edmund. Never, my lord; but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Gloster. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I 'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he? 70

Edmund. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Gloster. Think you so? 80

Edmund. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Gloster. He cannot be such a monster—

Edmund. Nor is not, sure.

Gloster. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out: wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

91

Edmund. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you with all.

Gloster. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time; machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'T is strange. [Exit.

Edmund. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like 'Tom o'

Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edgar. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in? 121

Edmund. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edgar. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edmund. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily: as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what. 130

Edgar. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edmund. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edgar. The night gone by.

Edmund. Spake you with him?

Edgar. Ay, two hours together.

Edmund. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

Edgar. None at all.

Edmund. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay. 143

Edgar. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edmund. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye, go; there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edgar. Armed, brother! 150

Edmund. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed: I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward

you. I have told you what I have seen and heard ; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it : pray you, away.

Edgar. Shall I hear from you anon ?

Edmund. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty 160
My practices ride easy. I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit ;
All with me 's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and OSWALD, her steward.

Goneril. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool ?

Oswald. Ay, madam.

Goneril. By day and night he wrongs me ; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds. I 'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him ; say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services, 10
You shall do well ; the fault of it I 'll answer.

Oswald. He 's coming, madam ; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Goneril. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows ; I 'd have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities

That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
 Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd
 With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd.
 Remember what I have said.

Oswald.

Well, madam.

Goneril. And let his knights have colder looks among you.
 What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so.
 I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
 That I may speak. I'll write straight to my sister,
 To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in the Same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
 That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
 May carry through itself to that full issue
 For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready.—
 [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

10

Lear. What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve
 him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is hon-
 est; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to
 fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat
 no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the
 king.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou? 21

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do? 30

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing; I have years on my back forty-eight. 38

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my fool?—Go you, and call my fool hither.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Oswald. So please you,— [*Exit.*]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—[*Exit a Knight.*] Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.—[*Re-enter Knight.*] How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him? 51

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so? 60

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. 'Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into 't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away. 71

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—[*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you, call hither my fool.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

Oswald. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave. You whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Oswald. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon. 80

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*]

Oswald. I'll not be stricken, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow ; thou servest me, and I 'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away ! I 'll teach you differences ; away, away ! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarrv · but away ! go to ; have you wisdom ? so.

[*Pushes Oswald out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There 's earnest of thy service.

90

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too.—Here 's my coxcomb.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave ! how dost thou ?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool ?

Fool. Why ? for taking one's part that 's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will ; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle ! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters !

101

Lear. Why, my boy ?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I 'd keep my coxcombs myself. There 's mine ; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah ; the whip.

Fool. Truth 's a dog must to kennel ; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me !

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

110

Fool. Mark it, nuncle :

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,

Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest;
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool. 120

Fool. Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool? 130

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
 To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me,
 Do thou for him stand:
 The sweet and bitter fool
 Will presently appear;
 The one in motley here,
 The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy? 140

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me. If I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't; and ladies too, they will not let me have all the fool to myself; they 'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be? 149

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle and eat

up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt; thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[Sings] *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.*

160

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

[Sings] *Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.*

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.

170

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are; they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying, and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

180

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou

art nothing.—[To Goneril] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum;

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peascod.

Goneril. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, 199
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, 200
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it's had it head bit off by it young.

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Goneril. Come, sir,

I would you would make use of that good wisdom 210
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not Lear.
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings

Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 't is not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

220

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Goneril. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright;

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.

230

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust

Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel

Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,

A little to disquantity your train;

And the remainder, that shall still depend,

240

To be such men as may besort your age,

Which know themselves and you.

Lear.

Darkness and devils! —

Saddle my horses! call my train together! —

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee.

Yet have I left a daughter.

Goneril. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents.—O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,

250

More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster !

Albany. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite ! thou liest ;
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love, 360
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [Striking his head.
And thy dear judgment out !—Go, go, my people.

Albany. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—
Hear, Nature, hear ; 'dear goddess, hear !
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful ;
Into her womb convey sterility ;
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 270
To have a thankless child !—Away, away ! 279

Albany. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this ? [Exit

Goneril. Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Albany. What 's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee.—Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce, 289
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
BewEEP this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so. I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think 300
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.]

Goneril. Do you mark that, my lord?

Albany. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Goneril. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!—
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; take the fool with
thee.—

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter, 310
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter.
So the fool follows after.

[Exit.]

Goneril. This man hath had good counsel! A hundred
knights!

'T is politic and safe to let him keep
 At point a hundred knights ; yes, that, on every dream,
 Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say ! 319

Albany. Well, you may fear too far.

Goneril. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.
 What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister ;
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
 When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald !

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?

Oswald. Ay, madam.

Goneril. Take you some company, and away to horse ;
 Inform her full of my particular fear,
 And thereto add such reasons of your own 330
 As may compact it more. Get you gone ;
 And hasten your return.—[*Exit Oswald.*] No, no, my lord,
 This milky gentleness and course of yours
 Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more at task for want of wisdom
 Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Albany. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell ;
 Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

Goneril. Nay, then—

Albany. Well, well ; the event. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Court before the Same.**Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slip shod. 11

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into. 21

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put 's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father!—Be my horses ready? 31

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no moe than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take 't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

41

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gentleman. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

[*Exeunt.*





I heard myself proclaim'd (ii. 3. 1)

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edmund. Save thee, Curan.

Curan. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edmund. How comes that?

Curan. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edmund. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Curan. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany? 10

Edmund. Not a word.

Curan. You may do then in time. Fare you well, sir. [Exit.

Edmund. The duke be here to-night? The better! best! This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!— Brother, a word; descend! Brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches! O sir, fly this place! 20
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him; have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edgar. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edmund. I hear my father coming. Pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you.
Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well. 30
Yield! come before my father!—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother! Torches, torches!—So, farewell.

[Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father, father !—
Stop, stop !—No help ?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Gloster. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain ?

Edmund. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress.

Gloster. But where is he ? 40

Edmund. Look, sir, I bleed.

Gloster. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edmund. Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could—

Gloster. Pursue him, ho ! Go after.—[*Exeunt some Servants.*] By no means what ?

Edmund. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father ;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion 50
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Gloster. Let him fly far :
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night.
By his authority I will proclaim it, 60
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
He that conceals him, death.

Edmund. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
 I threaten'd to discover him ; he replied :
 'Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
 Make thy words faith'd ? No ; what I should deny— 70
 As this I would,—ay, though thou didst produce
 My very character—I 'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice ;
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it.'

Gloster. Strong and fasten'd villain !
 Would he deny his letter ? I never got him. [*Tucket within.*
 Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not why he comes.
 All ports I 'll bar ; the villain shall not scape : 80
 The duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him ; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Cornwall. How now, my noble friend ! since I came hither,
 Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Regan. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
 Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord ?

Gloster. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,—it 's crack'd !

Regan. What, did my father's godson seek your life ? 91
 He whom my father nam'd ? your Edgar ?

Gloster. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid !

Regan. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
 That tend upon my father ?

Gloster. I know not, madam.—'T is too bad, too bad.

Edmund. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Regan. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'T is they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues. 100
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Cornwall. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edmund. 'T was my duty, sir.

Gloster. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Cornwall. Is he pursued?

Gloster. Ay, my good lord.

Cornwall. If he be taken, he shall never more 110
Be fear'd of doing harm; make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours.
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edmund. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Gloster. For him I thank your grace.

Cornwall. You know not why we came to visit you?

Regan. Thus, out of season, threading dark-eyed night;
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise, 120
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom. and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

Gloster. I serve you, madam.—
Your graces are right welcome. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

Oswald. Good dawning to thee, friend ; art of this house ?

Kent. Ay.

Oswald. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I' the mire.

Oswald. Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Oswald. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Oswald. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee. 11

Oswald. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A knave ; a rascal ; an eater of broken meats ; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting slave ; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch ; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou demest the least syllable of thy addition. 21

Oswald. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee !

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me ! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the king ? Draw, you rogue !

for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I 'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you; you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Oswald. Away! I have nothing to do with thee. 30

Kent. Draw, you rascal! You come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks! draw, you rascal! come your ways!

Oswald. Help, ho! murther! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave! stand, rogue, stand! you neat slave, strike! [Beating him.]

Oswald. Help, ho! murther! murther!

Enter EDMUND, with his rapier drawn.

Edmund. How now! What's the matter? [Parting them.]

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I 'll flesh ye! come on, young master! 41

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Gloster. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Cornwall. Keep peace, upon your lives!
He dies that strikes again! What is the matter?

Regan. The messengers from our sister and the king?

Cornwall. What is your difference? speak.

Oswald. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee. 50

Cornwall. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

Cornwall. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Oswald. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed ! thou unnecessary letter !—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. —Spare my grey beard, you wagtail? 61

Cornwall. Peace, sirrah !—

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir ; but anger hath a privilege.

Cornwall. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose ; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel, 70
Being oil to fire, snow to the colder moods ;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage !
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Cornwall. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Gloster. How fell you out ? say that. 80

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Cornwall. Why dost thou call him knave ? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cornwall. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain ;
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Cornwall. This is some fellow,

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
 A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
 Quite from his nature; he cannot flatter, he,—
 An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
 An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
 Than twenty silly-ducking observants
 That stretch their duties nicely.

90

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
 Under the allowance of your great aspect,
 Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
 On flickering Phœbus' front,—

100

Cornwall.

What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

Cornwall. What was the offence you gave him?

Oswald. I never gave him any.

It pleas'd the king his master very late
 To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
 When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
 Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
 And put upon him such a deal of man,
 That worthied him, got praises of the king
 For him attempting who was self-subdued;
 And in the fleshment of this dread exploit
 Drew on me here again.

110

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
 But Ajax is their fool.

Cornwall.

Fetch forth the stocks!—

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
 We'll teach you—

120

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn ;
 Call not your stocks for me. I serve the king,
 On whose employment I was sent to you.
 You shall do small respect, show too bo'd malice
 Against the grace and person of my master,
 Stocking his messenger.

Cornwall. Fetch forth the stocks ! As I have life and
 honour,
 There shall he sit till noon.

Regan. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog, 130
 You should not use me so.

Regan. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Cornwall. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
 Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks !

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Gloster. Let me beseech your grace not to do so.
 His fault is much, and the good king his master
 Will check him for 't ; your purpos'd low correction
 Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
 For pilferings and most common trespasses
 Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,
 That he, so slightly valued in his messenger, 140
 Should have him thus restrain'd.

Cornwall. I 'll answer that.

Regan. My sister may receive it much more worse,
 To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
 For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my lord, away. [*Exeunt all but Gloster and Kent.*]

Gloster. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 't is the duke's
 pleasure,
 Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
 Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I 'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard.

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle 150
 A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
 Give you good morrow!

Gloster. [*Aside*] The duke's to blame in this; 't will be
 ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
 Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
 To the warm sun!
 Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
 That by thy comfortable beams I may
 Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles
 But misery. I know 't is from Cordelia, 160
 Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
 Of my obscured course; and shall find time
 From this enormous state, seeking to give
 Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
 'Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.
 Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy wheel!
[*Sleeps.*

SCENE III. *A Part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edgar. I heard myself proclaim'd;
 And by the happy hollow of a tree
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
 That guard and most unusual vigilance
 Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
 I will preserve myself, and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth,
 Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots, 10
 And with presented nakedness outface
 The winds and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity. Poor 'Turlugod! poor Tom! 20
 That 's something yet; Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Before Gloster's Castle.*

KENT *in the Stocks.* Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'T is strange that they should so depart from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gentleman. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!
 Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied
 by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the
 loins, and men by the legs; when a man 's over-lusty at legs,
 then he wears wooden nether-stocks. 10

Lear. What 's he that hath so much thy place mistook
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
 Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no !

20

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay !

Lear. 'They durst not do 't ;

They could not, would not do 't ; 't is worse than murder
To do upon respect such violent outrage.

Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth 30
From Goneril his mistress salutations ;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read : on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse,
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks ;
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine—
Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness— 40
Having more man than wit about me, drew :
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter 's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind ;

But fathers that bear bags

Shall see their children kind.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy
daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

51

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*

Gentleman. Made you no more offence but what you
speak of?

Kent. None.—

How chance the king comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou 'dst well deserved it. 61

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We 'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there 's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there 's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that 's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives the better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it. 71

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool? 80

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool!

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

'They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Gloster. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, *Gloster*, *Gloster*, 90
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Gloster. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Gloster. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear
father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet; may be he is not well.

Infirmity doth still neglect all office 100
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature being oppress'd commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them, 110
Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

Gloster. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! But, down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'T was her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

120

Re-enter GLOSTER, with CORNWALL, REGAN, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Cornwall.

Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty.*]

Regan. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adulteress.—[*To Kent*] O, are you free? Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here!

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
With how depriv'd a quality—O Regan!

130

Regan. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear.

Say, how is that?

Regan. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation; if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground and to such wholesome end
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Regan.

O, sir, you are old;

140

Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion that discerns your state

Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return ;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house :

'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;
Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

150

Regan. Good sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan !

She hath abated me of half my train,
Look'd black upon me, strook me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness !

Cornwall. Fie, sir, fie !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride !

160

Regan. O the blest gods ! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in : thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

170

Regan. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*]

Cornwall. What trumpet 's that?

Regan. I know 't,—my sister's; this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride 180
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Cornwall. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant?—Regan, I have good
hope
Thou didst not know on 't.—Who comes here?

Enter GONERIL.

O heavens,

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

Goneril. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence that indiscretion finds 191
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough;
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Cornwall. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Regan. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;

I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

200

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl.—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*]

210

Goneril.

At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

220

Regan.

Not altogether so;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

230

Lear.

Is this well spoken?

Regan. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'T is hard, almost impossible.

Goneril. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?

Regan. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack
ye, 240

We could control them. If you will come to me,—
For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Regan. And in good time you gave it

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so? 249

Regan. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Goneril*] I 'll go with
thee;

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Goneril. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Regan. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous. 260
Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need—
 You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both.
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 'To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
 And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep.

27c

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

28c

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*
Storm and tempest.

Cornwall. Let us withdraw; 't will be a storm.

Regan. This house is little; the old man and 's people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

Goneril. 'T is his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.

Regan. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
 But not one follower.

Goneril. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my lord of Gloster?

28g

Cornwall. Follow'd the old man forth; he is return'd.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. The king is in high rage.

Cornwall.

Whither is he going?

Gloster. He calls to horse, but will I know not whither.

Cornwall. 'T is best to give him way; he leads himself.

Goneril. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Gloster. Alack! the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
'There 's scarce a bush.

Regan.

O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors.
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

300

Cornwall. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night:
My Regan counsels well. Come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*





ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Heath.*

Storm still. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who 's there, besides foul weather?

Gentleman. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where 's the king?

Gentleman. Contending with the fretful elements ;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease ; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of ;

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gentleman. None but the fool, who labours to outjest
His heart-strook injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. 'There is division,
Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings,—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you;
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

20

30

40

Gentleman. I will talk further with you.

Kent.

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gentleman.

Give me your hand;

50

Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I 'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Heath. Storm still.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

9

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better
than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy
daughters' blessing: here 's a night pities neither wise men
nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
 You owe me no subscription : then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.

20

But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That will with two pernicious daughters join
 Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. O ! O ! 't is foul !

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The man that makes his toe
 What he his heart should make
 Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

30

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths
 in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience ;
 I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who 's there ?

Fool. Marry, here 's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here ? Things that love night
 Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard ; man's nature cannot carry
 The affliction nor the fear.

40

Lear. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,

G

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
 That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming
 Has practis'd on man's life. Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
 More sinn'd against than sinning.

50

Kent.

Alack, bare-headed !

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house—
 More harder than the stones whereof 't is rais'd,
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Denied me to come in—return, and force
 Their scant'd courtesy.

60

Lear.

My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy ; how dost, my boy ? art cold ?
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?—
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious.—Come, your hovel.—
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [Sings] *He that has and a little tiny wit,*

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

Must make content with his fortunes fit,

For the rain it raineth every day.

70

Lear. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*]

Fool. I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When priests are more in word than matter ;

When brewers mar their malt with water ;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;

No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;

When every case in law is right ;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;

80

When slanders do not live in tongues,
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion:
 Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.
 This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.
 [Exit.

SCENE III. *Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Gloster. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edmund. Most savage and unnatural!

6

Gloster. Go to; say you nothing. There's a division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night; 't is dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will look him, and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful.
 [Exit.

Edmund. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
 Instantly know, and of that letter too.

20

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
 That which my father loses,—no less than all.
 The younger rises when the old doth fall.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *The Heath. Before a Hovel.**Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord, enter.
 The tyranny of the open night 's too rough .
 For nature to endure. *[Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much that this contentious storm
 Invades us to the skin : so 't is to thee ;
 But where the greater malady is fix'd,
 The lesser is scarce felt. 'Thou 'dst shun a bear ;
 But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea, 10
 Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free
 The body 's delicate ; the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else
 Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude !
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
 For lifting food to 't ? But I will punish home.
 No, I will weep no more. In such a night
 To shut me out ! Pour on ; I will endure.
 In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,— 20
 O, that way madness lies ! let me shun that ;
 No more of that !

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease.
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more. But I 'll go in.—
 In, boy ; go first.—You houseless poverty,—
 Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.—

[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you 30
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.

Edgar. [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!
[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here 's a spirit. Help me,
help me! 40

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who 's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit! he says his name 's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman.

Edgar. Away! the foul fiend follows me! Through the
sharp hawthorn blow the winds. Hum! go to thy bed, and
warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou
come to this? 49

Edgar. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the
foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through
ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid
knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set rats-
bane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on
a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his
own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom 's a-cold.
O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-
blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the
foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there,
and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?— 61

Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion that discarded fathers 70 Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edgar. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill; Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o' the foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold. 80

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edgar. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk; false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mün, nonny. Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by. [Storm still.]

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here 's three on 's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here. 102

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wide field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edgar. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet. He begins at curfew and walks at first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat and hurts the poor creature of earth. 110

Saint Withold footed thrice the old;
He met the nightmare and her nine-fold;
 Bid her alight,
 And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What 's he?

Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?

Gloster. What are you there? Your names? 119

Edgar. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath three suits to his back, six shirts to his body;

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats and such small deer
 Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
 Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend!

Gloster. What, hath your grace no better company? 131

Edgar. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo
 he 's called, and Mahu.

Gloster. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
 That it doth hate what gets it.

Edgar. Poor Tom 's a-cold.

Gloster. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
 To obey in all your daughters' hard commands.
 Though their injunction be to bar my doors
 And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, 140
 Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
 And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
 What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

Lear. I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—
 What is your study?

Edgar. How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord; 150
 His wits begin to unsettle.

Gloster. Canst thou blame him?

[*Storm still.*]

His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent!
 He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
 Thou say'st the king grows mad; I 'll tell thee, friend,
 I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
 Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
 But lately, very late. I lov'd him, friend,
 No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,
 The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this!—
 I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.— 160

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edgar. Tom's a-cold.

Gloster. In, fellow, there, into the hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him: let him take the fellow.

Gloster. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Gloster. No words, no words; hush! 170

Edgar. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came;*

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Cornwall. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edmund. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Cornwall. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death, but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edmund. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Cornwall. Go with me to the duchess. 11

Edmund. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Cornwall. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edmund. [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

20

Cornwall. I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Chamber in a Farmhouse adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Gloster. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloster.*]

Edgar. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

10

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edgar. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

19

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—

[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer.—

[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she foxes!

Edgar. Look, where he stands and glares! Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak*

Why she dares not come over to thee.

28

Edgar. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hoppedance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd.
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in their evidence.—
[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,—
[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side.—[*To Kent*] You are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

Edgar. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

40

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

50

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Edgar. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edgar. [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all, 60
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edgar. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail;
For, with throwing thus my head, 70
Dogs leap'd the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs
and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds
about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes
these hard hearts?—[*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one
of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your gar-
ments. You will say they are Persian; but let them be
changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile. 80

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains:
so, so. We 'll go to supper i' the morning.

Fool. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Come hither, friend; where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Gloster. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master. 90
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps.
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—[*To the Fool*] Come, help to bear thy
master;
Thou must not stay behind.

Gloster. Come, come, away.
[*Exeunt all but Edgar.*]

Edgar. When we our betters see bearing our woes, 100
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,
He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee, 110
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [Exit.]

SCENE VII. *Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Cornwall. [*To Goneril*] Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed.—
Seek out the villain Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Regan. Hang him instantly.

Goneril. Pluck out his eyes.

Cornwall. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep

you our sister company. The revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us.—Farewell, dear sister.—Farewell, my lord of Gloster.—

12

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where 's the king?

Oswald. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence. Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Cornwall. Get horses for your mistress.

Goneril. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

20

Cornwall. Edmund, farewell.—

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*

Go seek the traitor Gloster.

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.—

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control.—Who 's there? the traitor?

Enter GLOSTER, brought in by two or three.

Regan. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

Cornwall. Bind fast his corky arms.

Gloster. What means your graces?—Good my friends, consider

You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.

30

Cornwall. Bind him, I say.

Regan. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Gloster. Unmerciful lady as you are, I 'm none.

Cornwall. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—
[*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Gloster. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Regan. So white, and such a traitor !

Gloster. Naughty lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host ;
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do? 40

Cornwall. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
France?

Regan. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Cornwall. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Regan. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

Gloster. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Cornwall. Cunning.

Regan. And false.

Cornwall. Where hast thou sent the king?

Gloster. To Dover.

Regan. Wherefore to Dover. Wast thou not charg'd at
peril— 51

Cornwall. Wherefore to Dover?—Let him first answer
that.

Gloster. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the
course.

Regan. Wherefore to Dover?

Gloster. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
 In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
 And quench'd the stelled fires ;
 Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
 If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
 Thou shouldst have said, ' Good porter, turn the key,
 All cruels else subscribe.' But I shall see
 The winged vengeance overtake such children.

60

Cornwall. See 't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot.

Gloster. He that will think to live till he be old,
 Give me some help!—O cruel! O you gods!

Regan. One side will mock another ; the other too. 70

Cornwall. If you see vengeance—

I *Servant.* Hold your hand, my lord !

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child ;
 But better service have I never done you
 Than now to bid you hold.

Regan. How now, you dog !

I *Servant.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
 I 'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Cornwall. My villain ! [*They draw and fight.*

I *Servant.* Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of
 anger. 78

Regan. Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus !

[*Takes a sword, and runs at him behind.*

I *Servant.* O, I am slain !—My, lord, you have one eye left
 To see some mischief on him.—O ! [*Dies.*

Cornwall. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly !
 Where is thy lustre now ?

Gloster. All dark and comfortless.—Where 's my son Ed-
 mund?—

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
 To quit this horrid act.

Regan. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.

Gloster. O my follies! then Edgar was abus'd.— 90
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Regan. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—[*Exit one with Gloster.*] How is't my
lord? how look you?

Cornwall. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace;
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*]

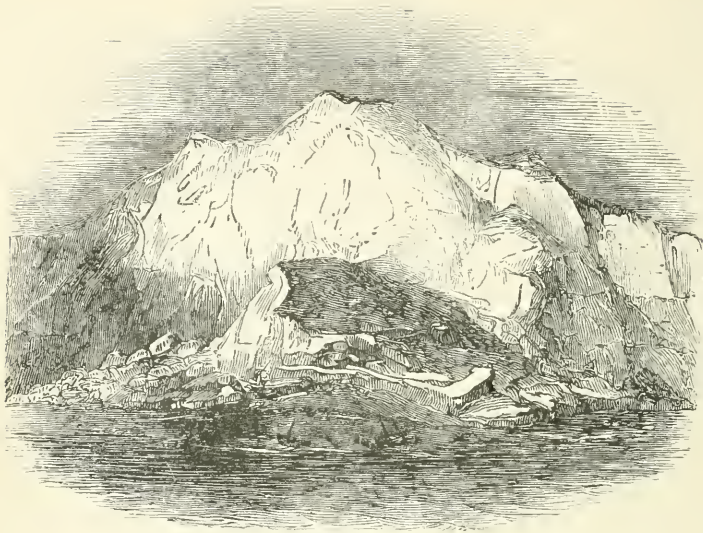
2 *Servant.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

3 *Servant.* If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death, 100
Women will all turn monsters.

2 *Servant.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

3 *Servant.* Go thou. I'll fetch some flax and whites of
eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Excunt severally*]





DOVER CLIFF.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edgar. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an Old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord,

I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

Gloster. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Gloster. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 't is seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who 's there?

Edgar. [*Aside*] O gods! Who is 't can say 'I am at the
worst?'

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'T is poor mad Tom.

Edgar. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet; the worst is not
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Gloster. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Gloster. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more
since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edgar. [*Aside*] How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Gloster. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man.

Ay, my lord.

40

Gloster. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man.

Alack, sir, he is mad.

Gloster. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead the
blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on 't what will.

[*Exit.*

Gloster. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

51

Edgar. Poor Tom 's a-cold.—[*Aside*] I cannot daub it
further.

Gloster. Come hither, fellow.

Edgar. [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes,
they bleed.

Gloster. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edgar. Both stile and gate, horse-way and footpath. Poor
Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless thee.
good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been
in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididence,
prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder;
Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses
chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Gloster. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's
plagues

63

Have humbled to all strokes; that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier.—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,

That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
 Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly ;
 So distribution should undo excess,
 And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover? 70

Edgar. Ay, master.

Gloster. There is a cliff whose high and bending head
 Looks fearfully in the confined deep :
 Bring me but to the very brim of it,
 And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear
 With something rich about me ; from that place
 I shall no leading need.

Edgar. Give me thy arm ;

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

Goneril. Welcome, my lord ; I marvel our mild husband
 Not met us on the way.—

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where 's your master?

Oswald. Madam, within ; but never man so chang'd.
 I told him of the army that was landed ;
 He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming ;
 His answer was, 'The worse.' Of Gloster's treachery,
 And of the loyal service of his son,
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
 And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
 What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him ; 10
 What like, offensive.

Goneril. [*To Edmund*] Then shall you go no further.
 It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
 That dares not undertake ; he 'll not feel wrongs
 Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
 Hasten his musters and conduct his powers.
 I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
 Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear,
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,
 A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech.

20

[*Giving a favour.*

Decline your head; this kiss, if it durst speak,
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edmund. Yours in the ranks of death.

Goneril.

My most dear Gloster!

[*Exit Edmund.*

O, the difference of man and man!
 To thee a woman's services are due;
 My fool usurps my body.

Oswald.

Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter ALBANY.

Goneril. I have been worth the whistle.

Albany.

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
 Blows in your face. I fear your disposition.
 That nature which contemns its origin
 Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
 She that herself will sliver and disbranch
 From her material sap, perforce must wither
 And come to deadly use.

30

Goneril. No more; the text is foolish.

Albany. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
 Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
 Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,

40

Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you madded.
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited !
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
 It will come,
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
 Like monsters of the deep.

Goneril. Milk-liver'd man !
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st
 Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief,—where 's thy drum ?
 France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
 With plumed helm thy state begins to threat,
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still and criest
 ' Alack, why does he so ?'

Albany. See thyself, devil !
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid as in woman.

Goneril. O vain fool !
Albany. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Goneril. Marry, your manhood now !—

Enter a Messenger.

Albany. What news ?

Messenger. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall 's dead ;
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloster.

Albany. Gloster's eyes!

Messenger. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who thereat enrag'd
Flew on him and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Albany. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

80

Messenger. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'T is from your sister.

Goneril. [*Aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*]

Albany. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Messenger. Come with my lady hither.

Albany. He is not here.

Messenger. No, my good lord; I met him back again. 90

Albany. Knows he the wickedness?

Messenger. Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd against
him,

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Albany. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE III. *The French Camp near Dover.**Enter KENT and a Gentleman.*

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back, know you the reason?

Gentleman. Something he left imperfect in the state which since his coming forth is thought of, which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gentleman. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief? 10

Gentleman. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence,

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek. It seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, who most rebel-like
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gentleman. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way; those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know 20
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gentleman. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of
father

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!

Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
 Let pity not be believ'd! There she shook
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
 And, clamour-moisten'd, then away she started
 To deal with grief alone.

30

Kent. It is the stars,
 The stars above us, govern our conditions;
 Else one self mate and mate could not beget
 Such different issues.—You spoke not with her since?

Gentleman. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gentleman.

No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i' the town;
 Who sometime in his better tune remembers
 What we are come about, and by no means
 Will yield to see his daughter.

40

Gentleman.

Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own unkind-
 ness,
 That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
 To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
 To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
 His mind so venomously that burning shame
 Detains him from Cordelia.

Gentleman.

Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gentleman. 'T is so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
 And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
 Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
 When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
 Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
 Along with me.

50

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. A Tent.*

Enter, with drum and colours, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Soldiers.

Cordelia. Alack, 't is he! Why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.—[*Exit an Officer.*] What can
man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth. 10

Doctor. There is means, madam.
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
'The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cordelia. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward. 20

Cordelia. 'T is known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France

My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our aged father's right;
 Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Gloster's Castle.*

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Regan. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Oswald. Ay, madam.

Regan. Himself in person there?

Oswald. Madam, with much ado;

Your sister is the better soldier.

Regan. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Oswald. No, madam.

Regan. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Oswald. I know not, lady.

Regan. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,

To let him live; where he arrives he moves 10

All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life; moreover, to descry

The strength o' the enemy.

Oswald. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Regan. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us.

The ways are dangerous.

Oswald. I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Regan. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
 Transport her purposes by word? Belike, 20

Some things—I know not what. I'll love thee much,—

Let me unseal the letter.

Oswald. Madam, I had rather—

Regan. I know your lady does not love her husband,

I am sure of that; and at her late being here
 She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks
 To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Oswald. I, madam?

Regan. I speak in understanding; you are, I know 't.
 Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
 My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
 And more convenient is he for my hand
 Than for your lady's: you may gather more.
 If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
 And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 So, fare you well.

30

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Oswald. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
 What party I do follow.

Regan.

Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Fields near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.

Gloster. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

Edgar. You do climb up it now; look, how we labour.

Gloster. Methinks the ground is even.

Edgar.

Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Gloster.

No, truly.

Edgar. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
 By your eyes' anguish.

Gloster.

So may it be indeed;
 Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
 In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edgar. You're much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd
 But in my garments.

Gloster. Methinks you 're better-spoken. 10

Edgar. Come on, sir ; here 's the place. Stand still. How fearful

And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down

Hangs one that gathers sampire, dreadful trade !

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice ; and yond tall anchoring bark

Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge, 20

That on the unnumber'd idle pebble chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. I 'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

Gloster. Set me where you stand.

Edgar. Give me your hand. You are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge. For all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Gloster. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse ; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking : fairies and gods

Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ; 30

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edgar. Now fare ye well, good sir.

Gloster. With all my heart.

Edgar. [*Aside*] Why I do trifle thus with his despair

Is done to cure it.

Gloster. [*Kneeling.*] O you mighty gods !

This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake patiently my great affliction off.

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him !

4c

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edgar.

Gone, sir ; farewell.

[He falls forward.]

[Aside] And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,

By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?—

Ho, you sir ! friend ! Hear you, sir ! speak !—

[Aside] Thus might he pass indeed ; yet he revives.—

What are you, sir ?

Gloster.

Away, and let me die.

Edgar. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,

50

Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg ; but thou dost breathe,

Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell ;

Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Gloster. But have I fallen, or no ?

Edgar. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height ; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.

Gloster. Alack, I have no eyes.

60

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,

To end itself by death ? 'T was yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

Edgar.

Give me your arm.

Up ; so. How is 't ? Feel you your legs ? You stand.

Gloster. Too well, too well.

Edgar.

This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you ?

Gloster.

A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edgar. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea.
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Gloster. I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 't would say
'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that place.

Edgar. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes
here? 80

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the
king himself.

Edgar. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your
press-money.—That fellow handles his bow like a crow-
keeper.—Draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse!
Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There
's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown
bills.—O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout! hewgh!
—Give the word. 92

Edgar. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Gloster. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril,—with a white beard!—They flattered
me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard
ere the black ones were there. To say ay and no to every
thing that I said! Ay and no too was no good divinity
When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make

me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 't is a lie, I am not ague-proof. 104

Gloster. The trick of that voice I do well remember.
Is 't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king.
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.—
I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?
Adultery?

Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery? No; 110
For Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters.—
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my
imagination; there 's money for thee.

Gloster. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Gloster. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I 'll not love.
Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it. 121

Gloster. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

Edgar. [*Aside*] I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Gloster. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your
head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a
heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world
goes. 130

Gloster. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world
goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond
justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear:

change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Gloster. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority; a dog's obeyed in office.—

141

The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes great vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

150

To see the things thou dost not.—

Now, now, now, now; pull off my boots. Harder, harder: so.

Edgar. [*Aside*] O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster.

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee; mark.

Gloster. Alack, alack the day!

160

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. 'This' a good block;

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt. I'll put 't in proof;

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gentleman. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well; 170
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.

Gentleman. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gentleman. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial. Come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that? 180

Gentleman. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in 't. Come, an you get it, you
shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*]

Gentleman. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edgar. Hail, gentle sir.

Gentleman. Sir, speed you; what's your will?

Edgar. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gentleman. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edgar. But, by your favour, 191
How near's the other army?

Gentleman. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edgar. I thank you, sir; that's all.

Gentleman. Though that the queen on special cause is
here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edgar. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gentleman*]

Gloster. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me ;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please !

Edgar. Well pray you, father.

Gloster. Now, good sir, what are you ?

200

Edgar. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Gloster. Hearty thanks ;
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot !

Enter OSWALD.

Oswald. A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember ; the sword is out
That must destroy thee

Gloster. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't. [*Edgar interposes.*]

210

Oswald. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor ? Hence !
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edgar. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Oswald. Let go, slave, or thou diest !

Edgar. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk
pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 't would not
ha' bin zo long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near
th' old man ; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your
costard or my ballow be the harder ; chill be plain with you.

Oswald. Out, dunghill ! [*They fight.*]

Edgar. Chill pick your teeth, zir. Come ; no matter vor
your foins. [*Oswald falls.*]

Oswald. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse :
 If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
 And give the letters which thou find'st about me
 To Edmund earl of Gloster ; seek him out
 Upon the English party. O, untimely death !
 Death !

226

[Dies.

231

Edgar. I know thee well ; a serviceable villain,
 As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
 As badness would desire.

Gloster. What, is he dead ?

Edgar. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—
 Let's see these pockets ; the letters that he speaks of
 May be my friends. He's dead ; I am only sorry
 He had no other deathsman. Let us see :
 Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not.
 To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;
 Their papers, is more lawful.

240

[Reads] *'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off ; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror : then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol ; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.'*

'Your—wife, so I would say—affectionate servant,

'GONERIL.'

O indistinguish'd space of woman's will !
 A plot upon her virtuous husband's life !
 And the exchange my brother !—Here, in the sands,
 Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
 Of murderous lechers ; and in the mature time
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight
 Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 't is well
 That of thy death and business I can tell.

250

Gloster. The king is mad. How stiff is my vile sense,
 That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling

Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs, 260
 And woes by wrong imaginations lose
 The knowledge of themselves. [Drum afar off.
Edgar. Give me your hand;
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
 Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentleman and others attending.*

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Doctor.

Cordelia. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
 To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
 And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
 All my reports go with the modest truth,
 Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cordelia. Be better suited;
 These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
 I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
 Yet to be known shortens my made intent.
 My boon I make it, that you know me not 10
 Till time and I think meet.

Cordelia. Then be't so, my good lord.—How does the king?

Doctor. Madam, sleeps still.

Cordelia. O you kind gods,
 Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
 The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
 Of this child-changed father!

Doctor. So please your majesty
 That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cordelia. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
 I' the sway of your own will.—Is he array'd? 20

Gentleman. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Doctor. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cordelia. Very well.

Doctor. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!

Cordelia. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cordelia. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doctor. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

Cordelia. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cordelia. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cordelia. Still, still, far wide!

Doctor. He 's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abus'd. I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cordelia. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cordelia. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me, for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong;
You have some cause, they have not.

Cordelia. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doctor. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him; and yet 't is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.

Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cordelia. Will 't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me. Pray you now, forget and
forgive ; I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.*]

Gentleman. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall
was so slain ?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gentleman. Who is conductor of his people ?

Kent. As 't is said, the bastard son of Gloster. 90

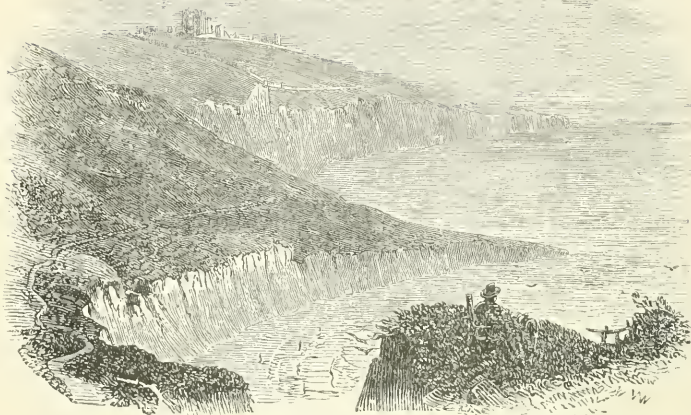
Gentleman. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the
Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'T is time to look about ;
the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gentleman. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare
you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*]





DOVER CASTLE IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The British Camp, near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edmund. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course. He's full of alteration
And self-reproving. Bring his constant pleasure.

[To a Gentleman, who goes out.]

Regan. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edmund. 'T is to be doubted, madam.

Regan.

Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you;
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edmund.

In honour'd love.

Regan. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place? 19

Edmund. That thought abuses you.

Regan. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edmund. No, by mine honour, madam.

Regan. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edmund. Fear me not.—
She and the duke her husband!

*Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, and
Soldiers.*

Goneril. [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle than that
sister
Should loosen him and me.

Albany. Our very loving sister, well be-met.— 20
Sir, this I hear: the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant; for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edmund. Sir, you speak nobly.

Regan. Why is this reason'd?

Goneril. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils 21
Are not the question here.

Albany. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.

Edmund. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Regan. Sister, you'll go with us?

Goneril. No.

Regan. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Goneril. [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle!—I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edgar. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Albany. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.]

Edgar. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter. 40
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it; wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Albany. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edgar. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. 49

Albany. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

[Exit Edgar.]

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edmund. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Albany. We will greet the time. *[Exit.]*

Edmund. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive. To take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; 60
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise

His speedy taking-off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and Soldiers, over the stage; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edgar. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Gloster. Grace go with you, sir!

[*Exit Edgar.*

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edgar. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.

Gloster. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edgar. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Gloster.

And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, prisoners; Captain, Soldiers, etc.

Edmund. Some officers take them away; good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cordelia. We are not the first
 Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
 For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down ;
 Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
 Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to prison ;
 We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, 11
 And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out ;
 And take upon 's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies : and we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edmund. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 20
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee ?
 He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes ;
 The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see 'em starv'd first.
 Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

Edmund. Come hither, captain ; hark.
 Take thou this note [*giving a paper*] ; go follow them to
 prison.

One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way 30
 To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
 Are as the time is ; to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword : thy great employment
 Will not bear question ; either say thou 'lt do 't,
 Or thrive by other means.

Captain. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Edmund. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Captain. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats; 39
If 't be man's work, I 'll do 't. [Exit.]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, another Captain,
and Soldiers.

Albany. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well; you have the captives
That were the opposites of this day's strife.
I do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edmund. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age had charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side, 50
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same: and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Albany. Sir, by your patience, 60
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Regan. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
 Bore the commission of my place and person ;
 The which immediacy may well stand up,
 And call itself your brother.

Goneril. Not so hot ;
 In his own grace he doth exalt himself
 More than in your addition.

Regan. In my rights,
 By me invested, he compeers the best.

Albany. That were the most, if he should husband you. 70

Regan. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Goneril. Holla, holla !
 That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Regan. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
 From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
 Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony :
 Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine.
 Witness the world, that I create thee here
 My lord and master.

Goneril. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Albany. The let-alone lies not in your good will. 80

Edmund. Nor in thine, lord.

Albany. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Regan. [*To Edmund.*] Let the drum strike, and prove my
 title thine.

Albany. Stay yet ; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
 On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest,
 This gilded serpent [*pointing to Goneril*].—For your claim,
 fair sister,
 I bar it in the interest of my wife ;
 'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
 And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
 If you will marry, make your loves to me ;
 My lady is bespoke.

Goneril. An interlude !

Albany. Thou art arm'd, Gloster; let the trumpet sound.
 If none appear to prove upon thy person
 Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
 There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]. I'll prove it
 on thy heart,
 Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
 Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Regan. Sick, O, sick!

Goneril. [*Aside*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edmund. [*Throwing down a glove.*] There's my exchange.

What in the world he is
 That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
 Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,
 On him, on you,—who not?—I will maintain
 My truth and honour firmly.

Albany. A herald, ho!

Edmund. A herald, ho, a herald!

Albany. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
 All levied in my name, have in my name
 Took their discharge.

Regan. My sickness grows upon me.

Albany. She is not well.—Convey her to my tent.—

[*Exit Regan, led.*]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
 And read out this.

Captain. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald. [*Reads*] 'If any man of quality or degree within
 the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed
 Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear
 by the third sound of the trumpet; he is bold in his defence.'

Edmund. Sound! [*First trumpet.*]

Herald. Again! [*Second trumpet.*]

Herald. Again! [*Third trumpet.*]

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Albany. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Herald. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons? 120

Edgar. Know, my name is lost,
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Albany. Which is that adversary?

Edgar. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloster?

Edmund. Himself; what say'st thou to him?

Edgar. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,— 130
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 140
Thou liest.

Edmund. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
 Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak !

150

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

Albany. Save him, save him !

Goneril. This is practice, Gloster ;

By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite : thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Albany. Shut your mouth, dame,
 Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir ;
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.—
 No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Goneril. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine.
 Who can arraign me for 't ?

[*Exit.*]

Albany. Most monstrous ! oh !—

160

Know'st thou this paper ?

Edmund. Ask me not what I know.

Albany. Go after her : she 's desperate ; govern her

Edmund. What you have charg'd me with, that have I
 done ;

And more, much more : the time will bring it out.

'T is past, and so am I.—But what art thou

'That hast this fortune on me ? If thou 'rt noble,

I do forgive thee.

Edgar. Let 's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

170

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to plague us.

The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edmund. Thou hast spoken right, 't is true :
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Albany. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee ;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father !

Edgar. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Albany. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

18c

Edgar. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale ;
And when 't is told, O that my heart would burst !
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness !
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once !—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd ; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost, became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
Never,—O fault !—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd.
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage ; but his flaw'd heart,—
Alack, too weak the conflict to support !—
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

190

Edmund. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good : but speak you on ;
You look as you had something more to say.

20e

Albany. If there be more, more woful, hold it in ;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edgar. This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow ; but another,
 To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top extremity.
 Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a man,
 Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, finding
 Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he 'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father ;
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
 That ever ear receiv'd ; which in recounting
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sounded,
 And there I left him tranc'd.

210

Albany. But who was this?

Edgar. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.

220

Enter a Gentleman with a bloody knife.

Gentleman. Help, help, O, help !

Edgar. What kind of help ?

Albany. Speak, man.

Edgar. What means that bloody knife ?

Gentleman. 'T is hot, it smokes !

It came even from the heart of—O, she 's dead !

Albany. Who dead ? speak, man.

Gentleman. Your lady, sir, your lady ! and her sister
 By her is poison'd ; she confesses it.

Edmund. I was contracted to them both ; all three
 Now marry in an instant.

Edgar. Here comes Kent.

230

Albany. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.
 This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
 Touches us not with pity.—
 [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night.
Is he not here?

Albany. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king? and where 's Cordelia?—
See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edmund. Yet Edmund was belov'd. 240
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Albany. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edmund. I pant for life; some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature.—Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle! for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
Nay, send in time!

Albany. Run, run, O, run!

Edgar. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve. 250

Edmund. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Albany. Haste thee, for thy life!

[*Exit Edgar.*]

Edmund. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Albany. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.

[*Edmund is borne off.*]

Re-enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms*; EDGAR,
Captain, *and others following*.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of
stones!

Had I your tongues and eyes, I 'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives. 261
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edgar. Or image of that horror?

Albany. Fall and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs! she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master!

Lear. Prithee, away!

Edgar. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murtherers, traitors all! 270

I might have sav'd her! now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Captain. 'T is true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip. I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best; I'll tell you straight. 281

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them ye behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight.—Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
Your servant *Kent*. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay
Have follow'd your sad steps—

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves, 292
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Albany. He knows not what he says, and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edgar. Very bootless.

Enter a Captain.

Captain. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Albany. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power;—[*To Edgar and Kent*] you, to
your rights, 301

With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button; thank you, sir.— 310

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!

[Dies.

Edgar. He faints!—My lord, my lord!

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edgar. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edgar. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long;
He but usurp'd his life.

Albany. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe.—[To Kent and Edgar] Friends of my soul,
you twain

320

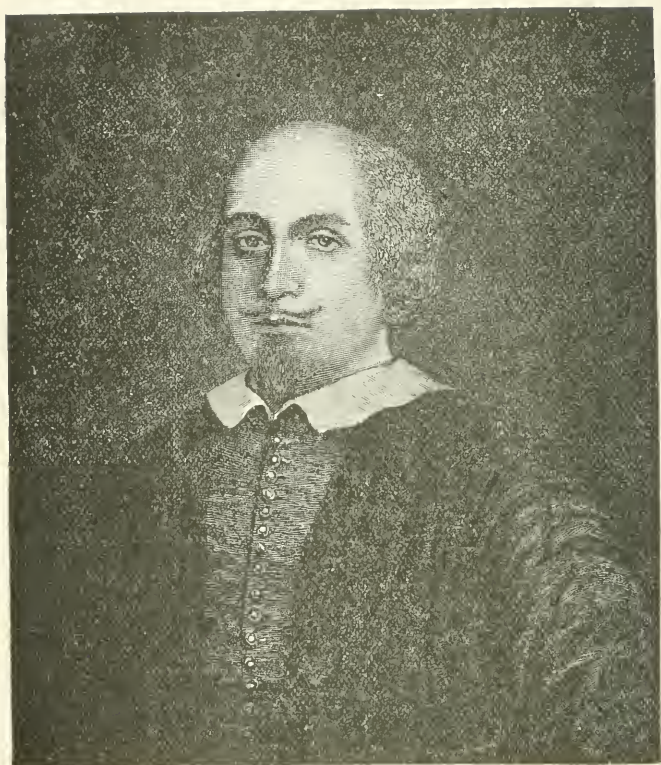
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.

Albany. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead march





STRATFORD PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 F., H. H. Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of *Lear* (Philadelphia, 1880).
 H., Hudson (first edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 J. H., J. Hunter's ed. of *Lear* (London, 1865).
 K., Knight (second edition).
 M., Rev. C. E. Moberly's "Rugby" ed. of *Lear* (London, 1876).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).
 Wr., W. A. Wright's "Clarendon Press" ed. of *Lear* (Oxford, 1875).

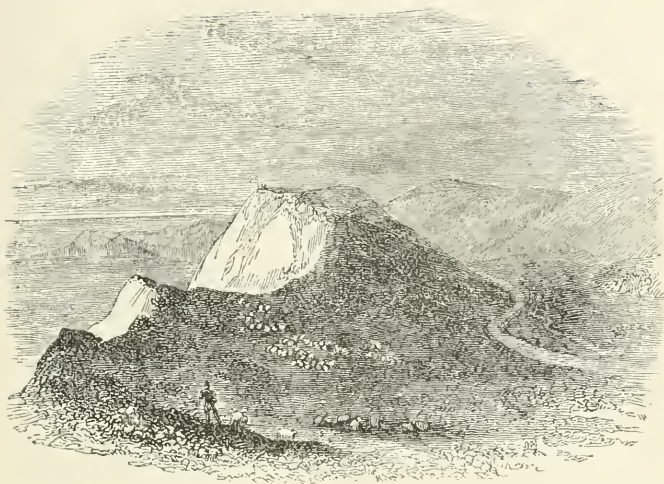
The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V.* and *A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for *Lear*) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the "Acme" reprint of that ed.

* We have been under constant obligations to this encyclopædic edition, depending upon it almost entirely for the collation of the early and modern texts, and drawing from it much valuable matter for our *Notes*.

NOTES.



COUNTRY NEAR DOVER.

INTRODUCTION.

THE story of *Lear* as told by Holinshed (*The second Booke of the historie of England*, chaps. v. and vi. ed. 1574) is as follows:*

“Leir the sonne of Baldud, was admitted ruler ouer the Britaines, in the yeere of the world 3105, at what time Ioas raigned as yet in Iuda. This Leir was a prince of right noble demeanor, gouerning his land and subiects in great wealth. He made the towne of Caerlier now called Leicester, which standeth vpon the riuer of Sore. It is written that he had by his wife three daughters without other issue, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordeilla, which daughters he greatly loued, but specially Cordeilla the yongest farre aboue the two elder. When this Leir therefore was come to great yeeres, & began to waxe vvweldie through age, he thought to vnderstand the affections of his daughters towards

See Furness, p. 384 fol.

him, and preferre hir whome he best loued, to the succession ouer the kingdome. Whervpon he first asked Gonorilla the eldest, how well shee loued him : who calling hir gods to record, protested, that she loued him more than hir owne life, which by right and reason shoulde be most deere vnto hir. With which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of hir how well she loued him : who answered (confirming hir saiens with great othes) that she loued him more than tounge could expresse, and faire aboue all other creatures of the world.

"Then called he his yongest daughter Cordeilla before him, and asked of hir what account she made of him : vnto whome she made this answer as followeth : Knowing the great loue and fatherlie zeale that you haue always borne towards me, (for the which I maie not answere you otherwise than I thinke, and as my conscience leadeth me) I protest vnto you, that I haue loued you euer, and will continuallie (while I liue) loue you as my naturall father. And if you would more vnderstand of the loue that I beare you, assertaine your selfe, that so much as you haue, so much you are worth, and so much I loue you, and no more. The father being nothing content with this answer, married his two eldest daughters, the one vnto Henminus, the Duke of Cornewal, and the other vnto Maglanus, the Duke of Albania, betwixt whome he willed and ordeined that his land should be deuided after his death, and the one halfe thereof immediatelie should be assigned to them in hand : but for the third daughter Cordeilla he reserued nothing.

"Neuertheles it fortuneth that one of the princes of Gallia (which now is called France) whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beautie, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordeilla, desired to haue hir in marriage, and sent ouer to hir father, requiring that he might haue hir to wife : to whome answere was made, that he might haue his daughter, but as for anie dower he could haue none, for all was promised and assured to hir other sisters already. Aganippus notwithstanding this answer of deniall to receiue anie thing by way of dower with Cordeilla, tooke hir to wife, onlie moued thereto (I saie) for respect of hir person and amiable vertues. This Aganippus was one of the twelue kings that ruled Gallia in those daies, as in the Britisch historie it is recorded. But to proceed.

"After that Leir was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking long yer the gouernment of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and reft from him the gouernance of the land, vpon conditions to be continued for terme of life : by the which he was put to his portion, that is, to liue after a rate assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in processe of time was diminished as well by Maglanus as by Henminus. But the greatest griefe that Leir tooke, was to see the vnkindnesse of his daughters, which seemed to thinke that all was too much which their father had, the same being neuer so little : in so much, that going from the one to the other, he was brought to that miserie, that scarslie they would allow him one seruauant to waite vpon him.

"In the end, such was the vnkindnesse, or (as I maie saie) the vnnatu-

ralnesse which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their faire and pleasant words vttered in time past, that being constreined of necessitie, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seeke some comfort of his youngest daughter Cordeilla whom before time he hated. The ladie Cordeilla hearing that he was arriued in poore estate, she first sent to him prillie a certeine summe of monie to apparell himselfe withall, and to reteine a certein number of seruants that might attende vpon him in honorable wise, as appertained to the estate which he had borne: and then so accompanied, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so ioifullie, honorable, and louinglie receiued, both by his sonne in law Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordeilla, that his hart was greatlie comforted: for he was no lesse honored, than if he had beene king of the whole countrie himselfe.

"Now when he had informed his son in law and his daughter in what sort he had beene vsed by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mightie armie to be put in readinesse, and likewise a greate nauie of ships to be rigged, to passe ouer into Britaine with Leir his father in law, to see him againe restored to his kingdome. It was accorded, that Cordeilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leaue vnto hir, as the rightfull inheritour after his decesse, notwithstanding any former grant made to hir sisters or to their husbands in anie maner of wise.

"Herevpon, when this armie and nauie of ships were readie, Leir and his daughter Cordeilla with hir husband tooke the sea, and arriuing in Britaine, fought with their enimies, and discomfited them in battell, in which Maglanus and Henninus were slaine: and then was Leir restored to his kingdome, which he ruled after this by the space of two yeeres, and then died, fortie yeeres after he first began to reigne. His bodie was buried at Leicester in a vault vnder the chanell of the riuer of Sore beneath the towne.

"Cordeilla the yoongest daughter of Leir was admitted Q. and supreme gouernesse of Britaine, in the yeere of the world 3155, before the bylding of Rome 54, Uzia was then reigning in Iuda, and Jeroboam ouer Israell. This Cordeilla after hir father's decesse ruled the land of Britaine right worthilie during the space of fve yeeres, in which meane time her husband died, and then about the end of those fve yeeres, hir two nephewes Margan and Cunedag, sonnes to hir aforesaid sisters, disdaining to be vnder the gouernment of a woman, leuied warre against hir, and destroyed a great part of the land, and finallie tooke hir prisoner, and laid hir fast in ward, wherewith she tooke suche griefe, being a woman of a manlie courage, and despairing to recouer libertie, there she slue herselfe."

The following extract from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (lib. ii. pp. 133-138, ed. 1598, contains the story, referred to on page 14 above, from which Shakespeare derived the incidents of his plot in which Gloster figures. It is entitled, in the ed. of 1590, "The pitifull state, and story of the Paphlagonian vnkinde king, and his kind sonne, first related by the son, then by the blind father:"

"It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth

of winter) verie cold, and as then sodainlie growne to .so extreame and foule a storme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fowler child: so that the Princes were euen cōpelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some shrowding place which a certain hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence there of was passed, they heard the speach of a couple, who not perceiuing them, being hid within that rude canapie, held a straunge and pitifull disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sort, as they might see vnseene. There they perceiued an aged man, and a young, scarcelie come to the age of a man, both poorely arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the olde man blind, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appeare a kind of noblenesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Well *Leonatus* (said he) since I cannot perswade thee to leade me to that which should end my grieffe, and thy trouble, let me now intreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie: feare not the daunger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worse then I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednesse: but flie, flie from this region only worthie of me. Deare father (answered he) do not take away from me the only remnant of my happinesse: while I haue power to do you seruice, I am not whollie miserable. Ah my sonne (said he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow straue to breake his heart) how euill fits it me to haue such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse vpbraide my wickednesse? These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose (well shewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the Princes to go out vnto them, and aske the younger what they were? Sirs (answered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kind of piteousnesse) I see well you are straungers, that know not our miserie, so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull vnto vs as pitie, yet nothing is more dangerous vnto vs, then to make our selues so knowne as may stirre pitie; but your presence promiseth that crueltie shall not ouer-runne hate: and if it did, in truth our state is sunke below the degree of feare.

“This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngratefulnesse of a sonne of his, depriued, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraigne forces were euer able to spoyle him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature graunts to the poorest creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath bene driuen to such grieffe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the top of this rocke, thence to cast himselfe headlong to death: and so would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble Gentlemen, said he, if either of you haue a father, and feele what dutifull affection is engraffed in a sonnes heart, let me intreat you to conueigh this afflicted Prince to some place of rest and securitie: amongst your worthie acts it shall be

none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, & so vniustlie oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

“ But before they could make him answer, his father beganne to speake. Ah my sonne, said he, how euill an Historian are you, that leaue out the chiefe knot of all the discourse? my wickednesse, my wickednesse: and if thou doest it to spare my eares, (the only sense now left me proper for knowledge) assure thy selfe thou doest mistake me: and I take witnesse of that Sunne which you see (with that he cast vp his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wish my selfe in worse case then I do wish my selfe, which is as euill as may be, if I speake vntrulie, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am) that whatsoever my son (ô God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my son) hath said is true. But besides those truthe, this also is true, that hauing had in lawfull mariage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this sonne (such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration) and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growne to iustifie their expectations (so as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue another ones-selfe after me) I was caried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I be bound to beleue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastlie to destroy, or to do my best to destroy this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vnderseuing destruction. What wayes he vsed to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediouslie trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enuie, as in anie living person could be harboured: but I list it not; no remembrance of naughtinesse delights me but mine owne; and me thinks, the accusing his traps might in some maner excuse my fault, which certainlie I lothe to do. But the conclusion is, that I gaue orders to some seruants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

“ But those theeues (better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him go to learne to liue poorely: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldier in a countrey here by: but as he was ready to be greatly aduanced for some noble peeces of seruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who (drunke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall sonne of mine) suffered my selfe so to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance distributed to his fauorites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a King: which he shortly wearie of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laid vpon me) threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes; and then (proud in his tyrannie) let me go, neither imprisoning, nor killing me; but rather delighting to make me feeble my miserie; miserie indeed, if euer there were anie; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltinesse. And as he came to the crowne by so vniust means, as vniustie he kept it, by force of straunger souldiers in

Cittadels, the neasts of tyrannie, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his owne countrimen, that no man durst shew himself a wel-willer of mine: to say the truth (I thinke) few of them being so (considering my cruell follie to my good sonne, and foolish kindnesse to my vnkind bastard :) but if there were any who felt a pitie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of vnslaine dutie left in them towards me; yet durst they not shew it, scarcely with giuing me almes at their doores; which yet was the onlie sustenance of my distressed life, no bodie daring to shew so much charitie, as to lend me a hand to guide my darke steps: till this sonne of mine (God knowes, worthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abhominable wrongs, not recking daunger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hither to do this kind office you see him performe towards me, to my vnspeakeable grieve; not onlie because his kindnesse is a glasse euen to my blind eyes of my naughtiness, but that aboue all griefes, it grieues me he should desperatelie aduenture the losse of his well-deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my deserts, as if he would carie mudde in a chest of Chrystall: for well I know, he that now raigneth, how much so euer (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised; yet he will not let slip any aduantage to make away him, whose iust title (ennobbed by courage & goodnesse) may one day shake the seat of a neuer secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to leade me to the top of this rocke, indeed I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since he was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto me. And now Gentlemen, you haue the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischieuous proceedings may be the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onlie reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in sauing any, then in ending me, both because therin my agonie shall end, & so you shal preserue this excellent young man, who else wilfully followes his owne ruine."

The ante-Shakespearian play of *King Leir* (see p. 10 above) was entered in the Stationers' Registers, May 14th, 1594, as "*The moste famous Chronicle historye of LEIRE kinge of England and his Three Daughters*;" and again, May 8th, 1605, as "*the Tragecall historie of kinge LEIR and his Three Daughters, &c.*" It was printed in 1605 with the following title-page (as quoted by F. from Capell):

"The | True Chronicle Hi- | story of King LEIR, and his three | daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, | and Cordella. | As it hath bene diuers and sundry | times lately acted. | LONDON, | Printed by Simon Stafford for John | Wright, and are to be sold at his shop at | Christes Church dore, next Newgate | Market, 1605."

Furness remarks: "If we must find an original for *Lear*, I think it is in the old drama, and not in Holinshed; and I mean by this, that, in reading this old drama, every now and then there comes across us an incident, or a line, or a phrase, that reminds us of Shakespeare's *Lear*, and that this cannot be said of Holinshed's story. For instance, in *Leir* we find

a faithful courtier who defends Cordella to her father, and the old king replies, 'Urge this no more, and if thou love thy life.' And this same courtier afterwards accompanies the old king in his exile as his faithful companion and servant. Again, in the trial-scene Cordella murmurs aside her abhorrence at the hypocrisy of her sisters' asseverations of affection. Again, Leir alludes to Gonorill's 'young bones.' Again, Perillus says of Leir, 'But he the myrrour of mild patience, Puts up all wrongs and never gives reply.' Shakespeare's *Lear* says: 'No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.' Again, when Leir recognises Cordella after their estrangement, he kneels to her. But it is needless to multiply instances. . . . No one, I think, has done fuller justice to the old drama, which, by the way, Capell called 'a silly old play,' than Campbell, the poet, who, in his *Remarks* on Shakespeare's *Lear*, says: 'The elder tragedy of *King Leir* is simple and touching. There is one entire scene, in it, the meeting of Cordelia with her father in a lonely forest, which, with Shakespeare's *Lear* in my memory and heart, I could scarcely read with dry eyes. This *Leir* is a pleasing tragedy, and, though it precedes our poet's *Lear*, is not its prototype, and its mild merits only show us the wide expanse of difference between respectable talent and commanding inspiration. The two *Lears* have nothing in common but their aged weakness, their general goodness of heart, their royal rank, and their misfortunes. The ante-Shakespearian *Lear* is a patient, simple old man, who bears his sorrows very meekly, till Cordelia arrives with her husband, the King of France, and his victorious army, and restores her father to the throne of Britain. . . . In the old play, Leir has a friend Perillus, who moves our interest, though not so deeply as Kent in the later and grander drama. But, independently of Shakespeare's having created a new *Lear*, he has sublimated the old tragedy into a new one by an entire originality in the spiritual portraiture of its personages. . . . In fine, wherever Shakespeare works on old materials you will find him not wiping dusted gold, but extracting gold from dust, where none but himself could have made the golden extraction.' **

W. says that we may be sure that S. was acquainted with the old *King Leir*. He adds: "This play is a tolerable one for the time in which it was produced—the early Elizabethan period; but it has no resemblance of construction or language to Shakespeare's tragedy, except that which results from the use of the same story as the foundation of both. But in the great dramatist's work there is yet a slight vestige of his insignificant and utterly unknown predecessor's labours upon the same subject. It might have been fortuitous, as it was most natural, that in both *Cordelia* should kneel to her father when she first sees him upon her return from France; but that in both the father should manifest an inclination to kneel to the daughter must be due, it would seem, to a reminiscence by the later dramatist of the work of his predecessor. So, too, when Shakespeare's *Lear* exclaims, 't was this flesh begot Those pelican daughters,' we may be quite sure that we hear an echo of these lines by the forgotten dramatist: 'I am as kind as is the pelican That kills itself to save

* For an abstract of the old play, see Furness. pp. 393-401.

her young ones' lives.' And having found these traces of the old play in Shakespeare's memory, faint though they be, we may also presume that in *Perillus*, blunt and faithful counsellor and friend of the monarch in the elder play, we see a prototype of the noble character of Kent in the later. But in their scope, spirit, and purpose, aside from all question of comparative merit, the two works are entirely dissimilar; and after the closest examination of the earlier, I can find only these trifling and almost insignificant points of resemblance between them, except in incidents and characters which both playwrights owed to the old legend."

On the costume, manners, etc., of the play, Verplanck remarks: "The tale of Lear and his 'three daughters fair' belongs to the domain of old romance and popular tradition, and, told in poem, ballad, and many ruder ways, had become familiar to the English people. It belongs to that unreal 'but most potently believed history' whose heroes were the household names of Europe,—Saint George and his brother-champions, King Arthur and Charlemagne, Don Belliani, Roland and his brother-Paladins, and many others, for part of whom time has done, among those 'who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke,' what the burning of Don Quixote's library was meant to do for the knight. . . . Now, who that is at all familiar with the long train of imaginary history does not know that it all had its own customs and costume, as well defined as the heathen mythology or the Roman history? All the personages wore the arms and habiliments, and obeyed the ceremonials, of mediæval chivalry, very probably because these several tales were put into legendary or poetic form in those days; but whatever was the reason, it was in that garb alone that they formed the popular literature of Europe in Shakespeare's time. It was a costume well fitted for poetical purposes, familiar in its details to popular understanding, yet so far beyond the habitual associations of readers as to have some tinge of antiquity; while (as the admirers of Ariosto and Spenser well know) it was eminently brilliant and picturesque. Thus, whether, like Chaucer, the poet laid his scene of *Palamon and Arcite* in Pagan Athens, under Duke Theseus; or described, with the nameless author of *Morte d'Arthur*, the adventures of the Knights of the Round Table; or, with Ariosto, those of the French Paladins; or whether some humbler author told in prose the tale of *Saint George*, or the *Seven Champions*; the whole was clothed in the same costume, and the courts and camps of Grecian emperors, British kings, Pagan or Turkish soldans, all pretty much resembled those of Charles of Burgundy, or Richard of England, as described by Froissart and his brethren.

"To have deviated from this easy, natural, and most convenient conventional costume of fiction, half believed as history, for the sake of stripping off old Lear's civilized 'lendings,' and bringing him to the unsophisticated state of a painted Pictish king, would have shocked the sense of probability in an audience in Elizabeth's reign, as perhaps it would even now. The positive objective truth of history would appear far less probable than the received truth of poetry and romance, of the nursery and the stage. Accordingly, Shakespeare painted Lear and his times in the attire in which they were most familiar to the imagination of his audience."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Enter . . . GLOSTER.* In the 1st folio the name is here spelt "*Gloucester*," but in many places in the play (as in *Rich. III.*) it is "*Gloster*" or "*Glouster*," and the abbreviations used are "*Glo.*," "*Glou.*," "*Glost.*," etc. The 1st quarto has "*Gloster*," as have the majority of the modern eds.

1. *Had more affected.* Had been more partial to. See *Much Ado*, p. 124. The verb is intransitive in *A. and C.* i. 3. 71: "As thou affect'st" (=liketh, pleasest).

2. *Albany.* Holinshed derives the name from Albanacte, or Albanactus, the youngest son of Brute. He gave the name *Albania* to that portion of Britain left him by his father, including all the territory north of the Humber.

5. *Qualities.* The folio reading; the quartos have "equalities," which, as Schmidt remarks, cannot be right, as the plural is improper. S. uses *equality* only in *K. John*, ii. 1. 327 and *A. and C.* i. 3. 47.

Curiosity. "Exactest scrutiny" (Warb.); "scrupulousness" (Steevens). Cf. i. 2. 4 and i. 4. 66. S. uses the word nowhere else except in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 303, where it has a similar sense (=nicety).

6. *Moiety.* Often used for a fraction other than a half. See *Ham.* p. 174.

The meaning of the passage is: the *qualities* or values are so balanced that the nicest discrimination cannot *make choice* among them.

9. *Brazed.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 37: "If damned custom have not braz'd it so," etc.

12. *Proper.* Comely. See *Much Ado*, p. 139.

13. *Some year.* See *R. and J.* p. 218, note on *Some minute*. Cf. i. 2. 5 below.

15. *Something.* The 3d and 4th folios (followed by some modern editors) have "somewhat." The adverbial use of *something* is very common in S. See Gr. 68.

25. *Out.* "Seeking his fortune abroad, there being no career for him at home in consequence of his illegitimate birth" (Wr.). Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 7:

"He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out;"

that is, in foreign countries.

26. *Sennet.* A succession of notes on the trumpet or cornet. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 176.

28. *I shall.* We should now say, *I will*. See Gr. 315. In the next line the folios have *shall*, the quartos "*will*."

29. *Our darker purpose.* "More secret" (Warb.). Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "We have already made known in some measure our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition."

30. *That*. Omitted in the quartos. D. and H. (2d ed.) read "we've" for *we have*.

31. *In three*. We still say "cut in two," "break in two," etc. *Fast*=fixed, settled; like *constant* in 36 below.

32. *From our age*. The folio reading; the quartos have "of our state," and in the next line "Confirming them on younger yeares." They omit *While we . . . prevented now*, and, to fill out 38, read "The two great princes," etc.

38. *France and Burgundy*. King Lear lived, as the chronicle says, "in the times of Joash, King of Judah." In iii. 2. 87, S. himself jokes at this extravagant antiquity; and here he appears to imagine Lear as king in the rough times following Charlemagne, when France and Burgundy had become separate nations (M.).

42, 43. *Since now . . . state*. The quartos omit these lines. For *both* with more than two nouns, cf. *V. and A.* 747: "Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities;" *W. T.* iv. 4. 56: "She was both pantler, butler, cook;" *1 Hen. IV.* v. 1. 107: "Both he and they and you," etc.

46. *Where nature*, etc. The folio reading; the quartos have, "Where merit most doth challenge it." The meaning is: "where your natural affection deservedly claims it as due" (J. Crosby). For *challenge* (which Schmidt also makes="claim as due"), cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 188, ii. 1. 213, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 134, *R. and J.* iii. 5. 216, etc. See also iv. 7. 31 below.

48. *Sir* begins the line in the early eds., but is put a line by itself by Johnson, D., W., and F. The Coll. MS. omits the word.

Word is the folio reading, retained by Rowe, K., and F. The editors generally adopt the "words" of the quartos. Cf. iii. 2. 75 below: "more in word than matter;" which may, however, be spurious. At any rate, as F. remarks, *word* seems more Shakespearian than *words*.

Wield=manage, express; the matter being "too weighty to be conveyed in mere words" (Wr.).

49. *Space*. Space in general, the world; as *liberty* is the freedom to enjoy it (Schmidt).

54. *Beyond all manner*, etc. "Beyond all assignable quantity: I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much so-ever I should name, it would yet be more" (Johnson). But *so much* seems to refer to the comparisons just made, as Wr. explains it.

55. *What shall Cordelia speak?* The folio reading, retained by K., Coll., and F.; the quarto, which is generally followed, has "do" for *speak*. As F. remarks, the choice of readings, apart from authority, depends on whether we take *Love and be silent* as imperative or not.

57. *Shadowy*. "Shady" (the quarto reading). Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 2: "This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods."

For *champaigns*=plains, cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 174: "Daylight and champaign discovers not more." The word is an adjective in *R. of L.* 1247: "like a goodly champaign plain." The old spelling was often "champion" (as in the folio in *T. N.*) or "champion" (as in the later folios here).

Rich'd (=enriched) is used by S. nowhere else. The quartos omit *with champaigns rich'd*, *With plenteous rivers*.

61. *Cornwall*. The quartos add "speake," which most editors adopt.

62. *Self*. Cf. iv. 3. 34 below: "one self mate." See also *T. N.* p. 121 or *Hen. V.* p. 144. Gr. 20. The 1st quarto reads "Sir, I am made of the selfe same ("selfe-same" in 2d quarto) mettall that my sister is." In *T. N.* i. 1. 39, the 1st folio has *self*, the later folios *selfsame*.

63. *And prize me*, etc. "And I reckon myself equal to her in amount of affection" (Clarke). Mason would read "prize you," etc., "that is, set the same high value on you that she does."

64. *Names my very deed of love*. Describes my love in very deed, or just as it is.

65. *That*. In that, because. See Gr. 284.

67. *Which the most precious square of sense professes*. The folio reading; the quartos have "possesses." The choice between the two depends on the meaning of *square of sense*, which it is not easy to make out. Warb. thought it referred to "the four nobler senses, sight, hearing, taste, and smell." Johnson says: "Perhaps *square* means only *compass*, *comprehension*." Edwards makes it "the full complement of all the senses;" Moberly, "the choicest estimate of sense;" Wr., "the most delicately sensitive part of my nature." Schmidt, in his *Lexicon*, makes *square*="rule, regularity, just proportion," if we read *professes* (as he does in his ed. of the play), and paraphrases the line thus: "which the soundest sense acknowledges as joys." If we read *possesses*, he would make *square*="compass, range (?)." The objection to all these interpretations is that they do not so much find a meaning in *square* as force one upon it. If S. wrote the word, it must have one of these meanings—rule, estimate, compass, or range; but we suspect some corruption. The Coll. MS. has "sphere," and Sr. reads "spacious sphere;" but the emendations are not to our mind. For a fuller discussion of the enigma we must refer the reader to F., who has a full page of fine print upon it. He, by the way, reads *professes*, and remarks: "Whatever meaning or no-meaning we may attach to *square of sense*, it seems clear to me that Regan refers to the joys which that square *professes* to bestow."

68. *Felicitate*. Made happy; the only instance of the word in S. Gr. 342.

71. *More ponderous*. The quartos have "more richer," which is generally adopted. Wr. says that the folio reading "has the appearance of being a player's correction to avoid a piece of imaginary bad grammar;" but it was not considered bad grammar at that time. See Gr. 11. F., who reads *more ponderous*, quotes Schmidt: "*Light* was the usual term applied to a wanton, frivolous, and fickle love; 'light o' love' was a proverbial expression. But the opposite of this, *heavy*, could not be here employed, because that means uniformly, in a moral sense, melancholy, sad; nor is *weighty* any better; therefore S. chose *ponderous*."

74. *Validity*. Value. See *R. and J.* p. 189 or *T. N.* p. 120.

76. *Our last and least*. The folio reading, adopted by K., Sr., W., and F. The quartos have "the last, not least, in our deere love." Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 189: "Though last, not least in love." Malone quotes *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593: "The third and last, not least, in our account." St. adds examples of the expression from Peele, Middleton, and B. and F. W. remarks: "Plainly this passage was rewritten before

the folio was printed. The last part of 82, as it appears in the quartos, shows that the figurative allusion to the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy could have formed no part of the passage when that text was printed. And in the rewriting there was a happy change made from the commonplace of 'last not least' to an allusion to the personal traits and family position of Cordelia. The impression produced by all the passages in which she appears or is referred to is, that she was her father's little pet, while her sisters were big, bold, brazen beauties. Afterwards, in this very scene, Lear says of her to Burgundy: 'If aught within that *little* seeming substance, or all of it, *with our displeasure pieced*,' etc. When she is dead, too, her father, although an infirm old man, 'fourscore and upward,' carries her body in his arms. Cordelia was evidently the least, as well as the youngest and best beloved, of the old king's daughters; and therefore he says to her, 'Now our joy, what can you say to justify my intention of giving you the richest third of the kingdom, although you are the youngest born and the least royal in your presence?' The poet's every touch upon the figure of Cordelia paints her as, with all her firmness of character, a creature to nestle in a man's bosom,—her father's or her husband's—and to be cherished almost like a little child; and this happy after-thought brings the picture into perfect keeping, and at the very commencement of the drama impresses upon the mind a characteristic trait of a personage who plays an important part in it, although she is little seen." As F. says, "if *last, not least* was a hackneyed phrase in Shakespeare's time, it is all the more reason why it should not be used here."

77. *Milk*. A metonymy for pastures. Moberly remarks: "In ascribing vines to France, and not to Burgundy, S. may have thought of the pastoral countries of Southern Belgium as forming part of Burgundy (as they did till the death of Charles the Bold, 1477), otherwise we should not understand the distinction; as in the French Burgundy wine-growing was of very old standing; the arms of Dijon and Beaune have a vine upon them, and a great insurrection of vine-dressers took place there in 1630. — Michelet, *Hist. de France*, ii. 303." The quartos omit *The vines . . . interest'd*.

78. *Interest'd*. Theobald's reading, adopted by the editors generally. The folio has "interest," which Schmidt retains, considering it a contracted form of *interested* (Gr. 342). Steevens quotes Drayton's *Polyolbion*, preface: "he is someway or other by his blood interested therein;" and B. J., *Sejanus*, iii. 1:

"but that the dear republic,
Our sacred laws, and just authority
Are interest'd therein, I should be silent."

Wr. adds examples of *interested* from Massinger, Florio, and Minsheu.

80. *Nothing, my lord*. Coleridge remarks: "There is something of disgust at the ruthless hypocrisy of her sisters, and some little faulty admixture of pride and sullenness in Cordelia's 'Nothing;' and her tone is well contrived, indeed, to lessen the glaring absurdity of Lear's conduct, but answers the yet more important purpose of forcing away the attention from the nursery-tale the moment it has served its end, that of sup-

plying the canvas for the picture. This is also materially furthered by Kent's opposition, which displays Lear's moral incapability of resigning the sovereign power in the very act of disposing of it. Kent is, perhaps, the nearest to perfect goodness in all Shakespeare's characters, and yet the most individualized. There is an extraordinary charm in his bluntness, which is that only of a nobleman, arising from a contempt of overstrained courtesy, and combined with easy placability where goodness of heart is apparent. His passionate affection for, and fidelity to, Lear act on our feelings in Lear's own favour; virtue seems to be in company with him."

Mr. W. W. Lloyd observes: "The crudity of manners expressed in Lear's solicitation of flattery has its natural counterpart in the almost sullen and repulsive tone of the virtue which preserves Cordelia from the degradation he would tempt her to. The progress of the story required a reply that should provoke the indignation of her father, and yet not cause her to forfeit our esteem. . . . Moreover, S., it appears to me, designed to convey, by the very terms and rhythm of the speeches of Cordelia, an impression that her speech was usually reserved and low and laconic, and thus that the very faculty was foreign to her that might have enabled her to effect the same result for her own dignity with milder method. Certain it is, and it is sufficiently declared in the sequel of the scene, that she took too little thought for the fact that her disinheriting was a greater misfortune to her father than to herself, and that to prevent it for his sake were worth incurring some misconstruction; this thought necessarily arises from the terms in which she commends her father, whose weakness she had not had the skill to humour honourably, to the sisters, whose natures she knows too well not to foresee their course, even without the irritation which the same weakness was sure to give occasion and welcome pretext for. This, then, is the incongruity of the social state on which the tragic action of the play depends; and when Lear enters mad in the last scene, with Cordelia dead in his arms, we have but the fulfilment for either of the fate they equally provoked; we behold the common catastrophe of affection too much qualified by unreasonable anger on one side, and unaccommodating rigour on the other."

83. *Nothing will come of nothing.* An allusion to the old maxim, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* Cf. i. 4. 124 below.

86. *According to my bond.* According to my duty, as I am bound by filial obligation. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 194:

"Countess. Love you my son?

"Helena. Do not you love him, madam?

"Countess. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note."

87. *Mend.* For the antithesis of *mend* and *mar*, cf. *V. and A.* 478, *R. of L.* 578, and *Sonn.* 103. 10. On *make* and *mar*, see *R. and J.* p. 146.

90. *As are right fit.* Abbott (*Gr.* 384) makes this elliptical, = "as (they) are right fit (to be returned);" but, as F. suggests, it may be an instance of the relative use of *as* (*Gr.* 280). Cf. i. 4. 57 below. M. explains the plural *are* as used by attraction to the word *duties*, the regular construc-

tion being "as *is* fit." But common as is the expression *as is fit*, we believe it does not occur in S.

93. *Love you all*. Give you all their love. For the adverbial use of *all* (=altogether), see Gr. 28.

94. *Plight*. Pledge, troth; the only instance of the noun in this sense in S., though the verb (see iii. 4. 114 below) occurs several times. Wr. says: "The A. S. *pliht* corresponds to the other meaning of the word, which occurs in *T. and C.* iii. 2. 168." But surely the A. S. *pliht* also means pledge, and this *plight* is etymologically the same as the other.

97. *To love my father all*. The words are found only in the quartos.

103. *Mysteries*. The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "miseries," and the quartos "mistresse."

Hecate. A dissyllable; as regularly in S. except in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 64. Wr. remarks that this is "a significant fact as regards Shakespeare's share in that play." It would not of itself, however, settle the question; for Milton uses *Hecate* both as a dissyllable (*Comus*, 135) and as a trisyllable (*Id.* 535). See *Macb.* p. 222.

104. *Operation of the orbs*. An astrological allusion. The latter folios (followed by H.) read "operations."

105. *Whom*. For *who* used of inanimate objects personified, see Gr. 264.

109. *The barbarous Scythian*. Wr. cites Purchas, *Pilgrimage*, ed. 1614, p. 396: "These customes were generall to the Scythians in Europe and Asia (for which cause *Scytharum facinora patrare*, grew into a proverbe of immane crueltie, and their Land was iustly called Barbarous): others were more special and peculiar to particular Nations Scythian." Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 131: "Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?"

110. *Makes his generation messes*. Devours his children. For *generation*=progeny, cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 148, *Rich. II.* v. 5. 8, *T. and C.* iii. 1. 146 (cf. *Matt.* iii. 7), etc.

111. *To my bosom*. Omitted in the quartos.

113. *Sometime*. For the adjective use (=former, whilom), cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 37, *Ham.* i. 2. 8, etc. *Sometimes* was similarly used; as in *Rich. II.* i. 2. 54, v. 5. 75, etc. See Gr. 68a.

115. *Dragon*. M. remarks: "A natural trope for Lear to use, as, like Arthur, he would wear a helmet,

"On which for crest the golden dragon clung
For Britain."

Wrath is put by metonymy for the object of the wrath.

116. *To set my rest*. The expression is evidently suggested by the card-playing phrase *set up my rest* (see *M. of V.* p. 139), though with a reference also to the sense of *rest*=repose. For a similar instance, see *R. and J.* v. 3. 110:

"O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;"

and see our ed. p. 215.

Set up my rest was the usual phrase in the game of primero, and, as F. notes, the one elsewhere used by S.; but we find *set my rest* in Minsheu's *Dialogues*, 1599. The following extract from a dialogue illustrating the

game shows that some of its technicalities were much like those of certain games still in vogue: "O. Let the cardes come to me, for I deale them; one, two, three, fower, one, two, three, fower. *M.* Passe. *R.* Passe. *L.* Passe. *O.* I set so much. *M.* I will none. *R.* Ile none. *L.* I must of force see it; deale the cards. *M.* Giue me fower cards; Ile see as much as he sets. *R.* See heere my rest; let euery one be in. *M.* I am come to passe againe. *R.* And I too. *L.* I do the selfe same. *O.* I set my rest. *M.* Ile see it. *R.* I also. *L.* I cannot giue it ouer. *M.* I was a small prime. *L.* I am flush."

117. *Hence, and avoid my sight!* It has been disputed whether this is addressed to Cordelia or Kent. Heath, Delius, Clarke, and H. say Kent; Rowe, Jennens, Malone, Wr., and F. say Cordelia, and W. is inclined to agree with them. The only reason given for the former view is that Cordelia does not go out, as, it is said, she would be likely to do upon such a command; but neither does Kent obey the order, and Cordelia would perhaps be no more likely to leave at the first impatient word of her father. Before she has fairly time to go, the order is given to call in France to take her if he will.

119. *Who stirs?* Delius takes this to be a threat, to frighten the bystanders from any chance opposition. *M.* says: "The courtiers seem unwilling to obey a command so reckless." *F.*, with a finer insight, asks: "May it not be that the circle of courtiers are so horror-struck at Lear's outburst of fury, and at Cordelia's sudden and impending doom, that they stand motionless and forget to move? This is one of Shakespeare's touches, like old Capulet's calling Juliet 'you tallow-face,' to be interpreted by reading between the lines."

121. *Digest.* Metaphorically=enjoy, as Schmidt makes it, rather than "incorporate," as Wr. gives it.

122. *Marry her.* Get her a husband.

124. *Effects.* "The outward attributes of royalty, everything that follows in its train" (Wr.). Cf. *R. of L.* 1555: "Such devils steal effects from lightless hell," etc.

128. *Only.* For the transposition, see Gr. 420. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1, 163, *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 23, iv. 1. 323, *L. L. L.* i. 1. 51, *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 204, etc.

129. *Addition.* Titular honour. Most editors adopt the "additions" of the quartos, but cf. ii. 2. 21 below, where the singular, as the context shows, refers to a multiplicity of titles. See also v. 3. 68. Cf. *Mach.* p. 164.

130. *Revenue.* Accented by S. on the first or second syllable, as suits the measure. See *M. N. D.* p. 125.

Of the rest (needlessly changed by Warb. to "of th' best") is antithetical to *The name*, etc., and includes all powers and attributes not thus reserved.

132. *Coronet.* Probably=crown; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 134. Delius takes it to mean the ducal coronet, not Lear's own crown.

136. *Make from.* Go from, get away from. Cf. *make to* (*V. and A.* 5, *C. of E.* i. 1. 93), *make for* (*W. T.* iv. 4. 554), etc. So with adverbs; as *make forth* (*J. C.* v. 1. 25), *make up* (*K. John.* iii. 2. 5), etc.

137. *The fork.* That is, the barbed arrow-head. Wr. quotes Ascham, who says, in his *Toxophilus*, that Pollux describes two kinds of arrow-heads: "The one he calleth ὄγκιρος, describynge it thus, hauing two poyntes or barbes, looking backwarde to the stele and the fethers, which surely we call in Englishe a brode arrowe head or a swalowe tayle. The other he calleth γλωχίς, hauing .ii. poyntes stretchyng forward, and this Englysh men do call a forkehead."

Wr. thinks that *invade* is used in "its literal sense" (from Latin *invado*), but it may be a simple metaphor. Cf. iii. 4. 7 below. The only other instances of the word in S. are v. 1. 25 below and *Hen. V.* i. 2. 136.

139. *What wouldst thou do?* "This is spoke on seeing his master put his hand to his sword" (Capell).

142. *Falls.* The quartos have "stoops;" and "Reuerse thy doome" for *Reserve thy state*. Most of the editors (except K., Delius, Sr., Schmidt, and F.) follow the quartos here; but F. ably defends the folio reading: "Kent is such a noble fellow that we who know Cordelia's truthfulness and honesty, and have heard her words spoken aside, cannot but think that he is here pleading her cause. But I am afraid we are too hasty. Kent is pleading, not for Cordelia, but for Lear himself; he has not as yet made the slightest allusion to Cordelia. When Lear denounces her, Kent, who sees that Lear is crushing the only chance of future happiness, starts forward with 'Good my liege;' but before he can utter another word Lear interrupts him, and interprets his exclamation as an intercession for Cordelia; and we fall into the same error, so that when Kent speaks again we keep up the same illusion, whereas all that he now says breathes devotion to the king, and to no one else. The folly to which majesty falls is not the casting off of a daughter,—that is no more foolish in a king than in a subject,—but it is the surrendering of revenue, of sway, and of the crown itself,—this is hideous rashness, this is power bowing to flattery. Hence, Kent entreats Lear 'to reserve his state.' And to show still more conclusively that Lear, and not Cordelia, is chiefly in his thoughts, in his very next speech he says that the motive for which he now risks his life is the safety of the king. Furthermore, when Lear has been turned out of doors and his daughters have usurped all his powers, Gloucester (iii. 4. 152) says, 'Ah that good Kent! He said it would be thus,' which cannot well refer to any other passage than the present. Moreover, had Kent been so devoted to Cordelia as to suffer banishment for her sake, would he not have followed her to France rather than followed as a servant his great patron whom he had thought on in his prayers? It need scarcely be added that 'reserve thy state' means 'retain thy royal dignity and power.'"

144. *Answer my life*, etc. "That is, let my life be answerable for my judgment, or I will stake my life on my opinion" (Johnson). For the subjunctive "used optatively or imperatively," see Gr. 364.

147. *Reverbs.* Probably the poet's own contraction of *reverberates*, as no other instance of the word has been found.

149. *Wage.* Stake, set as a *wager*. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 4. 144: "I will wage against your gold, gold to it." In *Ham.* v. 2. 154, the folios have "waged" the quartos "wagered."

152. *Blank*. "The *white* or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. 'See better,' says Kent, 'and keep me always in your view'" (Johnson). See *Ham.* p. 243.

154. *Swear'st*. Elsewhere S. has *swear by* in this sense; but such omission of prepositions after other verbs is common enough. See Gr. 200. For *miscreant* the quartos have "recreant." Wr. thinks it possible that *miscreant* is used "with some sense of its original meaning of misbeliever, after Kent's contemptuous reference to the gods."

155. *Dear sir, forbear*. Omitted in the quartos.

157. *Revoke thy gift*. Here the quartos read "doome" for *gift*. See on 142 above.

159. *Recreant*. The quartos omit the word here.

162. *Strain'd*. Exaggerated, excessive; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 161: "This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord." The quartos have "straied," which Johnson takes to mean "exorbitant, passing due bounds."

163. *Betwixt*. The quartos have "between," but in 132 above "betwixt" for *between*. The same words are often interchanged in the quarto and folio texts of *Richard III.*

164. *Nor . . . nor*. Often used by S. for *neither . . . nor*; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 170, iii. 2. 64, v. 5. 39; *Macb.* i. 7. 51, v. 5. 48, etc. We sometimes find three or more parts thus joined; as in *R. and J.* ii. 2. 40, *Oth.* iii. 4. 116, etc.

165. *Our potency made good*, etc. "As a proof that I am not a mere threatener, that I have power as well as will to punish, take the due reward of thy demerits; hear thy sentence" (Malone). The 2d quarto has "make" for *made*.

167. *Diseases*. Dis-eases, discomforts. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 44: "And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease;" *T. of A.* iii. 1. 56: "Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!" Cf. also the verb (=make uneasy, disturb) in *Cor.* i. 3. 117: "she will but disease our better mirth." See also *Macb.* p. 249, note on *Will cheer me*, etc. The folios have "disasters," which K., Delius, and W. adopt.

169. *Tenth*. The Coll. MS. has "seventh."

171. *Away!* etc. Dr. Bucknill says: "Lear's treatment of Kent; his ready threat in reply to Kent's deferential address; his passionate interruptions and reproaches; his attempted violence, checked by Albany and Cornwall; and, finally, the cruel sentence of banishment, cruelly expressed,—all these are the acts of a man in whom passion has become disease."

173. *Sith*. The 1st quarto has "Since," which is derived from *sith*. See Wb. The intermediate form, *sithence*, occurs in *A. W.* i. 3. 124 and *Cor.* iii. 1. 47.

174. *Freedom*. The quartos have "Friendship;" and in 175 "protection" for *dear shelter* and "the" for *thee*. In 176 they transpose *justly* and *rightly*, and have "thinks" for *think'st*.

175. Hammer, followed by most editors, inserts here the stage-direction "*To Cordelia*," and at 177 "*To Gon. and Regan*;" but the text makes it sufficiently clear who is addressed.

177. *And your large speeches*, etc. "And may your acts substantiate your ample protestations" (Clarke).

180. *Course*. Wr. says there is "evidently" a play on *corse*; but we agree with F. that there is no reason for supposing such a quibble here.

181. *Here's*. For *is* before a plural subject, see Gr. 335. The folios give this speech to Cordelia.

183. *Address toward*. Address ourselves to. We find *toward* with *address*=direct, in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 92:

"Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions."

184. *Hath rivall'd*. Hath been a rival or competitor; the only instance of the verb in S.

In the least. At the least. In ii. 4. 135 below it is used as now=in the smallest degree. These, we believe, are the only examples of the phrase in S.

189. *So*. That is, worthy of such a dowry. There is a kind of play on *dear*, as the next line shows: when she was dear in love we held her dear in price.

191. *Little-seeming*. Little in appearance. See on 76 above. The hyphen is not in the early eds., and is perhaps not absolutely necessary. Johnson made *seeming*="beautiful;" and Steevens, "specious."

192. *Piec'd*. That is, pieced out. Cf. iii. 6. 2 below.

193. *Like*. Please. See *Ham.* p. 202. Cf. ii. 2. 84 below: "His countenance likes me not."

195. *Owes*. Owns, possesses; as often. Cf. i. 4. 114 below; and see *Mach.* pp. 162, 167, 200, 251.

197. *Stranger'd*. Estranged, alienated. For verbs from nouns and adjectives, see Gr. 294.

199. *Makes not up*. Comes to no decision (Schmidt). For *in* the quartos have "on."

202. *Make such a stray*. Go so far astray. For the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281, and cf. 210 just below.

203. *Beseech*. For the omission of the subject, see Gr. 401.

204. *Avert*. Turn; the only instance of the verb in S. *Aversion* he does not use at all.

For the double comparative in *more worthier*, see Gr. 11. The quartos have "Most best, most dearest" in 209 below. Wr. thinks that here, as in 71, "the folios have patched the grammar;" but, if so, why did they not in *more worthier* as well?

207. *Best object*. The 1st folio omits *best*, and the Coll. MS. has "blest." Schmidt believes that *best* is an interpolation, as *object* is often used without an adjective to denote "what one has always in his eye, or seeks out with his eye, the delight of his eye." Cf. *V. and A.* 255: "The time is spent, her object will away." See also *Id.* 822, *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 174, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 122, etc.

208. *Argument*. Theme, subject; as in ii. 1. 8 below. See *Much Ado*, pp. 123, 135.

209. *In this trice of time*. We still use the expression "in a trice" (*T. N.* iv. 2. 123, etc.). "On a trice" occurs in *Temp.* v. 1. 238.

210. *Dismantle*. Elsewhere in S. the object of the verb is that from which anything is stripped, as in modern usage. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 66 and *Ham.* iii. 2. 293.

212. *Such . . . that*. Cf. ii. 2. 114 below: "such a deal of man that worthied him;" and see Gr. 279.

213. *Monsters*. Makes monstrous; as in *Cor.* ii. 2. 81: "To hear my nothings monster'd." See on 197 above.

214. *Fallen*. The quarto reading; the folios have "Fall." *Must be* is understood; or *must* with the folio reading. *Fall'n into taint*=become tainted. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "Either her offence *must be* monstrous, or, if she has not committed any such offence, the affection which you always professed to have for her *must be* tainted and decayed."

217. *For*. Because; as in i. 2. 5 below. See *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *For he is a Christian*. See Gr. 151, 387.

220. *Nor other foulness*. The quartos have "murder or" or "murder, or," and the folios "murther, or." The emendation in the text is from the Coll. MS. and is adopted by Sr. and F. The editors generally follow the early text, though with more or less distrust of it. D. calls it "a very suspicious reading;" and Halliwell says that "most readers will agree with" him. St. considers *nor other* "certainly a very plausible substitution." W., in his *Shakespeare's Scholar*, says that "murther is an easy and undeniable mistake for *nor other*;" but in his ed. of S. decides that the old text is right. M. remarks: "There seems good reason for adopting Collier's reading; the gradation 'vicious blot, murder, foulness' would not be happy. Moreover, from the parallel expression, 'vicious mole of nature,' in *Ham.* i. 4. 24, we may conclude that in this line Cordelia refers to natural defects, which Lear might be supposed to have just discovered; but in the next line to evil actions from all suspicions of which she wishes to be cleared." F. agrees with M. as to the gradation in "vicious blot, murder, foulness," and adds: "This alone is so un-Shakespearian that of itself it would taint the line. . . . And mark how admirably the lines are balanced: 'vicious blot or other foulness,' 'unchaste action or dishonour'd step.'" H. admits that "*murder* seems a strange word to be used here;" but suspects that Cordelia purposely uses it "out of place, as a glance at the hyperbolical absurdity of denouncing her as 'a wretch whom Nature is asham'd to acknowledge.'" By "out of place" we presume he refers to its being used *in the speech*, not to its strange position between *blot* and *foulness*, to which M. and F. refer, and which, to our thinking, settles the question beyond a doubt. We can conceive of Cordelia's using the word in the way that H. suggests (indeed, it seems to us the best explanation of her using it—if she did use it—that has been offered), but not of her putting it so preposterously "out of place" in the speech. One has only to read the line, giving *murder* the sarcastic tone which this explanation requires, in order to see how awkwardly it comes in at that point.

221. *Unchaste*. The quartos read "vncleane."

223. *But even for want*, etc. "The construction is imperfect though the sense is clear. We should have expected 'even the want' as Han-

mer reads, but S. was probably guided by what he had written in the line preceding, and mentally supplied 'I am deprived.' There is an obscurity about *for which*. It would naturally mean 'for having which,' but here it must signify 'for wanting which' (Wr.).

224. *Still-soliciting*. Ever-begging. Cf. *still-vexed* in *Temp.* i. 2. 229, and *still-closing* in *Id.* iii. 3. 64; and see our ed. pp. 117, 133. See also *M. of V.* p. 128 and Gr. 69.

225. *That*. The quartos have "As." See on 212 above.

226. *Hath lost me*. Hath caused me to *lose*. Cf. i. 2. 104 below: "It shall lose thee nothing." See also *T. A.* ii. 2. 21: "That sure me-thought her eyes had lost her tongue," etc. *In*=in respect to. Cf. Gr. 162.

Better thou. The quartos read "Goe to, goe to, better thou."

229. *Unspoke*. The only instance of the form in S. *Unspoken* occurs only in *Cymb.* v. 5. 139.

231. *Love's not love*, etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 116

232. *Regards*. Considerations; as in *Ham.* ii. 2. 79, iii. 1. 87, etc. The quartos have "respects." Both the quartos and the folios have *stands*. The relative often "takes a singular verb, though the antecedent be plural" (Gr. 247). Cf. ii. 4. 269 below: "If it be you that stirs," etc.

233. *Entire point*. Main point; as Schmidt and M. explain it. Johnson defines *main* as "single, unmixed with other considerations."

241. *Respects of*. Considerations of; the quarto reading. The folio has "respect and." For *respects*, see *Ham.* p. 226, or *K. John*, p. 158.

247. *Cold'st*. For the contracted superlative, see Gr. 473.

251. *Waterish*. Used contemptuously; as in the only other instance in S. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 15: "nice and waterish diet." As Wr. notes, Burgundy was the best-watered district of France. He quotes Heylyn, *A Little Description of the Great World*: "That which Queene Katharine was wont to say, that France had more rivers than all Europe beside; may in like manner be said of this Province in respect of France."

252. *Unpriz'd*. Not prized by others, unappreciated. Wr. suggests that it may mean priceless, as *unvalued* in *Rich.* III. i. 4. 27 means invaluable; but the other sense gives us an antithesis (unprized by others, but precious to me) instead of a mere repetition of epithets.

253. *Unkind*. Unnatural; or combining that sense with the more familiar one. Cf. iii. 4. 69 below: "his unkind daughters." See *T. A.* p. 156.

254. "*Here* and *where* have the power of nouns: Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place" (Johnson).

258. *Benison*. Blessing. See *Mach.* p. 205.

261. *Ye jewels*. The early eds. have "The jewels," which may possibly be what S. wrote; but *The* and *Ye*, being constantly written alike in that day, were liable to be confounded by the printer, and probably were here. The emendation is due to Rowe, and is adopted by D., W., Halliwell, H., and F.

Wash'd is often applied to tears; as in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 27, iv. 1. 156, *M. A. D.* ii. 2. 93, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 84, 87, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 70, iii. 2. 130, etc.

262. *I know you what you are.* For the redundant object, see Gr. 414. Wr. compares *Mark*, i. 24.

265. *Professed bosoms.* Professed love. Pope changed *professed* to "professing;" and Wr. makes it="which had made professions" (cf. Gr. 374). But *bosoms*=love; as in v. 3. 50 below. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 139: "And you shall have your bosom on this wretch" (that is, your heart's desire). See also *W. T.* iv. 4. 574 and *Oth.* iii. i. 58.

267. *Prefer.* Commend. Cf. *J. C.* v. 5. 62: "Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you," etc.

269. *Prescribe not us.* F. prints "not' us." It is true that elsewhere in S. we have *prescribe to*, but here *us* may be a dative, as often. The quartos read "duties." They also give this speech to Goneril, and the next to Regan.

271. *At Fortune's alms.* At the charity or alms-giving of Fortune. Capell and Halliwell read "As" for *At*. Wr. takes *at* to be used as with nouns of price or value. The expression *Fortune's alms* occurs again in *Oth.* iii. 4. 122.

272. *And well are worth the want,* etc. And well deserve the want that you have brought upon yourself (*want* being a "cognate accusative"); or it may mean "and well deserve the want of that affection in which you yourself have been wanting" (Wr.). The quartos read "are worth the worth that you have wanted."

273. *Plighted.* Folded. The quartos have "pleated" or "pleeted," and some modern eds. "plaited." Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 301: "the plighted clouds." Wr. quotes Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 3. 26: "with many a folded plight." We have the participle in *Id.* iii. 9. 21: "her well-plighted frock;" and in the contracted form *plight* in *Id.* vi. 7. 43: "And on his head a roll of linnen plight."

274. *Cover.* All the early eds. have "couers," which may possibly be what S. wrote. See on 232 above. For *shame them* the folios have "with shame," which Capell, K., Sr., and Schmidt adopt. Henley sees an allusion to *Prov.* xxviii. 13.

284. *Grossly.* Palpably, evidently (Schmidt); as in *C. of E.* ii. 2. 171, *A. W.* i. 3. 184, etc.

287. *Of his time.* Of his life. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 129: "my time something too prodigal," etc. See also i. 2. 41 below.

289. *Long-ingrafted.* The quartos have "long ingrafted." S. uses both *graff* and *graft*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 171, note on *Graff*. *Long-ingrafted condition*="qualities of mind confirmed by long habit" (Malone). For *condition*, cf. iv. 3. 33 below; and see *Oth.* pp. 175, 198.

292. *Unconstant.* Capricious. For the form, see *K. John*, p. 156. Gr. 442. For *like*=likely, see *Ham.* p. 186.

M. remarks: "These women come of themselves, and at once, to the feeling which it requires all Iago's art to instil into Othello; on whom it is at length urged that Desdemona must be irregular in mind, or she would not have preferred him to the 'curled darlings' of Venice."

295. *Hit.* Agree; the quarto reading. The folios have "sit," which Rowe, Pope, Hanmer, Capell, K., and Schmidt adopt.

297. *Offend.* Injure; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 140: "Thou but offend'st

thy lungs to speak so loud," etc. The meaning seems to be : if the king goes on in this way, "snatching back his authority the moment his will is crossed, we shall be the worse off for his surrender of the kingdom to us" (H.).

299. *I' the heat*. "While the iron is hot," as the proverb hath it.

SCENE II.—I. *Thou, Nature*, etc. Warb. saw atheism in this ; but, as Steevens remarks, Edmund speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not to the existence of a God. Cf. 17 below.

3. *Stand in the plague*. If this is what S. wrote (and no satisfactory emendation has been suggested), it must mean, as Capell explained it, "be exposed to" the *plague*, or vexation. Warb. would read "plage" = place, and St. thinks that *plague* may possibly be = the Latin *plaga*, place or boundary ; but this is very improbable. Wr. suggests that S. had in mind a passage in the Prayer-Book version of *Psa.* xxxviii. 17 : "And I truly am set in the plague," where *plague* seems to follow the Latin of Jerome's translation, "Quia ego ad plagam paratus sum."

4. *Curiosity*. "Over-nice scrupulousness" (Steevens). See on i. 1. 5 above. *Curiosity*, according to Walker, is pronounced *curious'ty*. Cf. B. and F., *Nice Valour* : "But I have ever had that curiosity." Cf. Gr. 456.

Deprive. "Disinherit" (Steevens and Schmidt). Cf. Warner, *Albion, England* : "if whom ye have depriv'd, ye shall restore again."

5. *For that*. Because that. See on i. 1. 217 above.

Moonshines = months ; like *moons* in *Oth.* i. 3. 84, *A. and C.* iii. 12. 16, etc.

6. *Lag of*. Lagging behind, later than. Cf. *Rich.* III. ii. 1. 90 : "That came too lag to see him buried."

7. *Compact*. Compacted, put together. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 8, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 5, *V. and A.* 149, etc. See on i. 1. 68 above.

13. *Fine word,—legitimate!* Omitted in the quartos.

16. *Top the*. Capell's correction of the "tooth" of the quartos and the "to' th'" or "to th'" of the folios. For *top* = overtop, rise above, see *Much.* p. 239.

19. *Subscrib'd*. Yielded, surrendered (Malone). Cf. *Sonn.* 107. 10 :

"My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes."

See also *T. of S.* i. 1. 81, *T. and C.* iv. 5. 105, etc. The folios have "prescrib'd," which Rowe, K., and Schmidt prefer.

20. *Confin'd to exhibition*. Restricted to an allowance or mere maintenance. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 69 :

"What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition shalt thou have from me."

See also *Oth.* p. 166. Nares cites B. J., *Silent Woman*, iii. 1 : "Behave yourself distinctly, and with good morality ; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition."

21. *Upon the gad*. On the spur of the moment. *Gad* = goad, or an

iron-pointed rod used in driving cattle. In *T. A.* iv. 1. 103, it means a *stylus* or pointed instrument for writing :

"I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words."

27. *Terrible*. Affrighted. Cf. Gr. 3.

32. *O'er-read*. Read over. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 173. So *o'erlooking* in next line = looking over. Cf. v. 1. 50 below ; and see *Ham.* p. 253, or *Hen. V.* p. 160. For *o'erlooking* the quartos have "liking."

36. *Are to blame*. Are to be blamed, are blamable ; as often. For active infinitives used passively, see Gr. 359, 405.

39. *Essay or taste*. Trial or test. For *essay*, cf. *Sonn.* 110. 8 : "And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love." S. uses the word only twice, having elsewhere *assay*, of which it is only another form. As Steevens notes, both *essay* (or *assay*) and *taste* are terms from royal tables. For the custom of *taking the assay* (or *say*), see *Rich. II.* p. 220. For *taste* = try, cf. *T. A.* p. 147, or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 189 (note on *Take*).

40. *Policy*. "The frame of civil government in a state" (Schmidt) ; the established order of things. In his edition of the play Schmidt explains *policy and reverence* as a hendiadys for "policy of holding in reverence ;" which perhaps is better. See on i. 4. 333 below. The quartos omit *and reverence*.

41. *The best of our times*. The best portions of our lives. See on i. 1. 287 above.

42. *Oldness*. Old age ; used by S. nowhere else.

43. *Idle and fond*. "Weak and foolish" (Johnson). For *fond*, see *M. N. D.* p. 163, or *M. of V.* p. 152.

Who. See on i. 1. 105 above. It is true that *tyranny* implies a person or persons, but the *it* shows that it is grammatically and rhetorically neuter.

53. *Closet*. Private room, chamber. See *Ham.* p. 200 ; and cf. *Matt.* vi. 6. In iii. 3. 10 below it may have the same meaning, though Schmidt takes it to be used in the modern sense ; as in *Macb.* v. 1. 6 and *Oth.* iv. 2. 22.

54. *Character*. Handwriting ; as in ii. 1. 72 below. See also *T. A.* v. 1. 354, *W. T.* v. 2. 38, *Ham.* iv. 7. 53, etc. F. remarks that the word is "always used by S. in the sense of writing or handwriting ;" but we must except *T. A.* i. 2. 51 and *Cor.* v. 4. 28.

56. *That*. That is, the *matter* or contents (Wr.).

64. *Sons at perfect age*. That is, *being* of age. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 107 : "You a brother of us," etc. Gr. 381. For *declined* the quartos have "declining."

68. *Detested*. Equivalent to *detestable* ; as often. Cf. i. 4. 253 and ii. 4. 212 below. See Gr. 375.

69. *I'll*. The folios have "Ile" or "I'le ;" the quartos "I," which Wr. takes to be = "ay," as often.

74. *Where*. Whereas ; as often. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 187, or Gr. 134.

77. *Pawn down*. That is, lay down as a pledge. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 13 : "I durst . . . Lay down my soul at stake."

Writ. The quartos have "wrote," a form seldom used by S. for either

the past tense or the participle. For the former he has usually *writ*, for the latter *writ* or *written*. Cf. i. 4. 323, 326, ii. 1. 122 below. Gr. 343.

78. *Your honour*. The usual address to a lord in the time of S. (Malone). Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 107, 110, 116, etc.

Pretence. "That is, *design, purpose*" (Johnson). Cf. i. 4. 67 below. See also *Macb.* p. 202.

86. *Nor is not, sure*. The folios omit this speech, and *To his father . . . and earth* at the beginning of the next. Schmidt considers these latter words inconsistent with the whole character of Gloster, who never shows any fatherly feeling for Edgar until after he has driven him away. They are, he thinks, an interpolation by some sensational actor.

88. *Wind me into him*. Insinuate yourself into his confidence. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 154: "To wind about my love with circumstance;" and *Cor.* iii. 3. 64: "to wind Yourself into a power tyrannical." The *me* is the "ethical dative." See Gr. 220.

90. *Unstate myself*. Give up my state, sacrifice my fortune and position. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 30:

"Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness," etc.

To be in a due resolution. To be fully *resolved* (see *J. C.* p. 158, or *Rich. III.* p. 224) or satisfied on this point.

92. *Convey*. Manage artfully (Johnson). See *Macb.* p. 239, or *Hen. V.* p. 147.

94. *These late eclipses*, etc. See p. 13 above. M. remarks: "As to the current belief in astrology, we may remember that, at the time when this play was written, Dr. Dee, the celebrated adept, was grieving for his lost patroness, Queen Elizabeth; that the profligate court of James I. was in 1618 frightened by the appearance of a comet into a temporary fit of gravity; and that even Charles I. sent £500 as a fee to William Lilly for consulting the stars as to his flight from Hampton Court in 1647." Cf. *Sonn.* 107. 6:

"The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage!"

See also *Ham.* i. 1. 120 and *Oth.* v. 2. 99. Milton has several allusions to the ominous nature of eclipses; as in the grand image in *P. L.* i. 594:

"as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

95. *Though the wisdom of nature*, etc. "That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences" (Johnson). M. remarks: "This curious view is repeated, with remarkable force of language, by Sir T. Browne, even in the less credulous times (Buckle, i. p. 336) when he wrote his *Treatise on Vulgar Errors*: 'That two suns or moons should appear, is not worth the wonder. But that the same should fall out at the point of some decisive action, that these two should make but one line in the book of fate, and stand together in

the great Ephemerides of God, besides the philosophical assignment of the cause, it may admit a Christian apprehension in the signality' (i. 2). We learn also from Bishop Burnet that Lord Shaftesbury believed in astrology, and thought that the souls of men live in the stars."

96. *Sequent*. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 2. 56: "Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping." See also *Ham.* v. 2. 54.

99-104. *This villain . . . our graves*. Omitted in the quartos.

101. *Bias of nature*. Natural tendency. The metaphor is taken from the game of bowls. See *Rich. II.* p. 197 (note on *Rubs*) or *Ham.* p. 200 (note on *Assays of bias*).

104. *Disquietly*. "Causing us disquiet" (Wr.).

105. *Lose*. See on i. 1. 226 above.

108. *This is the excellent joppery*, etc. Warb. points out the satire which S. has directed against judicial astrology, and suggests that if the date of the first performance of *Lear* were well considered, "it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seem to intimate: 'I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.'"

110. *We make guilty*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 140:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Disasters (see its derivation in Wb.) is an astrological term.

111. *On necessity*. As in the folios; the quartos have "by necessity," which, according to Schmidt, is not found elsewhere in S. For *on necessity*, cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 149, 155. Cf. *on* (or *upon*) *compulsion* (*M. of V.* iv. 1. 183, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 261, *T. and C.* ii. 2. 153) and *by compulsion* (here and in *K. John*, ii. 1. 218). Schmidt considers that "S. has an unmistakable preference for *on* and *upon* to express that which gives the motive or impulse to anything;" but some of the examples he gives can be readily balanced by others in which other prepositions are used. For instance, he quotes "on constraint" from *K. John*, v. 1. 28; but we find "by constraint" in *A. W.* iv. 2. 16. So against "upon instinct" in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 331, we may put "by instinct" in *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 42, etc. "On malice" occurs in *Rich. III.* i. 1. 9 (perhaps on account of the "on some known ground," etc., which follows in the sentence), while elsewhere we have "through malice," "from malice," "out of malice," "with malice," "in malice," etc., some of these occurring several times each.

112. *Treachers*. Traitors; the folio reading, the quartos having "trecherers." Nares quotes B. J., *Every Man in his Humour*, v. 10: "O you treachour!" and B. and F., *Bloody Brother*, iii. 1: "Treachour and coward both." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 41: "No knight, but treachour, full of false despight;" *Id.* ii. 1. 12: "Where may that treachour then (sayd he) be found?" Spenser also has the form *treachetour*; as in *F. Q.* ii. 10. 51:

"In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought;"

Id. vi. 8. 7: "Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrew," etc.

113. *Spherical predominance*. An astrological expression. Cf. *predominant* in *A. W.* i. 1. 211:

"*Helena*. The wars have so kept you under that you must needs have been born under Mars.

"*Parolles*. When he was predominant.

"*Helena*. When he was retrograde, I think, rather;"

and *W. T.* i. 2. 202 :

"It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant."

Influence is another astrological word, rarely (Schmidt says never, but see *Sonn.* 78. 10 and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 869) used by S. except with reference, direct or indirect, to the power of the heavenly bodies. See *W. T.* p. 162. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 669 :

"which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth," etc.

See also *Id.* vii. 375, viii. 513, ix. 107, x. 662, *Comus*, 336, *L'All.* 122, and *Ode on Nativ.* 71. So in Bacon, *Ess.* 9: "And the Astrologers, call the evil Influences of the Starrs *Evil Aspects*," etc. Cf. *Job*, xxxviii. 31.

116. *Pat.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 73, and see our ed. p. 233.

Like the catastrophe, etc. "That is, just as the circumstance which decides the catastrophe of a play intervenes on the very nick of time, when the action is wound up to its crisis, and the audience are impatiently expecting it" (Heath).

117. *Cue*. See *M. A. D.* p. 156. The word is probably from the Fr. *queue* (see Wb.), and not from the first letter of *quando* (=when) as Wedgwood says, or of *qualis*, as Minshen gives it. For another *cue* which is derived from the letter *q*, see Wb. or Nares.

Like Tom o' Bedlam. That is, like a "Bedlam beggar," such as Edgar afterwards pretends to be. See ii. 3. 6-20 below.

118. *Fa, sol, la, mi*. Dr. Burney says: "S. shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmization, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say: *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semitone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa sol la mi*." Wr., after quoting Dr. Burney, says: "For this note, Mr. Chappell assures me, there is not the slightest foundation. Edmund is merely singing to himself in order not to seem to observe Edgar's approach." M. remarks: "The true explanation probably is that the sequence *fa, sol, la, mi* (with *mi* descending) is like a deep sigh, as may be easily heard by trial."

125. *Succeed*. Follow, come to pass. Cf. *success*=issue, whether good or bad. See *J. C.* p. 151 or *Oth.* p. 186.

126-132. *As of unnaturalness . . . Come, come*. Omitted in the folios. In proof that the lines are spurious Schmidt notes that they contain

six words used by S. nowhere else—*unnaturalness*, *menace* (noun), *malediction*, *dissipation*, *cohort*, and *astronomical*. He might have added that *sectary* occurs only in *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 70, a part of the play probably not written by S.

127. *Amities*. For the plural, cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 42.

129. *Diffidences*. Distrust, suspicions. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 65: "And wound her honour with this diffidence." S. uses the word only twice.

Dissipation of cohorts. This would seem to mean the breaking up of military organizations; but it is very likely either spurious or corrupt. Johnson (followed by Coll. in his 3d ed.) changed *cohorts* to "courts."

142. *With the mischief of your person*. That is, even with harm to your person. Hammer and Capell read "without" for *with*, and Johnson conjectured "but with."

143. *Allay*. For the intransitive use, cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 146: "And when the rage allays, the rain begins."

145. *That's my fear*. The quartos add "brother," and omit the rest of this speech and the next.

Have a continent forbearance. "Keep a forbearing restraint upon yourself" (Clarke).

159. *Harms*. For the plural, cf. *R. of L.* 28, 1694, 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 46, *T. A.* v. 3. 148, etc.

161. *Practices*. Plots, artifices. Cf. ii. 1. 73 below, and see *Ham.* p. 255.

SCENE III.—1. *Chiding of*. For *of* with verbals, see Gr. 178. Cf. ii. 1. 39 and v. 3. 204 below.

3. Coleridge remarks of Oswald: "The steward should be placed in exact antithesis to Kent, as the only character of utter irredeemable baseness in S. Even in this the judgment and invention of the poet are very observable; for what else could the willing tool of a Goneril be? Not a vice but this of baseness was left open to him."

4. *By day and night*. Capell prints this as an exclamation, comparing *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 212:

"By day and night!
He's traitor to the height;"

and Malone adds *Ham.* i. 5. 164: "O day and night! but this is wondrous strange." But here, as Wr. remarks, the *every hour* shows that the words are used in their ordinary sense.

8. *On every trifle*. "On every trifling occasion" (Wr.). See on i. 2. 113 above. In *Temp.* ii. 2. 8, we find "For every trifle."

11. *Answer*. Cf. i. 1. 144 above.

15. *Distaste*. The quartos have "dislike." Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 66: "Although my will distaste what it elected." For the intransitive use, see *Oth.* p. 189.

17-21. *Not . . . abused*. Omitted in the folios.

17. *Idle*. Weak, foolish; as in i. 2. 43 above.

18. *Authorities*. For the plural, cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 6: "And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?" See also *Ham.* p. 243.

21. *With checks as flatteries*, etc. This line has puzzled the critics, and

various emendations have been proposed, of which Schmidt's "With checks when flatteries are seen abus'd" is the simplest and least objectionable. Taking it as it stands, we may accept Tyrwhitt's explanation: "with checks, as well as flatteries, when they (that is, flatteries) are seen to be abused."

25, 26. *I would . . . may speak.* Omitted in the folios.

27. *My very course.* The very course I do. The folios omit *very*, and are followed by K., Sr., St., W., and others.

SCENE IV.—2. *Diffuse.* Disorder it, and so disguise it, as he had disguised his dress (Steevens). Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 61: "diffus'd attire." There, as here and in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 78 (see our ed. p. 185), the early eds. spell the word *defuse*, which form Wr., Schmidt, and F. retain. Wr. cites instances of it from Lyly's *Euphues* and Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*. On the other hand, the folio has "diffused" in *M. W.* iv. 4. 54: "some diffused song;" where the word seems to mean wild or disordered.

4. *Raz'd.* Erased. Cf. *Sonn.* 25. 11: "from the book of honour razed quite," etc.

6. *So may it come.* It may come to pass; not a parenthetical wish, as Capell understood it.

11. *What dost thou profess?* What dost thou "set up for," what is thy profession, or calling? Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 22: "by present profession a tinker." See also *J. C.* i. 1. 5, *Ham.* v. 1. 35, etc. Kent, in his reply, plays upon the word.

14. *Converse.* Have converse with, associate with. See *A. Y. L.* p. 194.

15. *To eat no fish.* That is, to be a Protestant. As Warb. remarks, to eat fish on account of religious scruples was in Queen Elizabeth's time the mark of a Papist and an enemy to the government. He quotes Marston, *Dutch Courtezan*, i. 2: "I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a Fridays;" and Fletcher, *Woman-Hater*, iv. 2: "He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him when he called for fish." Capell thinks the meaning is simply that Kent is a jolly fellow and no lover of such meagre diet as fish.

23. *Who.* For *whom*, as often. Gr. 274.

31. *Curious.* Elegant or elaborate. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 361: "a most curious mantle," etc.

36. *To love.* That is, *as* to love. For the ellipsis, see Gr. 281, and cf. ii. 4. 12 below.

45. *Clotpoll.* Clodpole, blockhead. It is used literally (=head) in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 184: "I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream."

52. *Roundest.* Bluntest, plainest. See *Hen. V.* p. 175, or *T. N.* p. 138. For the adverb, see *Ham.* p. 203.

56. *That . . . as.* See on i. 1. 90 above.

58. *Appears.* For the ellipsis of the relative, see Gr. 244.

64. *Rememberest.* Remindest. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 96: "Remembers me of all his gracious parts," etc. See also *W. T.* p. 178.

65. *Most faint.* Most slight; as Wr. and F. explain it. Schmidt makes it=most languid or cold; but this seems contradicted by the latter part

of the sentence. The *neglect* has been so *faint* that he has been doubtful whether it was intentional.

66. *Curiosity*. "Scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity" (Steevens). See on i. i. 5 above.

Very pretence. Actual intention. See on i. 2. 78 above.

68. *This two days*. S. uses *this* or *these* interchangeably in such expressions. See *R. and J.* p. 213. Gr. 87.

70. *The fool hath much pined away*. As Clarke notes, there is much significance in this little speech and in Lear's rejoinder: "It serves to excite a tender interest in the boy-fool even before he enters, and to mark him at once as a creation apart from all other of Shakespeare's fools; it serves to depict Cordelia's power of attaching and endearing those around her; and it serves to denote her old father's already awakened consciousness that he has done her grievous injustice."

81. *Bandy*. "A metaphor from tennis" (Steevens). Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 5. 14:

"Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me;"

L. L. L. v. 2. 29: "Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd," etc. F. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Iouër à bander & à racler contre*. To bandy against, at Tennis; and (by metaphor) to pursue with all insolencie, rigour, extremitie."

82. *Strucken*. The quartos have "struck" or "strucke." Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 114: "Cæsar, 't is strucken eight." See also *Ham.* p. 228. Gr. 344.

83. *Foot-ball player*. M. says that the game was then "a somewhat vulgar recreation, practised by the London apprentices in Cheapside to the terror of respectable citizens."

90. *Earnest*. Money paid in advance to bind the bargain. For plays upon the word, see *W. T.* p. 204.

91. *Enter Fool*. "'Now, our joy, though last, not least,' my dearest of all Fools, Lear's Fool! Ah, what a noble heart, a gentle and a loving one, lies beneath that parti-coloured jerkin! . . . Look at him! It may be your eyes see him not as mine do, but he appears to me of a light delicate frame, every feature expressive of sensibility even to pain, with eyes lustroously intelligent, a mouth blandly beautiful, and withal a hectic flush upon his cheek. Oh that I were a painter! Oh that I could describe him as I knew him in my boyhood, when the Fool made me shed tears, while Lear did but terrify me! . . . When the Fool enters, throwing his coxcomb at Kent, and instantly follows it up with allusions to the miserable rashness of Lear, we ought to understand him from that moment to the last. Throughout this scene his wit, however varied, still aims at the same point, and in spite of threats, and regardless how his words may be construed by Goneril's creatures, with the eagerness of a filial love he prompts the old king to 'resume the shape which he had cast off.' 'This is not altogether fool, my lord.' But, alas! it is too late; and when driven from the scene by Goneril, he turns upon her with an indignation that knows no fear of the 'halter' for himself: 'A fox when one has caught

her, And such a daughter, Should sure to the slaughter, If my cap would buy a halter.' That such a character should be distorted by players, printers, and commentators! Observe every word he speaks; his meaning, one would imagine, could not be misinterpreted; and when at length, finding his covert reproaches can avail nothing, he changes his discourse to simple mirth, in order to distract the sorrows of his master. When Lear is in the storm, who is with him? None—not even Kent—'None but the Fool; who labours to outjest His heart-struck injuries.' The tremendous agony of Lear's mind would be too painful, and even deficient in pathos, without this poor faithful servant at his side. It is he that touches our hearts with pity, while Lear fills the imagination to aching" (C. A. Brown). After quoting this and Charles Cowden Clarke's comments on the Fool, in which he takes the ground that he is "a youth, not a grown man," F. remarks: "After these long and good notes by my betters I wish merely to record humbly but firmly my conviction that the Fool, one of Shakespeare's most wonderful characters, is not a boy, but a man—one of the shrewdest, tenderest of men, whom long life had made shrewd, and whom afflictions had made tender; his wisdom is too deep for any boy, and could be found only in a man, removed by not more than a score of years from the king's own age; he had been Lear's companion from the days of Lear's early manhood." On the whole we are disposed to agree with this latter view of the Fool. Not only does much that he says show a shrewdness which can only be the result of long experience and observation of men and things, but his intense sympathy for Lear seems to us beyond the capacity of boyish years. On the other hand, Lear's addressing him as "boy" and "pretty knave," and the like, may be explained, partly by the force of habit—for he *was* a mere boy when he first became Lear's companion, and, it may be added, would from his very position naturally continue to be regarded and treated as a boy—and partly from his slight and fragile physique, which would make him appear more like an overgrown boy than a man.*

Coxcomb. The fool's cap. F. quotes Minsheu (s. v. *cockes-combe*, ed. 1617): "Englishmen use to call vaine and proud braggers, and men of meane discretion and judgement *Coxcombes*. Because naturall Idiots and

* Since the above was sent to the printer the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1880, has come to hand with Mr. Grant White's second paper on *King Lear*, in which he says of the Fool: "In this tragedy the Fool rises to heroic proportions, as he must have risen to be in keeping with his surroundings. He has wisdom enough to stock a college of philosophers,—wisdom which has come from long experience of the world without responsible relations to it. For plainly he and Lear have grown old together. The king is much the older; but the Fool has the marks of time upon his face as well as upon his mind. They have been companions since he was a boy; and Lear still calls him boy and lad, as he did when he first learned to look kindly upon his young, loving, half-distraught companion. The relations between them have plainly a tenderness which, knowingly to both, is covered, but not hidden, by the grotesque surface of the Fool's official function. His whole soul is bound up in his love for Lear and for Cordelia. He would not set his life 'at a pin's fee' to serve his master; and when his young mistress goes to France he pines away for the sight of her. When the king feels the consequences of his headstrong folly, the Fool continues the satirical comment which he begins when he offers Kent his coxcomb. So might Touchstone have done; but in a vein more cynical, colder, and without that undertone rather of sweetness than of sadness which tells us that this jester has a broken heart."

Fooles haue, and still doe accustome themselves to weare in their Cappes, cock's feathers, or a hat with a necke and head of a cocke on the top and a bell thereon, &c., and thinke themselves finely fitted and proudly attired therewith, so we compare a presumptuous bragging fellow, and wanting all true Iudgement and discretion, to such an Idiote foole, and call him also Coxcombe."



THE COXCOMB.

93. *You were best.* It were best for you. See *J. C.* p. 166, or *Gr.* 230, 352 (cf. 190).

94. *Why, fool?* The reading of the quartos. The 1st and 2d folios give the speech to *Lear*, and read "Why my Boy?" As *W.* remarks, the Fool's reply shows that the folio is wrong: "*Lear* had taken no one's part that 's out of favour, but *Kent* had."

95. *One's part that 's,* etc. *Abbott* (*Gr.* 81) says that "we never use the possessive inflection of the unemphatic *one* as an antecedent," as here; but the construction does not strike us as wholly unfamiliar now, at least colloquially.

96. *An.* The early eds. have "and," as usual, and *F.* retains that form. See *Gr.* 101.

Thou 'lt catch cold. "That is, be turned out of doors and exposed to the inclemency of the weather" (*Farmer*).

97. *This fellow has banished,* etc. "*Lear* has, by blessing them, made *Goneril* and *Regan* no longer his daughters, and also made *Cordelia* queen of *France* by cursing her" (*M.*).

98. *On 's.* Of his. *On* was often used for *of*, especially in contractions like this. See *Gr.* 182.

100. *Nuncle.* Probably a contraction of *mine uncle*, the customary appellation of the licensed fool to his superiors (*Nares*). Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* p. 146, note on *Yedward*.

103. *Living.* Property. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 104: "where my land and living lies." See also *Mark*, xii. 44, *Luke*, viii. 43, etc.

105. *The whip.* Whipping, as *Douce* has shown, was a common punishment of fools. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 91, where *Celia* says to *Touchstone*,

"you'll be whipped for taxation [that is, satire] one of these days." See also 171 below.

107. *Lady the brach*. The quartos have "Ladie (or "Lady") oth'e brach," the folios "the Lady Brach." The emendation is due to Steevens. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 240: "I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish." A *brach* was a female hound. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 176. Cf. iii. 6. 67 below.

108. *A pestilent gall to me!* M. explains this as "a passionate remembrance of Oswald's insolence." F. says: "This does not satisfy me, but I can offer nothing better." Why may it not refer to the Fool, who has just nettled his master into a hint of the whip? Cf. "A bitter fool!" just below.

114. *Owest*. Ownest. See on i. 1. 195 above.

116. *Trowest*. Apparently here = knowest. The usual meaning of *trow* was think or believe; but *trow you* was often = do you know? Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 189: "Trow you who hath done this?" *T. of S.* i. 2. 165: "Trow you whither I am going?" etc. See also on 205 below. J. H. explains the line as = "Do not believe all thou learnest."

117. *Set*. Stake, risk. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 4. 9: "I have set my life upon a cast." See also *Rich. II.* p. 202. *Throwest* seems to be = throwest *for*; but it may be = "hast won by thy last throw" (Schmidt).

124. *Nothing can be made of nothing*. An allusion to the old maxim, *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Cf. i. 1. 83 above.

132-147. *That lord . . . snatching*. Omitted in the folios; "perhaps for political reasons," says Johnson, "as they seemed to censure the monopolies."

138. *Motley*. The parti-colored dress of the professional fool. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 34, 58, *T. N.* i. 5. 63, etc. The word is = fool in *Sonn.* 110. 2 and *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 79.

143. *Fool*. The concrete for the abstract (Schmidt). Cf. *A. IV.* ii. 4. 36: "and much fool may you find in you;" *T. N.* i. 5. 115: "He speaks nothing but madman;" *Hen. V.* v. 2. 156: "I speak to thee plain soldier," etc.

145. *A monopoly out*. That is, legally taken out, issued for my benefit. Warb. considered this "a satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time, and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee." Steevens quotes sundry hits at the same abuse from other writers of the time.

Ladies. The 2d quarto has "lodes," and W. and some other editors read "loads."

153. *Thine ass*. An allusion to Æsop.

155. *If I speak*, etc. "If I speak on this occasion like myself—that is, like a fool, foolishly—let not me be whipped, but him who first finds it to be as I have said—that is, the king himself, who was likely to be soonest sensible of the truth and justness of the sarcasm, and who, he insinuates, deserved whipping for the silly part he had acted" (Eccles).

157. *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year*. "There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place" (Johnson). For *grace* the quartos have "wit," which Wr. and M. prefer.

158. *Foppish*. Foolish; the only instance of the word in S. For the rhyme with *apish*, cf. that of *Tom* and *am* in ii. 3. 20, 21 below; also that of *corn* and *harm* in iii. 6. 41, 43. To these examples Ellis (*Early Eng. Pronunciation*, iii. 953) adds seven from other works of S. See *R. of L.* 554, *M. A. D.* ii. 1. 48, 54, 263, iii. 3. 348, v. 1. 303, and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 55.

163. *Mothers*. The quartos have "mother."

165. *Then they*, etc. Steevens compares Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1608:

"When Tarquin first in court began,
And was approved king,
Some men for sodden joy gan weep,
But I for sorrow sing."

176. *Thee*. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 277: "Ay, that I am not thee;" 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 117: "it is thee I fear," etc. Gr. 213.

179. *Enter Goneril*. "The monster Goneril prepares what is necessary, while the character of Albany renders a still more maddening grievance possible—namely, Regan and Cornwall in perfect sympathy of monstrosity. Not a sentiment, not an image, which can give pleasure on its own account is admitted. Whenever these creatures are introduced, and they are brought forward as little as possible, pure horror reigns throughout. In this scene, and in all the early speeches of Lear, the one general sentiment of filial ingratitude prevails as the main-spring of the feelings;—in this early stage the outward object causing the pressure on the mind, which is not yet sufficiently familiarized with the anguish for the imagination to work upon it" (Coleridge).

What makes that frontlet on? What causes that frown like a frontlet on your brow? Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 4. 1: "Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?" A *frontlet* was a band of cloth worn at night on the forehead to keep it smooth (Malone). Steevens quotes *The Four P's*, 1569 (the Pardoner has asked why women are so long dressing when they get up in the morning, and the Pedler replies, with a play on the word *let*=hindrance):

"Forsooth, women have many lettes,
And they be masked in many nettes:
As frontlettes, fyllettes, partlettes, and bracelettes;
And then theyr bonettes, and theyr poynettes.
By these lettes and nettes, the lette is suche,
That spede is small, when haste is muche;"

and *Zepheria*, 1594:

"But now my sunne it fits thou take thy set,
And vayne thy face with frownes as with a frontlet."

Malone adds from Lyly's *Euphues*: "she was solitary walking, with her frowning cloth, as sick lately of the solens" (that is, sullens); and Clarke cites Chapman, *Hero and Leander*:

"E'en like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies us'd to wear."

182. *An O*. See *M. A. D.* p. 165 or *Hen. VI.* p. 144. For "the allusion reversed," see *W. T.* i. 2. 6 (Malone).

189. *A shealed peascod*. A shelled pea-pod; a mere husk. *Shealed* is

only the old spelling of *shelled*, which some eds. give instead. S. uses the verb nowhere else. For *peascod*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 159.

F. remarks: "Warb. was the first to insert a stage-direction here, directly referring this sentence to Lear, and he has been followed, I think, by all eds. except Delius. As though the point were not made thereby sufficiently clear, Warb. changed 'That 's' to *Thou art*. I cannot help thinking that stage-directions like these are in general needless, not to say obtrusive. If the action is so clear that the humblest intellect can perceive it, surely a stage-direction is superfluous; for instance, when the Fool says to Kent, 'Here 's my coxcomb,' does any one require to be told that he here offers Kent his cap? When Lear says 'There 's earnest of thy service,' may not an editor assume that a reader has some intelligence, and needs not to be told that Lear here 'gives Kent money?' In the present instance the application is sufficiently clear without any indication with the finger."

191. *Other*. For the plural, cf. *M. A. D.* iv. 1. 71: "That he awaking when the other do," etc. Gr. 12. Wr. refers to *Josh.* viii. 22 and *Luke* xxiii. 32. *Retinue* is accented on the penult. Cf. Gr. 490.

193. *Rank*. Gross. See *A. Y. L.* p. 186, note on *Ranker*.

194. *I had thought . . . To have found*. See *Ham.* p. 265 (note on 233, 234) or *Much Ado*, p. 132 (note on *Have made Hercules have turned*). Gr. 360.

197. *Put it on*. Promote or encourage it. See *Ham.* p. 257 or *Macb.* p. 245.

198. *Allowance*. Permission, sanction. Cf. ii. 2. 100 below.

M. remarks: "The rest of the sentence labours under a plethora of relatives. The meaning, however, is simple: 'If you instigate your men to riot I will check it, even though it offends you; as that offence, which would otherwise be a shame, would be proved by the necessity to be a discreet proceeding.' 'Yes,' replies the Fool, 'and so the young cuckoo, wanting the nest to itself, was under the regrettable necessity of biting off the head of its foster-mother the sparrow; which, under the circumstances, was not a shame, but an act of discretion.'"

199. *Scape*. Not "'scape," as usually printed, being found in contemporaneous prose. See *J. C.* p. 172, or *Wb.* s. v.

200. *The tender of a wholesome weal*. The regard for a healthy commonwealth. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* v. 4. 49:

"Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life."

For *wholesome*, cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 70, iii. 4. 65, *Macb.* iv. 3. 105, etc.; and for *weal*, *Macb.* iii. 4. 76, v. 2. 27, *Cor.* ii. 3. 189, etc.

203. *Which else*, etc. Which necessity would justify as discreet proceeding, though otherwise (that is, but for the necessity) it would be shameful.

205. *Know*. The quartos, followed by many modern eds., have "trow." See on 116 above.

206. *It had*. For the possessive *it*, see *W. T.* pp. 155, 176. For *it 's had* (=it has had), the reading of 1st folio, the quartos have "it had."

For the natural history of the passage, see *1 Hen. IV.* p. 195 fol.

207. *Darkling*. In the dark. See *M. A. D.* p. 152. K. remarks that the passage is not incoherent, as some critics have supposed; and that S. found the almost identical image applied to the story of Lear as told by Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 10. 30:

"But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke [wick] is throwne away:
So when he had resign'd his regiment.
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And wearie wax of his continuall stay.

209. *Come, sir*. Omitted in the folios.

210. *I would you would*. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 193.

211. *Whereof . . . fraught*. Elsewhere in S. *fraught* (see *T. A.* p. 162 or *W. T.* p. 202) is followed by *with*.

212. *Dispositions*. Moods, humours (Schmidt); as in 283 below. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. i. 113: "Now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition," etc. For *transport* the quartos have "transform." Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 159:

"being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge," etc.

215. *Whoop, Jug, I love thee*. Probably a quotation from some old song, but having no special point here, unless perhaps to express ironically the Fool's estimation of Goneril. For the desperate attempts of the commentators to find a subtler meaning in it, see F. *Jug* was the old nickname for Joan, also used as a term of endearment. Halliwell cites a letter of Edward Alleyn, the player, to his wife: "And, Jug, I pray you lett my orayng-tawny stokins of wolen be dyed a newe good blak against I com hom, to wear in winter;" and again:

"If I be I, and thou be'st one,
Tell me, sweet Jugge, how spell'st thou Jone?"

218. *His notion weakens*. The quartos have "notion, weaknes" (or "weaknesse"). For *notion* = mind, cf. *Cor.* v. 6. 107 and *Macb.* iii. 1. 83; the only other instances of the word in S. *Discernings* and *lethargied* he uses nowhere else.

219. *Ha! waking*, etc. The quartos read: "sleeping or waking; ha! sure 't is not so." They also print the entire speech as prose.

221. *Lear's shadow*. The quartos make this a question and part of Lear's speech. The folios omit the next two speeches.

225. *Which*. Steevens takes this to be = whom, referring to Lear; but it may be "the commonest connective used improperly" (M.), as the illiterate sometimes use it now.

227. *This admiration*. That is, the astonishment you affect. See *Ham.* p. 230. For *savour* the 3d quarto has "favour," which some editors adopt. It is true that we do not find the noun *savour* used elsewhere by S. in this metaphorical way; but cf. the verb in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 165, *T. A.* v. 1. 322, *W. T.* ii. 3. 119, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 250, 295, etc.

228. *Other your new pranks*. For the order, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 53: "With Poin's and other his continual followers;" and see our ed. p. 190.

230. *You should*. The reading of the 2d quarto; the other early eds. omit *you*. Steevens thought that both words should be omitted.

232. *Debosh'd*. The old spelling of *debauched*, and the only one found in the folio in the four instances in which the word occurs. See *Temp.* p. 131.

234. *Shoves*. Appears; as in 258 below. See *Macb.* p. 153.

Epicurism . . . lust . . . tavern . . . brothel. "An instance of what Corson calls a *respective construction*. The first word refers to the third, and the second to the fourth" (F.).

235. *Makes*. For the singular verb with two singular subjects, see Gr. 336.

236. *Grac'd*. Full of grace, dignified (Schmidt). Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 41: "the grac'd person of our Banquo." The quartos read "great."

Speak for = call for, demand. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 41: "when extremities speak" (that is, call to action); *Temp.* ii. 1. 207: "the occasion speaks thee" (calls upon thee), etc.

239. *A little*. Pope changed this to "Of fifty," on the ground that Lear shortly afterwards specifies this as the number to be cut off, and yet Goneril had not stated it; but, as F. suggests, this was probably a simple oversight on Shakespeare's part.

Disquantity = diminish; used by S. nowhere else. Wr. compares *disproperty* in *Cor.* ii. 1. 264, and *disnutured* in 274 below. So *disvalue*, in *M. for M.* v. 1. 221.

240. *Depend*. Be dependent, continue in service.

241. *To be*, etc. For the construction, see Gr. 354.

Besort. Become, befit. For the noun, see *Oth.* p. 166.

242. *Which*. Who. See Gr. 258, 259.

250. *Marble-hearted*. Cf. *marble-breasted* in *T. A.* v. 1. 127.

251. *Thee*. For the reflexive use of personal pronouns, see Gr. 223.

252. *Sea-monster*. The commentators have wasted much ink on the question whether S. refers to the hippopotamus or to the whale. If any particular monster is meant (which we doubt), it may be that in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 57, as H. suggests.

253. *Detested*. See on i. 2. 68 above.

254. *Choice and rarest*. Perhaps, as Wr. thinks, for *choicest and rarest*. See *Rich. III.* p. 215, note on *The plainest harmless*. Gr. 398.

257. *Worships*. Honour, dignity. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 314: "rear'd to worship" (that is, raised to honour), etc. For the plural, see *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights*.

259. *An engine*. The rack. Steevens quotes B. and F., *Night-Walker*, iv. 5: "Their souls shot through with adders, torn on engines." Wr. notes that Chaucer has *engined* = racked, in *C. T.* 16546.

262. *This gate*. Pope inserted the stage-direction.

263. *Dear*. Here apparently = precious. For peculiar uses of the word in S., see *Temp.* p. 124 (note on *The dear'st o' th' loss*) or *Rich. II.* p. 151.

265. *Of what hath mov'd you*. Omitted in the quartos.

266. *Hear, Nature, hear*, etc. See F. for a long and interesting note on the rendering of this passage by Garrick, Kemble, and the elder Booth.

271. *Derogate*. "Degraded" (Johnson); "depraved, corrupt" (Schmidt); "dishonoured, in opposition to the following *honour her*" (Delius). For the form, cf. *felicitate*, i. 1. 68 above.

272. *Teem*. Bear children. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 2. 91: "my teeming date," etc. For the transitive use, see *Macb.* p. 243.

274. *Thwart*. Perverse; the only instance of the adjective in S. Eccles quotes Milton, *P. L.* viii. 132: "Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;" and *Id.* x. 1075: "the slant lightning, whose thwart flame, driven down," etc.

Disnatur'd. Unnatural, wanting in natural affection. See on 239 above. Steevens quotes Daniel, *Hymen's Triumph*, ii. 4: "I am not so disnaturaed a man," etc.

275. *Brow of youth*. Youthful brow. See Gr. 423.

276. *Cadent*. Falling (Latin *cadens*). M. remarks: "The effect of an unusual word formed from the Latin or Greek is often very great in poetry. Thus, Milton speaks of the 'glassy, cool, translucent wave,' and Wordsworth of the river, 'diaphanous because it travels slowly,' both words being far more effective than the common word 'transparent.'"

277. *Her mother's pains and benefits*. Her maternal pains and good offices, her loving attention to the training of her child.

279. *How sharper*, etc. Malone compares *Ps.* cxl. 3. M. remarks: "We should have to go to the book of *Deuteronomy* to find a parallel for the concentrated force of this curse. Can it be Lear who so sternly and simply stabs to the very inward heart of woman's blessedness, leaving his wicked daughter blasted and scathed forever by his withering words?"

283. *Disposition*. See on 212 above.

291. *Untented*. That cannot be probed, incurable. Cf. *detested*=detestable, i. 2. 68 above. For *tent*=a probe, cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 16:

"the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst."

For the verb, see *Ham.* p. 215.

292. *Fond*. Foolish. See on i. 2. 43 above.

293. *Beweep*. For the use of the prefix *be-* in making intransitive verbs transitive, see Gr. 438. Cf. *Sonn.* 29. 2: "I all alone beweep my outcast state," etc. For *ye*, see Gr. 236.

295, 296. The folios omit *is it come to this*, and the quartos *Let it be so*. The latter also read "yet haue I left a daughter."

297. *Comfortable*. In an active sense=ready to comfort. Cf. ii. 2. 158 below. See also *A. W.* i. 1. 86: "Be comfortable to my mother," etc. Gr. 3.

301. *Thou shalt, I warrant thee*. Omitted in the folios.

306. *You, sir*, etc. Johnson inserts the stage-direction "*To the Fool*." See on 189 above.

309-313. Ellis remarks that the last three rhymes are remarkable, especially the last, including the word *halter*. *Daughter* and *after* are also rhymed in *T. of S.* i. 1. 245, 246 and *W. T.* iv. 1. 27, 28. In the former of these two, the rhyme, as here in *Lear*, may be meant to be ridiculous.

314-325. *This man . . . unfitness*. Omitted in the quartos.

316. *At point*. Ready, prepared for any emergency. Cf. iii. 1. 33 below; and see *Macb.* p. 241.

317. *Buzz*. Whisper. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 148:

"did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katherine?"

See also *Ham.* p. 248, note on *Buzzers*.

318. *Enguard.* Surround as with a guard (Schmidt). See Gr. 440.

319. *In mercy.* At his mercy. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. i. 355:

"And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only;"

and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 856: "That lie within the mercy of your wit." "*In misericordia* is the legal phrase" (Malone).

321. *Still.* Ever. See on i. i. 224 above.

322. *Taken.* "Taken with harm, that is, overtaken" (Capell). Sr. follows Pope in reading "harm'd."

329. *Full.* Used adverbially; as often. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 129: "To be full like me," etc.

Particular. Either referring to "the business threatened by Lear," as Capell explains it, or = "personal, individual" (Schmidt). Cf. v. i. 30 below, and the noun in ii. 4. 287.

331. *Compact.* "Unite one circumstance with another so as to make a consistent account" (Johnson). *More* may be metrically a dissyllable (Gr. 480), or a word may have dropped out of the line (D.).

333. *This milky gentleness and course.* This milky gentleness of your course (Schmidt). "Albany, like Macbeth, had too much of the milk of human kindness in him" (Wr.). See on i. 2. 40 above.

334. *Condemn not.* Some editors read "condemn it not," for the sake of the metre. Cf. Gr. 483.

335. *At task.* "Liable to reprehension and correction" (Johnson). Cf. "to take one to task." The 1st quarto has "attaskt for" (the 2d "alapt"), and most modern eds. read "attask'd for." But, as F. remarks, "Dr. Johnson's explanation, if any be needed, is ample."

338. *Striving to better,* etc. Malone quotes *Sonn.* 103. 9:

"Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?"

340. *The event.* That is, the event will show; *nous verrons*.

SCENE V.—I. *Gloster.* The editors generally follow Capell in referring this to the city of Gloucester, which, as Tyrwhitt remarks, "S. chose to make the residence of the Duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their setting out late from thence on a visit to the Earl of Gloster, whose castle our poet conceived to be in the neighborhood of that city."

4. *Afore.* The quartos have "before." See *R. and J.* p. 176.

7. *Brains.* Changed by Pope to "brain," on account of the singular pronoun that follows. S. makes *brains* plural, except in *A. W.* iii. 2. 16: "The brains of my Cupid's knocked out," where the intervening singular may perhaps account for the irregularity. Cf. Gr. 412. As *brain* and *brains* were used indiscriminately (except, as Schmidt notes, in such phrases as "to beat out the brains"), it is not strange that the pronoun

referring to the words should be used somewhat loosely, at least in vulgar parlance.

8. *Kibes*. Chilblains. See *Ham.* p. 262.

10. *Thy wit shall ne'er go slipshod*. "For you show you have no wit in undertaking your present journey" (Sr.).

13. *Shalt see*. For the ellipsis of the subject, see Gr. 241, 399, 402. *Kindly* here = "both affectionately and like the rest of her kind" (Mason).

14. *Crab*. That is, a crab apple. See *M. A. D.* p. 140.

18. *On 's*. See on i. 4. 98 above. Just below, in 20, we have *of* = *on*. See Gr. 175.

22. *I did her wrong*. Weiss remarks: "The beautiful soul of Cordelia, that is little talked of by herself, and is but stingily set forth by circumstance, engrosses our feeling in scenes from whose threshold her filial piety is banished. We know what Lear is so pathetically remembering; the sisters tell us in their cruellest moments; it mingles with the midnight storm a sigh of the daughterhood that was repulsed. In the pining of the Fool we detect it. Through every wail or gust of this awful symphony of madness, ingratitude, and irony, we feel a woman's breath."

30. *Be*. Often used in questions, perhaps on account of the doubt implied. See Gr. 299.

32. *The seven stars*. The Pleiades. See i *Hen. IV.* p. 142. F. thinks that the reference may be to the seven stars of the Great Bear; but that group was commonly known as "Charles' wain." Cf. i *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 2: "Charles' wain is over the new chimney." The Pleiades have been familiar as household words from the earliest times, and "the seven stars" has always been the popular English name for them. For *more* = *more*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

36. *To take 't again*, etc. We are inclined to agree with Johnson that Lear is here "meditating on his resumption of royalty" (Johnson), rather than on "his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him" (Steevens).

42. *O, let me not be mad*, etc. Dr. Bucknill remarks: "This self-consciousness of gathering madness is common in various forms of the disease. . . . A most remarkable instance of this was presented in the case of a patient, whose passionate, but generous, temper became morbidly exaggerated after a blow upon the head. His constantly expressed fear was that of impending madness; and when the calamity he so much dreaded had actually arrived, and he raved incessantly and incoherently, one frequently heard the very words of Lear proceeding from his lips: 'Oh, let me not be mad!'"

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Save thee*. That is, God save thee. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 70, *T. A.* iii. 1. 1, 76, etc. For the full form, see *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 82, v. 1. 327, *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 20, etc.

8. *Ear-kissing*. "The speaker's lips touching the hearer's ear" (Wr.). The quartos have "eare-bussing," in which there may be a play on *buzzing* (see on i. 4. 317 above).

10-12. *Have you . . . a word*. Omitted in the 2d quarto.

Toward=in preparation, near at hand; as in iii. 3. 17 and iv. 6. 189 below. See *M. A. D.* p. 156, note on *A play toward*.

17. *Queasy*. "Delicate, requiring to be handled nicely" (Steevens); "ticklish" (K.). See *Much Ado*, p. 134.

18. *Which I*, etc. The quartos read: "Which must aske breefnes ("breefenesse" in 2d quarto) and fortune helpe."

24. *I' the haste*. For the article in adverbial phrases, see Gr. 91.

26. *Upon his party*. On his side. See *Rich. II.* p. 195 or *K. John*, p. 133. In order to confuse his brother and urge him to flight, Edmund asks him first whether he has not spoken against Cornwall, and then, reversing the question, whether he has not said something on the side of Cornwall against Albany (Delius).

27. *Advise yourself*. Consider, recollect yourself (Steevens). Cf. *T. A.* iv. 2. 102: "Advise you what you say;" *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 168: "Go, bid thy master well advise himself," etc. Wr. quotes *1 Chron.* xxi. 12.

30. *Quit you*. Acquit yourself. Cf. *1 Cor.* xvi. 13.

31. *Yield! come before my father!* This is spoken loud so as to be heard outside (Delius).

34. *I have seen drunkards*, etc. Steevens quotes Marston, *Dutch Courtezan*, iv. 1: "Nay, looke you; for my owne part, if I have not as religiously vowd my hart to you,—been drunk to your healthe, swalowd flap-dragons, eate glasses, drunke urine, stabd arms, and don all the offices of protested gallantrie for your sake." Halliwell adds from Cooke, *Greene's Tu Quoque*: "I will fight with him that dares say you are not fair: stab him that will not pledge your health, and with a dagger pierce a vein, to drink a full health to you."

39. *Mumbling*. Either the participle with *of* added (cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 92) or the verbal with *a* omitted; more likely the former. See Gr. 178.

Conjuring. For the accent of the word in S., see *Mach.* p. 230.

40. *Stand*. The 1st quarto has "stand's," the 2d quarto and 3d and 4th folios "stand his."

42. *This way*. "A wrong way should be pointed to" (Capell). The punctuation is that of the early eds. Most of the modern ones put a period after *sir*.

45. *But that*. Following the *when* in 42. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 160:

"When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink," etc.

See Gr. 285.

46. *The thunder*. The folio reading, followed by K., W., and F. The quartos have "their thunders."

49. *Loathly*. Loathingly; the only instance of the adverb in S. For the adjective, see *2 Hen. IV.* p. 191.

50. *Motion*. A fencing term, meaning an attack as opposed to *guard* or *parrying*. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 102:

"the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them."

See also the passage quoted on 45 above. F. quotes Vincentio Saviolo (see *A. Y. L.* p. 198, note on *By the book*): "hold your dagger firm, marking (as it were) with one eye the motion of your adversarie," etc.

51. *Charges home*, etc. Cf. *Oth.* v. 1. 2: "Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home," etc.

52. *Lanc'd*. The quartos have "lancht" or "launcht," and the folios "latch'd." Some editors read "launch'd," but *lance* and *launch* seem to have been often used interchangeably. Wr. quotes Hollyband, *Fr. Dict.* 1593: "Poindre, to prick, to stick, to lanch."

53. *But when*. The quarto reading; the folios have "And when." F. adopts Staunton's conjecture of "whe'r" (= whether) for *when*, which is very plausible; but there may be a change of construction (cf. Gr. 415) in *Or whether*, or an ellipsis: *Or whether* (it was that he was) *gasted*, etc. The Coll. MS. has "But whether."

Best alarum'd is apparently = thoroughly awakened. Delius makes *my best alarum'd spirits* = "my best spirits alarum'd." For the verb, see *Macb.* p. 187.

55. *Gasted*. Frightened. Nares cites an instance of *gast* as a participle from *Mirror for Magistrates*: "Thou never wast in all thy life so *gast*." *Gaster* was another form of the word. Cf. B. and F., *Wit at Several Weapons*, ii. 3: "Either the sight of the lady has *gaster'd* him, or else he 's drunk;" Harsnet, *Decl. of Popish Impost.*: "And with these they adrad and *gaster* sencelesse old women;" and Gifford, *Dial. on Witches*, 1603: "If they run at him with a spit red hote, they *gaster* him so sore," etc. *Gastness* (=ghastliness) occurs in *Oth.* v. 1. 106; and *gastfull* in Cotgrave, s. v. "Espoventable," and in Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Aug. 170. Cf. *aghost*.

58. *Dispatch*. That is, dispatch him; or = Dispatch is the word. Cf. *death* in 63 just below.

59. *Arch*. Chief, master. Steevens quotes Heywood, *If you Know*, etc.: "Poole, that arch, for truth and honesty." W. remarks that to Odd Fellows and Masons explanation is superfluous.

65. *Pight*. Fixed, settled. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 10. 24:

"You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains."

Straight-pight (=erect) occurs in *Cymb.* v. 5. 164. Wr., M., and others say that *pight* is the participle of *pitch*. It is clearly a participle, but probably from the verb *pight* (related to *pitch*), of which Nares cites an example from Warner, *Albions Eng.*: "his tent did Asser pight." The same form was used for the past tense; as in a poem of the time of Elizabeth (we quote it from memory):

"He who earth's foundations pight,
Pight at first, and still sustains."

Cf. also Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 2. 42:

"Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight."

Curst=harsh, sharp (as in *T. A.* iii. 2. 46); often =shrewish. See *M. N. D.* p. 167.

67. *Unpossessing*. Incapable of inheriting; a bastard being, as Blackstone says, "nullius filius," and therefore of kin to nobody (M.).

68. *If I would*. If I were disposed to, if I should. See Gr. 331.

Would the reposal. The folio reading; the quartos have "could the reposeure." *Reposal* is analogous to *disposal*, as *reposure* is to *exposure*.

"The words *virtue*, or *worth* are in loose construction with the rest of the sentence; 'the reposeure of any trust, (or the belief in any) virtue or worth, in thee'" (Wr.).

70. *Faith'd*. Believed, credited. See on i. 1. 197 above.

72. *Character*. Handwriting. See on i. 2. 54 above.

73. *Suggestion*. Prompting to evil. See *Temp.* p. 127. For *practice* (the quartos read "pretence"), see on i. 2. 161 above.

74. *Dullard*. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 265: "What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?" S. uses the word only twice.

75. *Nol*. For the transposition, see 2 *Hen. II.* p. 182; or Gr. 305. Cf. iv. 2. 2 below.

76. *Pregnant*. Ready. Wr. says that it is used in this sense "without any reference to its literal meaning;" and F. appears to think that this is not a natural figurative use of the word. He considers that Nares came nearer the truth in saying that the ruling sense of the word is that of "being full or productive of something." We think that "ready," or *about to appear* (in action, as truth, etc., according to the connection) likewise expresses the metaphorical sense of the word; and this will explain some instances of it in S. which, as F. admits, do not come clearly under Nares's definition. See, for example, *W. T.* v. 2. 34, and the note in our ed. p. 210. Certain other instances, we admit, are better explained by the other interpretation; while some, like the present, may, in our opinion, be explained equally well by either.

For *spurs* (the quarto reading) the folios have "spirits."

77. *Strong*. The quarto reading; and better, on the whole, than the "strange" of the folios. For the bad sense of the word, Wr. compares *Rich. II.* v. 3. 59: "O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy;" and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 45: "strong thief." Here the word seems in perfect keeping with the *fasten'd* (=confirmed, hardened) which follows.

78. *I never got him*. He is no son of mine. These words are not in the folios, but they fill out the imperfect line and have generally been adopted by the editors.

79. *Hark!* etc. A *tucket* (see stage-direction) was a set of notes on the trumpet, used as a signal for a march (Nares). The word is found in the text of *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 35.

80. *Ports*. Portals, gates; as in *T. and C.* iv. 4. 113, 138, *Cor.* i. 7. 1, v. 6. 6, etc.

81. *His picture*, etc. Lord Campbell remarks: "One would suppose that photography, by which this mode of catching criminals is now practised, had been invented in the time of Lear." F. adds that photography has merely been called to our aid in continuing a practice common in the time of S.; and he cites the old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, 1606:

"Let him be straight imprinted to the life:
His picture shall be set on every stall,
And proclamation made, that he that takes him,
Shall have a hundred pounds of *Somebody*."

84. *Natural*. "Here used with great art, in the double sense of *illegitimate* and as opposed to *unnatural*, which latter epithet is implied upon Edgar" (H.).

85. *Capable*. Lord Campbell says: "In forensic discussions respecting legitimacy, the question is put, whether the individual whose *status* is to be determined is 'capable,' *i. e.* capable of inheriting; but it is only a lawyer who would express the idea of legitimizing a natural son by simply saying, 'I'll work the means To make him capable.'"

89. *How dost, my lord?* The later folios read "How does my lord?" which F. thinks may be right (though he does not adopt it), as Regan at no other time addresses Gloster in the second person. For the omission of the subject, see Gr. 241, 399, 402.

92. To fill out the measure, the Coll. MS. inserts "your heir?" before *your Edgar?* M. remarks: "Probably the intense tone of astonishment would give a prolonging accentuation to several of the syllables as the line stands, and make it in reality long enough without the addition."

97. *Of that consort*. Omitted in the quartos. *Consort*=company, fellowship; as in *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 64: "Wilt thou be of our consort?" The word in this sense has the accent on the last syllable; but when it means a company of musicians (as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 84 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 327), on the first (Schmidt).

99. *Put him on*. Prompted him to. See on i. 4. 197 above.

100. *Th' expense and waste*. The 1st quarto has "the wast and spoyle;" the 2d has "these—and waste of this his." It is probable, as F. suggests, that the dash indicates the haste and carelessness with which the quarto was printed (see p. 10 above). It was inserted either by the stenographer because he misheard the word and afterwards failed to supply it, or by the compositor because he could not make out the copy. *Expense*=spending; as in *M. W.* ii. 2. 147: "after the expense of so much money;" *Sonn.* 94. 6: "And husband nature's riches from expense," etc. For the accent of *revenue*, see on i. 1. 130 above.

107. *Bewray*. Used interchangeably with *betray*, but without any notion of treachery (Wr.). Cf. iii. 6. 109 below; and see also *R. of L.* 1698, *Cor.* v. 3. 95, etc. The quartos have "betray" here. For *practice*, cf. 73 above.

111. *Of doing*. With regard to doing. Gr. 174.

112. *In my strength*. With my authority.

113. *Doth*. For the singular verb after two nominatives, see Gr. 336.

115. *Trust*. Trustworthiness; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 285: "A man he is of honesty and trust," etc.

119. *Threading*, etc. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 127: "They would not thread the gates;" and see *K. John*, p. 176, note on *Unthread the rude eye*.

120. *Poise*. Weight, moment. See *Oth.* p. 183. The 1st quarto has "poyse," the 2d quarto and the folios "prize."

123. *Best*. The 1st quarto has "iest," and the Camb. ed. and Wr. read "least."

124. *From our home*. That is, away from our home. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 36:

"To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;"

and see our ed. p. 215. Gr. 158.

125. *Attend dispatch*. Wait to be dispatched.

127. *Businesses*. The folio reading; the quartos have "businessz." If the singular is adopted (as it is in many eds.) it must be a trisyllable. Gr. 479. The plural is found in *A.W.* i. 1. 220, iii. 7. 5, iv. 3. 98, *W. T.* iv. 2. 15, and *K. John*, iv. 3. 158.

128. *Craves*. Demands. For the singular, see Gr. 247.

SCENE II.—1. *Dawning*. The quartos have "euen," and Pope and Theo. "evening." From 26 and 157 the time appears to be before day-break, with the moon still shining.

5. *If thou lov'st me*. "A conventional phrase before a question or request, which Kent here takes literally" (Delius).

8. *Lipsbury pinfold*. No such place as *Lipsbury* is known. Jennens conjectures "Ledbury," and the Coll. MS. gives "Finsbury." Of the various attempts to explain the phrase, Nares's is perhaps the most satisfactory; namely, that it may be a coined term, referring to "the teeth, as being the pinfold within the *lips*." Wr. remarks that "similar names of places which may or may not have any local existence occur in proverbial phrases, such for instance as 'Needham's Shore,' 'Weeping Cross.'" For *pinfold* (= a pound), cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 114: "You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold;" Milton, *Comus*, 7: "Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here," etc.

14. *Three-suited*. Having but three suits of clothes; contemptuous, and in keeping with *beggarly*. Delius thinks it is rather in keeping with *glass-gazing*, and = foppish; in support of which view he quotes iii. 4. 126 below: "who hath had three suits to his back." On the other hand, however, Steevens cites B. J., *Silent Woman*, iv. 2: "wert a pitiful poor fellow . . . and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel." Wr. remarks: "If the terms of agreement between master and servant in Shakespeare's time were known, they would probably throw light upon the phrase. It is probable that three suits of clothes a year were part of a servant's allowance. In the *Silent Woman*, iii. 1, Mrs. Otter, scolding her husband whom she treats as a dependant, says, 'Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your horse-meat and man's-meat, your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted?'"

Hundred-pound was also a term of reproach. Steevens quotes Middleton, *Phenix*, iv. 3: "Am I used like a hundred-pound gentleman."

15. *Worsted-stocking*. In England in the time of Elizabeth silk stockings were worn by all who could afford them, and worsted or woollen ones were thought cheap and mean. Steevens quotes Tailor, *The Hog hath*

Lost his Pearl, i. 1: "Good parts, without habiliments of gallantry, are no more set by in these times than a good leg in a woollen stocking;" and B. and F., *The Captain*, iii. 3: "serving-men . . . with woollen stockings." Malone adds from Middleton, *Phenix*, iv. 2: "Metreza Auriola keeps her love with half the cost that I am at; her friend can go afoot, like a good husband, walk in worsted stockings, and inquire for the six-penny ordinary."

Lily-livered. White-livered, cowardly. Cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 15: "Thou lily-liver'd boy;" and see our ed. p. 249. See also 2 *Hen.* IV. p. 188, note on *The liver white*, etc.

Action-taking. Resenting an injury by a lawsuit, instead of fighting it out like a man of honour (Mason and Schmidt).

16. *Superserviceable*. "Over-officious" (Johnson); "above his work" (Wr.). Cf. iv. 6. 231 below. For *superserviceable*, *finical*, the quartos have "superfinicall."

17. *One-trunk-inheriting*. "With all his worldly belongings in a single trunk" (Wr.). *Inheriting*=possessing; as often. See *R. and J.* p. 146. Johnson and Steevens understood the word here in the ordinary sense, and the former took *trunk* to be=trunk-hose.

21. *Addition*. Title. See on i. 1. 129 above.

23. *Rail on*. S. uses *rail on* or *upon* oftener than *rail at*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 162.

28. *Sop o' th' moonshine*. Probably an allusion to the old dish called "eggs in moonshine," for which Nares gives the receipt from a cook-book of the time. Clarke remarks that the threat is equivalent to "I'll beat you flat as a pancake."

Cullionly. Cullion-like, base. Cf. *Hen.* I. iii. 2. 22: "Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!" (Fluellen's speech). See also 2 *Hen.* IV. i. 3. 43.

29. *Barber-monger*. One who deals much with barbers (Mason and Schmidt); hence a fop.

32. *Vanity the puppet's part*. "Alluding to the old moralities or allegorical plays, in which Vanity, Iniquity, and other vices were personified" (Johnson). Cf. *Rich.* III. p. 208, note on *The formal Vice, Iniquity*; and observe the quotation from *The Devil is an Ass*. Sr. takes *puppet* to be "a mere term of contempt for a female."

33. *Carbonado*. Literally, to cut a piece of meat crosswise for broiling. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 268: "to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed;" and see our ed. p. 198. For the noun, see 1 *Hen.* IV. p. 201.

34. *Come your ways*. Come on; used by S. oftener than *come your way*. See *Ham.* p. 191.

36. *Neat slave*. "Mere slave, very slave" (Johnson); "finical rascal" (Stevens). St. sees a play on *neat* as applied to cattle (cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 123); but, as Wr. remarks, this would have no especial point as addressed to Oswald. F. is inclined to agree with Johnson, and to find a parallel instance in B. J., *Poetaster*, iv. 1: "By thy leave, my neat scoundrel;" which Steevens cites in support of his explanation. It is perhaps an objection to Johnson's that S. nowhere else has *neat*=pure, unmixed. On the other hand, he seems to use it contemptuously=spruce, finical,

in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 33: "Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd," etc.

39. *Parting them.* The folios add "Part." to Edmund's speech, but D. is probably right in regarding it as a stage-direction that has got into the text.

40. *Goodman boy.* Cf. *R. and J.* i. 5. 79: "What, goodman boy!" *Goodman* was sometimes used contemptuously; as in *M. for M.* v. i. 328: "Come hither, goodman baldpate," etc. See also *T. A.* p. 129, note on *Goodman devil*.

41. *Flesh.* "To feed with flesh for the first time, to initiate" (Schmidt). See *K. John*, p. 172 (note on *Flesh his spirit*) or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 203. Cf. also *fleshment* in 117 below.

45. *Messengers.* Oswald is the messenger *from our sister*, Kent the messenger *from the king* (D.). W. reads "messenger."

49. *Disclaims in.* Disowns; elsewhere in S. without *in*. Cf. i. i. 106 above. Steevens cites instances of *disclaims in* from B. J., Warner, and Brome, and W. from Bacon and B. and F. As F. notes, it seems to have been going out of use, for Jonson sometimes drops the *in* in his second edition.

A tailor made thee. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 81:

"No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee."

53. *Two hours.* The quarto reading, generally adopted; the folios have "two yeares," which Schmidt prefers. *O' the* (or "oth'") is from the folios, the quartos having "at the."

56. *Ancient.* Aged, old; as in 120 below. See also *W. T.* p. 189.

58. *Thou whoreson zed!* etc. B. J. in his *Eng. Gram.* says: "Z is a letter often heard among us, but seldom seen." Farmer quotes Mulcaster: "Z is much harder among us, and seldom seen:—S is become its lieutenant-general. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisements." Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, omits the letter.

59. *Unbolted.* Coarse, unrefined. Tollet says: "*Unbolted mortar* is mortar made of unsifted lime, and to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes." For *bolted* = refined, see *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 137: "Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem;" and *Cor.* iii. i. 322; "In bolted language."

Steevens quotes Massinger, *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, i. 1:

"I will help
Your memory, and tread thee into mortar;
Not leave one bone unbroken."

60. *Jakes.* A privy.

61. *Wagtail.* The bird so called. H. thinks it "comes pretty near meaning *puppy*."

68. *The holy cords.* The quartos read "those cords." Warb. says: "By those *holy cords* S. means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the cords of the sanctuary."

A-twain. In twain. Cf. *L. C.* 6: "Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain." Gr. 24.

69. *Intrinsc.* "Intricate" (D.); "tightly drawn" (Wr.). The folios read "t'intrince," the quartos "to intrench." Upton was the first to recognize in the folio text a contracted form of *intrinsicate*, which occurs in *A. and C.* v. 2. 307:

"With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie."

Malone notes that the word was a new one at this time, and quotes the preface to Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598: "new-minted epithets (as reall, intrinsecate, Delphicke)."

Smooth=flatter, humour; as in *Rich.* II. i. 2. 169: "Sweet smoothing word;" and *Id.* i. 3. 48: "smooth, deceive, and cog." See our ed. p. 185.

70. *Rebel.* The plural may be explained by the proximity of *lords* (Gr. 412), or by the plural implied in *every* (Gr. 12). Pope and many of the recent editors read "rebel."

71. *Being oil to fire.* The quartos read "Bring oil to stir," and most modern eds. adopt "Bring."

72. *Renegé.* Deny; from the Late Latin *renego* (see Wb. s. v.), whence also we get *renegade* (through the Spanish). It occurs again in *A. and C.* i. 1. 8: "reneges all temper." The quartos spell the word "Reneag," which indicates the pronunciation. Nares quotes Du Bartas, *The Battail of Iury*:

"All Europe nigh (all sorts of rights reneg'd)
Against the Truth and Thee, un-holy Leagu'd."

Reny (in *P. P.* 250: "Heart's renying") has the same origin. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 4762: "For we reneyed Mahoun oure creance;" and *Id.* 4798: "And seyde hym that she wolde reneye hir lay." The 1st folio misprints "Reuenge."

Halcyon. Kingfisher. Steevens quotes Thomas Lupton's *Notable Things*, B. x.: "A lytle byrde called the Kings Fysher, being hanged vp in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyll be alwayes dyrect or strayght against ye winde;" and Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, i. 1:

"But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?"

According to Charlotte Smith's *Nat. Hist. of Birds* (quoted by D.), the belief in a connection between the halcyon and the wind still lingered among the common people of England in 1807.

73. *Vary.* For nouns like this, see Gr. 451.

75. *Epileptic.* "Distorted by grinning" (D.). Oswald is "pale with fright and pretending to laugh" (Wr.).

76. *Smile.* The reading of the 4th folio; "Smoile" or "smoyle" in all the other early eds. If *smile* is right, it comes under Gr. 200. Cf. i. 1. 154 above.

As=as if; as in iii. 4. 15 and v. 3. 201 below. See Gr. 107.

77. *Sarum.* The ancient name of Salisbury.

78. *Cackling.* "Oswald's forced laughter suggests to Kent the cackling of a goose" (F.).

Camelot, famed in the Arthurian legends, was Cadbury in Somersetshire, according to Selden; and near it, Hanmer says, "there are many

large moors, upon which great numbers of geese are bred." St. supposes that the reference was to the custom among Arthur's knights of sending their conquered foes to Camelot to do homage to the king. D. thinks that there may be a double allusion, to the geese of Somersetshire and to the vanquished knights.

83. *What is his fault?* The quartos read "What 's his offence?"

84. *Likes.* Pleases. See on i. 1. 193 above.

91. *Constrains the garb,* etc. "Forces his *outside*, or his *appearance*, to something totally *different* from his natural disposition" (Johnson). St. takes *his* to be = its; in which case the meaning is, as Clarke expresses it, "distorts the style of straightforward speaking quite from its nature, which is sincerity; whereas he makes it a cloak for craft." For the figurative use of *garb*, cf. *Hen. V.* v. 1. 80, *Cor.* iv. 7. 44, *Ham.* ii. 2. 390, and *Oth.* ii. 1. 315.

94. *So.* That is, be it so; a very common use of the word. See *M. of I.* p. 136.

95. *These kind of knaves.* Cf. *T. A.* i. 5. 95: "these set kind of fools," etc. In *Id.* i. 2. 10 we find "and those poor number." See Gr. 412.

96. *More corrupter.* See on i. 1. 71 above.

97. *Silly-ducking.* The hyphen is in the folios. *Ducking* is contemptuous for bowing; as in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 49 and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 18.

Observants = "obsequious attendants" (Schmidt). For *observance* and *observancy* = homage, see *Oth.* p. 194. So *observe* = pay homage; as in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 212:

"Hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap."

98. *Nicely.* "With the utmost exactness" (Malone). Cf. v. 3. 145 below.

100. *Aspect.* An astrological term. See on i. 1. 104 and i. 2. 113 above. Cf. *R. of L.* 14, *Sonn.* 26. 10, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 97 (see our ed. p. 142), etc. The accent in *S.* is always on the last syllable. See Gr. 490.

103. *Discommend.* Disapprove; used by *S.* nowhere else.

105. *Accent.* Speech, language; as in *M. A. D.* v. 1. 97, *J. C.* iii. 1. 113, etc.

106. *Though I should win,* etc. "Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave" (Johnson).

112. *Compact.* The quartos have "conjunct" (conjunct). Either means "in concert with" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 242: "Compact with her that's gone," etc. *Conjunct* occurs in v. 1. 12 below.

113. *Being down, insulted.* For the omission of *I* with *being*, see Gr. 378; and for that of *he* with *insulted*, Gr. 400.

115. *That worthied him.* As exalted him into a hero (Schmidt). For *such . . . that*, see Gr. 279. F. reads "That' worthied," assuming that *it* is absorbed.

116. *For him attempting.* For venturing to attack him. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 226: "he will never . . . attempt us again," etc.

117. *In the fleshment of.* "In the first glory of" (Clarke); "being as it were fleshed with" (Wr.). See on ii. 2. 41 above.

119. *Is their fool.* Is a fool to them (Capell).

124. *Respect.* The folios have "respects." *Do respect* is like *do homage, do reverence*, etc. Cf. i. 4. 98 above, and see Gr. 303.

126. *Stocking.* Putting in the stocks; as in ii. 4. 183 below. Here the quartos have "stopping," and there "struck" for *stock'd*.

129. *Till noon!* etc. Clarke remarks: "Very artfully is this speech thrown in. Not only does it serve to paint the vindictive disposition of Regan, it also serves to regulate dramatic time by making the subsequent scene where Lear arrives before Gloucester's castle and finds his faithful messenger in the stocks appear sufficiently advanced in the morning to allow of that same scene closing with the actual approach of 'night,' without disturbing the sense of probability. S. makes a whole day pass before our eyes during a single scene and dialogue, yet all seems consistent and natural in the course of progression."

131. *Being.* That is, *you being*. Cf. 113 above.

132. *Colour.* The quartos have "nature."

133. *Bring away.* Bring here, bring along; as in *M. for M.* ii. 1. 41, *T. of A.* v. 1. 68, etc. So *come away*=come here; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 187, etc.

In great houses movable stocks were kept for the correction of servants (Farmer).

135-139. *His fault . . . punish'd with.* Omitted in the folios.

135. *Much.* Great. See Gr. 51.

136. *Check.* Rebuke. See *J. C.* p. 172 or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 156. For the noun, see *Oth.* p. 158.

139. *The king must.* The folios read: "The King his Master, needs must."

141. *Answer.* Cf. i. 1. 144 and i. 3. 11 above.

142. *More worse.* See on 96 above.

144. *For following,* etc. The line is not in the folios.

148. *Rubb'd.* Hindered; a metaphor from the game of bowls. Cf. the noun in *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 4, and see our ed. p. 197.

151. *A good man's fortune,* etc. Even a good man may have bad luck. Possibly, as F. suggests, Kent may jocosely mean "that what is usually but a metaphor is with him a reality."

152. *Give you good morrow!* God give you good morning! For the full form, see *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 84, and for the contraction *God ye good morrow*, *R. and J.* ii. 4. 116. The salutation was one "used only by common people" (Schmidt). *Good morrow* was considered proper only before noon. See *R. and J.* p. 143, note on *Is the day so young?*

154. *Approve the common saw,* etc. Prove the truth of the old saying, "Out of God's blessing into the warm sun." Malone cites Howell, *English Proverbs*, 1660: "He goes out of God's blessing to the warm sun, viz. from good to worse." The origin of the proverb is uncertain. The simplest explanation, perhaps, is that it was applied to those who were turned out of doors and exposed to the weather.

157. *This under globe.* Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 44: "this beneath world;" and *Sonn.* 7. 2:

"Lo in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight."

158. *Comfortable*. Comforting. See on i. 4. 297 above.

159. *Nothing almost*, etc. The wretched are almost the only persons who can be said to see miracles. "That Cordelia should have thought of him, or that her letter should have reached him, seems to him such a miracle as only those in misery experience" (Delius).

162. *My obscured course*. My disguise.

And shall find time, etc. And who (that is, Cordelia) will find opportunity in this abnormal state of affairs to set things right again. The style is disjointed, partly because he is soliloquizing, partly because he can hardly keep his eyes open for weariness.

164. *All weary*, etc. Here he gives way to his drowsiness, bids his eyes take advantage of their heaviness not to see how poor a resting-place he has, and, with a good-night prayer for better fortune, falls asleep.

Enormous (which has the same etymology as *abnormal*, except that *norma* is compounded with *e* instead of *ab*) is rightly explained by Johnson as—"unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things."

Jennens was the first to suggest that Kent reads fragments of Cordelia's letter (*and shall find time . . . their remedies*), and he has been followed by Steevens, Coll., W., and others; but, as Malone notes, Kent cannot read the letter, but wishes for the rising of the sun that he *may* read it. Mason and H. connect *and shall find* with *I know*; and Mr. J. Crosby (as quoted by H.) paraphrases that part of the passage thus: "From this anomalous state of mine, I shall gain time to communicate and co-operate with Cordelia in her endeavour to restore the kingdom to its former condition; *to give losses their remedies*, that is, to reinstate Lear on the throne, Cordelia in his favour, and myself in his confidence, and in my own rights and titles."

For other interpretations of portions of the passage, as well as for the emendations that have been proposed (none of which seem to us worthy of notice here), see F.

For *o'er-watched* (= worn out with watching), cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 241: "Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd."

SCENE III.—2. *Happy*. Lucky, fortunate; as in iv. 6. 206 below. See *Mach.* p. 162.

3. *Port*. Harbour, refuge.

4. *That*. "Loosely used for *where*" (Wr.). Schmidt takes it to be = *but that*, or simply *that*.

5. *Attend my taking*. Watch to capture me. For *does*, see on ii. 1. 113 above.

Whiles. Used interchangeably with *while*. Gr. 137.

6. *Am bethought*. Think, intend; the only instance of the form in S. He generally uses the reflexive form; as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 251: "It may be I shall otherwise bethink me;" *T. A.* iii. 4. 327: "he hath better bethought him of his quarrel;" *M. for M.* v. 1. 461: "I have bethought me of another fault," etc.

7. *Most poorest*. See on i. 1. 71 above.

8. *In contempt of man*. "Wishing to degrade a man" (M.).

10. *Elf all my hair.* Tangle my hair as elves were supposed to do that of sluttish persons. See *R. and J.* p. 157, note on *Elf-locks*.

14. *Bedlam beggars.* Steevens quotes from Dekker's *Belman of London*, of which three editions appeared in 1608, the same year in which *Lear* was first printed, the following description of "an Abraham man:" "He sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his armes, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poore Tom is a-cold*. Of these Abraham-men, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the servants through feare to give them what they demand."

15. *Strike.* The reading of all the early eds., followed by the modern editors with the exception of F., who adopts Walker's conjecture of "Stick."

Mortified=deadened, hardened. See the quotation from Dekker just above.

16. *Wooden pricks.* Skewers. "The *Euonymus*, of which the best skewers are made, is called *prick-wood*" (Mason).

18. *Pelting.* Paltry, petty. Cf. *M. A. D.* ii. 1. 91: "every pelting river;" and see our ed. p. 142.

19. *Sometime.* The folios have "Sometimes," but the 1st folio has *sometime* in the latter part of the line. Both forms are common in S.

Bans. Curses; as in *T. of A.* iv. 1. 34: "with multiplying bans." Elsewhere in S. the plural refers to the marriage bans; as in v. 3. 88 below.

20. *Turlygod.* Warb. conjectured "*Turlupin*," the name applied to a fraternity of gypsies or beggars in the 14th century. Douce says that this name was corrupted into "*Turlygood*," the form adopted by Theo. and many other editors. Nares doubts whether *Turlygood* has any real connection with *Turlupin*, though, like that, it evidently means a kind of beggar.

21. *Edgar I nothing am.* "As Edgar I cease to be" (Wr.). For the adverbial use of *nothing*, see Gr. 55.

SCENE IV.—1. *Home.* The quartos read "hence."

7. *Cruel.* A play upon *crewel*, or worsted, of which garters were often made. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 164, note on *Caddis*. Halliwell says: "This word was obvious to the punster, and is unmercifully used by the older dramatists. A pun similar to that in the text is in one of L'Estrange's anecdotes: 'A greate zelote for the Cause would not allow the Parliament's army to be *beaten* in a certaine fight, but confest he did beleewe they might be *worsted*. To which linsy-wolsey expression, a merry cavaleere reply'd, Take heede of that, for worsted is a *cruell* peece of stuffe.'"

8. *Heads.* The quartos have "heeles."

9. *At legs.* F. prints "at' legs." Cf. Gr. 90.
10. *Nether-stocks.* Short stockings. Cf. I *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 131: "I'll sew nether-stocks." For *stocks*=stockings, see *T. A.* p. 126.
12. *To set thee.* As to set thee. See on i. 4. 37 above.
- 18, 19. *No, no . . . they have.* Omitted in the folios.
23. *Upon respect.* Upon consideration, deliberately (Sr.). Cf. *A. John*, p. 167, note on *More upon humour*, etc.
24. *Resolve me.* Inform me, explain to me. See *Rich. III.* p. 224, or *J. C.* p. 158 (note on *Be resolv'd*).
- Modest*=reasonable, becoming, "as much as may consist with telling the full truth" (Schmidt). Cf. iv. 7. 5 below, where *modest* is exactly explained by "Nor more nor clipp'd, but so," that is, not too much nor too little, but just the measure (Latin *modus*).
25. *Usage.* Treatment; the only sense in which S. uses the word (Schmidt). The *usage* of the 1st quarto in *Oth.* iv. 3. 105, adopted by some editors (see our ed. p. 204, note on *Uses*), would of course be an exception.
26. *Coming.* Relating to *thou*. See Gr. 377.
27. *Commend.* Commit, deliver. See *Mach.* p. 177.
32. *Spite of intermission.* "In defiance of pause required" (Clarke); not waiting for me to receive my answer. Cf. *Mach.* p. 245.
33. *Presently.* Immediately; as often. Cf. 111 below.
34. *Meiny.* Retinue, attendants. See Wb. under *meine*, *meiny*, and also under *many* (n.). The word occurs repeatedly in Chaucer, and also in Spenser. Cf. *F. Q.* iii. 9. 11:
- "That this faire many were compeld at last
To fly for succour to a little shed;"
- Id.* iii. 12. 23: "That all his many it affraide did make," etc. Wr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Mesnie: f. A meynie, familie, household, household companie, or seruants."
40. *Display'd so saucily.* Made so impudent a display; the only instance of the intransitive verb in S.
41. *Drew.* For the ellipsis of the subject, see Gr. 399, 401.
50. *Dolours.* For the play on the word, cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 18 and *M. for M.* i. 2. 50.
51. *Tell.* "Count, or recount; according to the sense in which *dolours* is understood" (Wr.). See *Temp.* p. 123.
52. *Mother.* Used as synonymous with *Hysterica passio*, or what we call *hysteria*. Ritson quotes Harsnet, *Declaration*, etc., p. 25: "Ma: Maynie had a spice of the *Hysterica passio*, as it seems from his youth, hee himselfe termes it the Moother (as you may see in his confession)." Master Richard Mainy, who was persuaded by the priests that he was possessed of the devil, deposes as follows, p. 263: "The disease I spake of, was a spice of the *Mother*, where-with I had beene troubled (as is before mentioned) before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly terme it the *Mother* or no, I know not."
59. *How chance?* How chances it? See Gr. 37.
63. *To an ant*, etc. See *Prov.* vi. 6-8. "If, says the Fool, you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train,

like that sagacious animal, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived" (Malone).

72. *Sir*. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 69: "a loyal sir;" *T. N.* iii. 4. 81: "some sir of note," etc. For the ironical use of the word, see *Oth.* p. 174, note on *Play the sir*. Some editors follow the 4th folio in pointing "That, sir, which," etc.

79. *Perdy*. A corruption of *par Dieu*. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 52, etc.

82. *Deny*. Refuse; as often. See *R. and J.* p. 159.

83. *Fetches*. Shifts, pretexts. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 38: "a fetch of warrant;" and see our ed. p. 199.

84. *Images*. Signs, tokens. The word may be metrically a dissyllable, as Walker and Abbott (*Gr.* 471) make it. Cf. *Macb.* p. 204, note on *Horses*.

86. *Quality*. Temper, disposition; as in 131 below.

87. *Unremovable*. Immovable. We find *irremovable* in *W. T.* iv. 4. 518, and *unremovably* in *T. of A.* v. 1. 227. See *K. John*, p. 180, note on *Ingrateful*. *Gr.* 442.

90. *Fiery? what quality?* The quartos have "what fiery quality?"

96. *Commands her service*. The folios read "commands, tends, service."

100. *Office*. Service, duty. Cf. 173 below.

"The strong interest now felt by Lear, to try to find excuses for his daughter, is most pathetic" (Coleridge).

104. *More headier*. See on i. 1. 71. These double comparatives and superlatives occur with more than usual frequency in this play. *Heady* here is "not *headstrong*, but *headlong*, *impetuous*" (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 164. *Wr.* cites 2 *Timothy*, iii. 4.

107. *Persuades*. To help out the measure, Hammer reads "persuadeth," and Steevens conjectures "almost persuades."

108. *Remotion*. Removal (from their own house to Gloster's castle). Schmidt makes it—"holding one's self at a distance, non-appearance." Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 346: "All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence."

109. *Practice*. Artifice. See on i. 2. 161 above.

111. *Presently*. See on 33 above.

113. *Till it cry sleep to death*. "Till its clamour murders sleep" (*Wr.*). Steevens strangely took it to mean "till it cries out, 'Let them awake no more;'" and Johnson printed *sleep to death* in italics, as if it were the cry of the drum. Mason made it read "death to sleep."

116. *Cockney*. The word here seems to mean a *cook*, though it may be only a *cockney* cook (the noun being understood), or a London cook; perhaps an allusion to some familiar story of the time. Tyrwhitt cites passages from *Piers the Plowman* and *The Turnament of Tottenham*, in which the word also appears to be = cook; but Whalley, Malone, and Douce explain it differently. *S.* uses it only here and in *T. N.* iv. i. 15, where it appears to be used in the modern sense (see our ed. p. 156). For the origin of the word (which has been much disputed), see *F.* or *Wb.* s. v.

117. *Knapped*. The folios have "knapt," the quartos "rapt," which Steevens prefers, on the ground that *knap* means only to "snap or break

asunder" (cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 10, and see our ed. p. 147). Schmidt, in his *Lexicon*, puts down *knap* here as a separate word (= "rap"); but the two are probably identical. Wr. well defines *knapfed* here by "cracked," which we use in both senses (*rap* and *snap*).

119. '*Twas her brother*, etc. "The Fool here intimates that absurd cruelty and absurd kindness have the same origin" (J. H.).

126. *Sepulchring*. Cf. *R. of L.* 805: "May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade;" and *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 118: "Or at the least, in hers sepulchre thine." In both passages the accent is on the penult, as here. The noun has the modern accent in S. except in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 196 (see our ed. p. 165). Milton makes the same distinction. Cf. the verb in the *Epitaph on Shakes.* 15: "And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie;" and the noun in *S. A.* 102: "My self my sepulchre, a moving grave;" and *Comus*, 471: "Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres."

128. *Naught*. Bad, wicked; usually spelt *naught* in the early eds. when it has this sense, but *nought* when = nothing. See *A. Y. L.* p. 142, or *Rich. III.* p. 182.

129. *Sharp-tooth'd unkindness*. Cf. i. 4. 279 above. For the allusion to the vulture of Prometheus, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 145, 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 3. 47, *T. A.* v. 2. 31, etc.

131. *Quality*. Disposition, nature. Cf. 86 above.

132. *Take patience*. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 232: "take your patience to you." See also *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 106.

133. *You less know how*, etc. One of the peculiar "double negatives" explained by Schmidt, p. 1420. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 156, note on *No more do yours*. Here the meaning is: "You are apter to depreciate her than she to scant her duty." F. asks: "Is the levity ill-timed that suggests that perhaps Regan's speech puzzles poor old Lear himself quite as much as his commentators, and he has to ask her to explain: 'Say, how is that?'"

140. *O, sir, you are old*, etc. Coleridge remarks: "Nothing is so heart-cutting as a cold, unexpected defence or palliation of a cruelty passionately complained of, or so expressive of thorough hard-heartedness. And feel the excessive horror of Regan's 'O, sir, you are old!'—and then her drawing from that universal object of reverence and indulgence the very reason for her frightful conclusion—'Say you have wrong'd her.' All Lear's faults increase our pity for him. We refuse to know them otherwise than as means of his sufferings and aggravations of his daughters' ingratitude."

142. *Confine*. For the accent of the noun in S. see *Ham.* p. 176. Gr. 490.

145. *Make return*. Return, go back; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 14, *M. for M.* iv. 3. 107, *T. N.* i. 4. 22, etc. S. does not use the phrase in the modern sense (= make requital).

147. *The house*. "The order of families, duties of relation" (Warb.). Stevens cites Chapman, *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598: "Come up to supper; it will become the house wonderful well." The Coll. MS. has "the mouth," which, as F. suggests, may very likely be what S. wrote. Schmidt compares the horror of Coriolanus (*Cor.* v. 3. 56) when his mother kneels to him.

149. *Age is unnecessary.* Johnson explains this "Old age has few wants;" but of course it is merely an ironical apology for his useless existence, as Wr. makes it.

For the scanning of the line, see Gr. 458.

151. *Unightly tricks.* We believe that this refers to Lear's kneeling, though K. thinks that he does not kneel. According to Davies (quoted by F.), "Garrick threw himself on both knees, with his hands clasped, and in a supplicating tone repeated this touching, though ironical, petition."

153. *Abated.* Deprived. The construction is not found elsewhere in S.

154. *Strook.* The early eds. have "strooke" or "stroke," as in many other passages; oftener than "struck," which the modern editors (except F.) print here. For the participle the early eds. have *struck*, *strook* or *strooke*, *stroke*, *strooken*, *stroken*, *strucken* (see i. 4. 82 above), and *stricken*.

157. *Ingrateful top.* Ungrateful head. S. uses *ingrateful* much oftener than *ungrateful*. See on 87 above. For *top*, cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 43: "and bowed his eminent top to their low ranks," etc.

Her young bones. Her unborn infant; as Addis, Wr., and F. explain it. Cf. the old play of *King Leir*:

"Alas, not I; poore soule, she breeds yong bones,
And that is it makes her so tutchy sure."

158. *Taking.* Malignant, bewitching; as in iii. 4. 58 below. Cf. also *Ham.* i. 1. 163: "No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to harm;" and see our ed. p. 177.

162. *Fall.* Malone made the verb transitive (= cause to fall, humble), as it often is (see *J. C.* p. 169, note on *They fall their crests*); but we have no doubt that it is intransitive. As Wr. remarks, this is more in keeping with *drawn* and *blast*. It is also the sense in which S. uses it in similar passages; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 2 (a strikingly parallel imprecation):

"All the infections that the sun sucks up
From fogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease!"

and *M. for M.* v. 1. 122:

"Shall we thus permit
A scandalous and a blasting breath to fall
On him so near us?"

See also *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 90, *A. W.* i. 1. 79, *Macb.* iv. 1. 105, iv. 3. 227, etc.

For *blast her pride*, the folios have simply "blister."

166. *Tender-hefted.* The folio reading; the quartos having "tender hested." Neither is easily explained. As *hefts*=heavings in *W. T.* ii. 1. 45, Steevens thought *tender-hefted* might mean "whose bosom is agitated with tender passions." The only other sense of *heft* (not found in S.) is *haft* or handle; whence some make the compound="held by tenderness," "tender, gentle, to touch or to approach," "set in a tender handle or delicate bodily frame," etc. On the other hand, *hest*=command (see *Temp.* p. 118), and *tender-hested*, it is said, may be="governed by gentle dispositions." All these interpretations seem to us mere "tricks of desperation." There is probably some corruption in the passage, but *tender-hearted*, the only emendation that has been proposed, is "tolerable

and not to be endured." S. could never have written "tender-hearted nature."

168. *Do comfort and not burn.* Malone compares *T. of A.* v. i. 134: "Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!"

170. *Sizes.* Allowances. Wr. says: "The words *sizar* and *sizing* are still well known in Cambridge; the former originally denoting a poor student, so called from the *sizes* or allowances made to him by the college to which he belonged."

178. *Approves.* Confirms; as in i. i. 177 and ii. 2. 154 above.

180. *Easy-borrow'd.* "Borrowed without the trouble of doing anything to justify it" (M.).

183. *Stock'd.* See on ii. 2. 126 above.

186. *Allow.* Approve of; as in the Prayer-Book version of *Ps.* xi. 6: "The Lord alloweth the righteous" (Upton). Warb., Theo., and Hamner read "Hallow."

195. *Less advancement.* "A still worse, or more disgraceful situation" (Percy). It appears to be, as Schmidt terms it, "an undisguised sneer."

204. *To wage.* That is, to wage combat, to contend; not elsewhere used by S. in this sense without an object.

205. *The wolf and owl.* The reading of all the early eds. The Coll. MS. has "howl," making *pinch* the object of the verb, which F. adopts and defends. He objects to the ordinary pointing, "owl,—Necessity's sharp pinch!" that, by putting this latter clause in explanatory apposition with the rest of the sentence, it makes a very feeble ending to it. But an appositional clause may be rhetorical rather than explanatory, and we fancy that a good actor would find no difficulty here in making it an emphatic and effective ending to the sentence. It may be, however, that *Necessity's sharp pinch!* is an exclamation that has no syntactical connection with what precedes. It may mean, Is *this* the pinch to which Necessity brings me? Or it is barely possible that it is a sarcastic reference to the excuse which Regan has given for not receiving him—that she is away from home, and has not the means of entertaining him. Schmidt points it as an anacoluthon, "Necessity's sharp pinch—," leaving us to guess at what Lear would have said, but for the sudden turn in the tide of his passion. The worst of these attempts to explain the old text seems to us better than changing *owl* to "howl." F. notes as "a slight corroboration" of his reading that in iii. i. 13 we find "the belly-pinched wolf," and that "the *howling* of the *wolf* is again referred to in iii. 7. 62." That the wolf should be pinched with hunger need not surprise us, and that he should howl is no wonder either in zoology or in rhetoric; but that a man who resolves to dwell with him should also howl with him is verily a marvel. But, it is asked, "what companionship is there between wolves and owls, beyond the fact that they are both nocturnal?" Perhaps that ought to satisfy us; at any rate, the poets often put them together, as S. himself does in *R. of L.* 165:

"No comfortable star did lend his light;

No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries."

207. *France.* For the construction, see Gr. 417.

209. *Knee.* Kneel before. The verb occurs again in *Cor.* v. i. 5:

"A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy."

Schmidt thinks it has the same meaning here as there.

211. *Sumpter*. A pack-horse. Wr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Somnier: m. A Sumpter-horse; (and generally any toylng, and load carrying, drudge, or groomer)."

218. *Boil*. Spelt "Bile" or "Byle" in the early eds., as in other printing of the time; doubtless indicating the pronunciation of the word.

219. *Embossed*. Tumid; as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 67: "And all the embossed sores and headed evils," etc. The *emboss* in *A. W.* iii. 6. 107, as Furnivall has shown, is of different origin (Old Fr. *emboser* = *emboïter*). This is Cotgrave's "Emboister: To imbox, inclose, insert, fasten, put, or shut vp, as within a box." See also Wb.

223. *High-judging Jove*. Cf. Milton's "all-judging Jove" (*Lycidas*, 82).

234. *Sith*. See on i. 1. 173 above. *Charge* = expense; as in *K. John*, i. 1. 49: "this expedition's charge," etc. See also *Rich. II.* p. 175.

237. *Hold amity*. Keep friendship. Wr. compares "hold friendship" in *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 141. "Hold antipathy" occurs in ii. 2. 81 above.

240. *Slack ye*. Neglect you. Cf. i. 3. 10 above. For *ye*, see Gr. 236.

244. *Notice*. Attention, recognition. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 3. 45: "I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice."

245. *And in good time you gave it*. H. remarks: "Observe what a compact wolfishness of heart is expressed in these few cold words! It is chiefly in this readiness of envenomed sarcasm that Regan is discriminated from Goneril; otherwise they seem almost too much like mere repetitions of each other to come fairly within the circle of Nature, who never repeats herself."

246. *My guardians*. "The guardians under me of my realms" (M.).

248. *With*. By. Cf. 302 below. Gr. 193.

251. *Well-favour'd*. Well in *favour*, or *features* (see *Ham.* p. 263, or *M. A. D.* p. 130). Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 15, *T. A.* i. 5. 169, etc.

Some editors put a period after *well-favour'd*, and a comma after *wicked* in the next line.

252. *Not being the worst*, etc. Steevens compares *Cymb.* v. 5. 215:

"It is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they."

256. *What need*, etc. How need, or why need, etc. See *R. and J.* p. 160. Gr. 253.

259. *O, reason/not*, etc. "Observe that the tranquillity which follows the first stunning of the blow permits Lear to reason" (Coleridge).

260. *Are in the poorest*, etc. "Have in their deepest poverty some very poor thing which may be called superfluous" (M.).

265. *Need*,—. "To imagine how Shakespeare would have ended this sentence, one must be a Shakespeare. The poor king stops short in his definition; it is too plain that his true need is patience" (M.).

266. *Patience, patience I need*. Pope changed the second *patience* to "which." Mason points thus: "patience:—patience I need." Perhaps,

as Malone conjectured, the repetition of *patience* was a slip of the compositor. Omitting it, *patience* would be a trisyllable, as often.

269. *Stirs*. See on i. 1. 232 and ii. 1. 113 above. Gr. 247.

271. *To bear*. *As* to bear. See on i. 4. 36 above.

280. *Flaws*. "Shivers" (Bailey). "A *flaw* signifies a crack, but is here used for a small broken particle" (Malone).

281. *Or ere*. A reduplication, *or* being = before. See *Temp.* p. 112.

284. *Bestow'd*. Lodged. See *Ham.* p. 212.

285. *Hath*. For the omission of the subject, see on ii. 4. 41 above. F. prints "'hath." Cf. 290 below.

287. *For his particular*. As to him personally, so far as he himself is concerned. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 7. 13:

"Yet I wish, sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join'd in commission with him;"

and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 9:

"Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam," etc.

Wr. quotes *A. and C.* iv. 9. 20 and *A. W.* ii. 5. 66.

296. *Ruffle*. Grow boisterous. The quartos have "russel" or "russell." The word is = rustle in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 60:

"The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure."

It is used figuratively (= turbulent) in *T. A.* i. 1. 313: "To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome."

300. *With*. See on 248 above.

"Regan's barefaced pretence,—insisting on speaking of her old father as still attended by a large train of followers, both in this speech and the one a little before, where she talks of there not being room for 'the old man and his people,' while in reality he has with him only his faithful Kent and Fool,—is thoroughly in character with her brassy nature" (Clarke).

301. *Incense*. Instigate, provoke. See *Much Ado*, p. 166.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—4. *Elements*. The quartos have "element." For the use of the word = sky, see *J. C.* p. 140.

6. *The main*. The mainland. Elsewhere in S. it means the sea. Cf. *Sonn.* 64. 7: "the watery main;" *King John*, ii. 1. 26: "England, hedg'd in with the main," etc. Steevens quotes from Bacon's *Considerations touching a War with Spain*: "In the year that followed, of 1589, we gave the Spaniards no rest, but turned challengers, and invaded the main of Spain;" where the context shows that he is speaking of landing an army on the coast of Spain itself.

On *curled waters*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 23 :

"Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads," etc.

7-15. *Tears his . . . take all.* Omitted in the folios.

8. *Eyeless.* Blind, undiscerning. Cf. *K. John*, p. 178.

9. *Make nothing of.* Treat with contempt (the opposite of "make much of"), as Schmidt explains it ; not = annihilate, as Heath thought.

10. *His little world of man.* Probably, as J. H. and F. suggest, an allusion to the ancient notion of man as the *microcosm*, or little world, containing in miniature the elements of the *macrocosm*, or the universe. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 9 : "And these same thoughts people this little world ;" and see our ed. p. 216. Schmidt compares *L. C.* 7 : "Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain."

For *out-scorn* Steevens conjectures "out-storm," and compares the passage just quoted from *L. C.*

12. *Cub-drawn.* Sucked dry by her cubs, and made hungry by it (Schmidt). Pope explained it "drawn by nature to its young ;" and Upton, "having her cubs drawn from her, robbed of her cubs." Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 115 : "A lioness, with udders all drawn dry ;" and *Id.* iv. 3. 127 : "the suck'd and hungry lioness." See also *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 30.

14. *Unbonneted.* Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 23 ; and for *bonnet*=cap, see *Rich. II.* p. 169.

15. *Take all.* Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 84 : "then Lucifer take all !" 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 307 : "nay, then, a shame take all !" etc.

17. *Heart-strook.* The folios have "heart-strooke" or "heart-strook," the quartos "heart strooke." See on ii. 4. 154 above.

18. *Note.* "Observation" (Johnson), or knowledge. See *W. T.* p. 148, on *Into my note*, or *T. N.* p. 160, on *Come to note*. The quartos have "Arte" or "art," which Steevens explained as "skill in physiognomy."

20. *Is.* The quartos and most modern eds. have "be."

22. *Who have*, etc. Lines 22-29 are omitted in the quartos, and lines 30-42 in the folios. It is possible, as Schmidt suggests, that something may have been lost between 29 and 30, and that this may account for the incomplete sentences ; but, on the other hand, the poet may have written them so.

23. *Thron'd.* The quartos, followed by some modern eds., have "Throne." As Clarke remarks, "the twice-recurring *have* in the preceding line" may explain the ellipsis of the word before *thron'd*.

Who seem no less. Who seem nothing else than *servants*, and not the *spies* that they really are. Capell explained it "that seem as great as themselves, servants in high place."

24. *Speculations.* "Speculators ;" which Johnson conjectured to be the true reading, and which Sr. (2d ed.) and H. adopt. The Coll. MS. gives "spectators." Schmidt, in his *Lexicon* (p. 1421), gives more than sixty instances in S. of this use of the abstract for the concrete ; and F. adds *discretion* in ii. 4. 143 below.

25. *Intelligent.* "Giving information" (Johnson). Cf. iii. 5. 9 and iii. 7 11 below. See also *W. T.* p. 161.

26. *Snuffs.* "Huffs, offence-taking" (Schmidt). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 149,

on *Took it in snuff*. Wr. cites B. J., *Silent Woman*, iv. 2: "He went away in snuff."

Packings = plottings. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 1. 121: "Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!" See also *Much Ado*, p. 167, note on *Pack'd*.

29. *Furnishings*. "Colours, external pretences" (Johnson).

30. *Power*. Army; as often, both in the singular and the plural. Cf. iii. 3. 11, iv. 2. 17, iv. 3. 48, iv. 4. 21, etc., below.

31. *Scatter'd*. "Divided, unsettled, disunited" (Johnson). Hanmer substituted "shatter'd;" a word, by the by, which S. uses only in *Ham.* ii. 1. 95. Milton has *shatter* = scatter, in *Lycidas*, 5: "Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year."

32. *Feet*. Footing. The later quartos have "see," and Pope, Theo., and Hanmer read "sea." Upton conjectured "seat" or "perhaps 'see' for the Latin *sedes*" (cf. a bishop's *see*).

33. *At point*. See on i. 4. 316 above.

36. *To make*. *As* to make. See on i. 4. 36 and ii. 4. 12 above.

39. *Plain*. Complain. See *Rich. II.* p. 164.

43. *I will talk further with you*. This implies a courteous postponement or dismissal of a request; hence Kent's reply (Delius).

45. *Out-wall*. Exterior. Cf. *wall* in *T. A.* i. 2. 48, and *K. John*, iii. 3. 20.

48. *That*. The quartos have "your," which is adopted by many editors, and is perhaps to be preferred, as S. generally uses the possessive pronoun with *fellow* = companion.

52. *To effect*. As to effect. See Gr. 186.

53. *Pain*. Labour, effort (*will be* or *lies* being understood). S. uses both *pain* and *pains* in this sense; now we use only the latter. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 140, note on *Take pain*, or *Hen. VIII.* p. 184, note on *Ta'en much pain*.

SCENE II.—2. *Hurricanoes*. Water-spouts. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 172:

"the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call."

Nares quotes Drayton, *Mooncalf*, 168:

"And downe the shower impetuously doth fall,
Like that which men the Hurricano call."

Wr. notes that in Raleigh's *Guiana* it is called "hurlecan" and "hurlecano."

3. *Cocks*. That is, the weathercocks.

4. *Thought-executing*. "Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought" (Johnson). Moberly makes it = "executing the thought of Him who casts you."

5. *Vaunt-couriers*. Forerunners, precursors; originally "the foremost scouts of an army" (Steevens). Malone compares *Temp.* i. 2. 201:

"Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps."

The quartos spell the word "vaunt-currers," the folios "Vaunt-curriers." Wr. cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Avant-coureur: m. A forerunner, Auant curror."

7. *Strike*. The quartos have "Smite."

8. *Germens*. Seeds; as in *Mach.* iv. 1. 59. See our ed. p. 230. Theo. remarks that we have the same thought in *W. T.* iv. 4. 489:

"Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within."

Spill=destroy (Steevens). Cf. Gower, *Conf. Am.* iv.: "So as I shall myself spill." Wr. cites Chaucer, *C. T.* 12839 (*Tyrwhitt*, 8379):

"My child and I, with hertely obeisaunce,
Been youres al, and ye mowe save or spille
Youre owene thyng."

See also Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 7. 54: "Badd her commaund my life to save or spill;" and *Id.* v. 10. 2:

"As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill."

10. *Court holy-water*. "Ray, among his proverbial phrases, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the same phrase: *Eau benite de cour*." (Steevens). Cotgrave, cited by Malone, has "*Eau beniste de Cour*. Court holy water; complements, faire words, flattering speeches," etc.

12. *Pities*. For the ellipsis of the relative, see Gr. 244. Cf. i. 4. 58 above.

15. *Fire*. A dissyllable. Gr. 480.

16. *I tax not you*, etc. M. compares *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 174 fol.: "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," etc. For *tax* the quartos have "taske."

18. *Subscription*. Submission, obedience; the only instance of the noun in S. Cf. the use of the verb in i. 2. 19 above and iii. 7. 64 below.

22. *Will . . . join*. The quartos read "haue . . . ion'd."

23. *High-engender'd*. *High*=in the heavens; as in *high-judging*, ii. 4. 223 above.

27. *That makes his toe*, etc. Makes that his last object which should be his first (Capell). F. paraphrases the quatrain thus: "A man who prefers or cherishes a mean member in place of a vital one shall suffer enduring pain where others would suffer merely a twinge. Lear had preferred Regan and Goneril to Cordelia."

31. *For there was never yet*, etc. "This is the Fool's way of diverting attention after he has said something a little too pointed; the idea of a very pretty woman making faces in a looking-glass raises a smile" (F.). For *made mouths*, cf. *Ham.* p. 246.

39. *Gallow*. Affright; the only instance of the word in S. According to Nares, the word in the corrupt form of *gally* is still used in the West of England. For the derivation, see Wb.

43. *Carry*. Bear, sustain.

44. *Affliction*. Used for "any painful sensation" (Schmidt). H. says "*Affliction* for *infliction*, the two being then equivalent;" but he gives no authority for the statement, and we can find none. It is true, of course, that the words have the same root, and that one might sometimes be substituted for the other.

45. *Pudder*. The folio spelling, followed by Rowe, Theo., K., Sr., F.,

and others. The 1st quarto has "Powther," and the 2d "Thundring." Most editors read "pothor." F. remarks: "It is to me a sufficient reason for preferring *pudder* to *pothor*, that Charles Lamb preferred it; in his remarks on this play it is the word he uses." Steevens quotes B. and F., *Scornful Lady*, ii. 2: "Some fellows would have cryed now, and have curst thee, and faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder."

49. *Simular*. Simulator. The quartos have "simular man." The adjective occurs in *Cymb.* v. 5. 200: "with simular proof enough" (that is, pretended, counterfeited).

52. *Has*. The quartos have "Hast." For examples of the verb in the third person with a relative whose antecedent is of the first or second person, see Gr. 247. *Practis'd on*=plotted against. Cf. the noun in i. 2. 161 above.

53. *Continents*. "That which contains or encloses" (Johnson and Schmidt). See *Ham.* p. 246, or *M. N. D.* p. 142. The quartos have "centers."

Cry grace=cry for grace or pardon. Cf. *cry you mercy* (see *M. N. D.* p. 159) and *cry you pardon* (*Oth.* v. i. 93).

54. *Summoners*. The officers that summon offenders before a tribunal (Steevens).

56. *Gracious my lord*. See Gr. 13. Cf. iii. 4. 1 below.

59. *More harder*. See on i. 1. 71 above. The quartos read "More hard then is the stone," etc.

60. *Even but now*. See Gr. 38.

Demanding. Inquiring, asking. See *Ham.* p. 243, and cf. v. 3. 63 below.

62-68. Dr. Bucknill remarks: "The import of this must be weighed with iv. 6. 100-104, when Lear is incoherent and full of delusion. Insanity arising from mental and moral causes often continues in a certain state of imperfect development; . . . a state of exaggerated and perverted emotion, accompanied by violent and irregular conduct, but unconnected with intellectual aberration; until some physical shock is incurred,—bodily illness, or accident, or exposure to physical suffering; and then the imperfect type of mental disease is converted into perfect lunacy, characterized by more or less profound affection of the intellect, by delusion or incoherence. This is evidently the case in Lear, and although we have never seen the point referred to by any writer, and have again and again read the play without perceiving it, we cannot doubt from these passages, and especially from the second, in which the poor madman's imperfect memory refers to his suffering in the storm, that S. contemplated this exposure and physical suffering as the cause of the first crisis in the malady. Our wonder at his profound knowledge of mental disease increases, the more carefully we study his works; here and elsewhere he displays with prolific carelessness a knowledge of principles, half of which would make the reputation of a modern psychologist."

65. *The art*. "The alchemy or transforming power" (M.).

68. *That's sorry*. The quartos read "That sorrowes."

69. *He that has and*, etc. Cf. *T. A.* v. i. 398 fol. "This may have been the same song, but changed by the Fool to suit the occasion" (F.). For the expletive *and*, see *T. A.* p. 169. Cf. Gr. 95, 96.

74. *I 'll speak a prophecy*, etc. The whole of this speech is omitted in the quartos. W. and Clarke believe it to be an interpolation, and we are inclined to agree with them. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 42: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them," etc. See our ed. p. 221.

The *prophecy* is an imitation of one formerly ascribed to Chaucer:

"Whan prestis faylin in her sawes,
And turnin Goddis lawes
Ageynis ryt;
* * * * *
Than schall the lond of Albion
Turnin to confusion," etc.

87. *Merlin*. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 150: "the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies."

I live before his time. The Fool's nonsense, of course; but M. thinks it refers to the chronology of the old legend, which makes Lear contemporary with Joash, King of Judah.

SCENE III.—4. *Neither . . . or*. Schmidt compares *M. for M.* iv. 2. 108: "neither in time, matter, or other circumstance," etc.

11. *Home*. Fully. See on ii. 1. 51 above, and cf. iii. 4. 16 below.

12. *Footed*. On foot; or perhaps = "landed," which is the quarto reading. Cf. iii. 7. 44 below.

Look. Look for, "seek" (the quarto reading). Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 5. 34: "He hath been all this day to look you;" and see our ed. p. 161. Gr. 200.

17. *Toward*. At hand. See on ii. 1. 10 above. For *strange things* the quartos have "some strange thing."

19. *Forbid thee*. Forbidden thee; the usual form of the participle in S. Cf. v. 1. 47 below. H. reads "forbid thee!" = "a curse upon thee!" and cites *Macb.* i. 3. 21: "He shall live a man forbid;" but there the meaning comes naturally from the ordinary meaning of *forbidden* = to whom certain privileges are forbidden, who is placed under a ban. It does not follow that the active *forbid thee* can be = *May* something be forbidden thee, mayst thou be put under a ban!

SCENE IV.—6. *Think'st 't is much*. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 252:

"Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep," etc.

7. *InvaDES*. See on i. 1. 137 above.

10. *Roaring*. The 2d quarto has "raging."

15. *As*. As if. Cf. v. 3. 201 below. Gr. 107.

16. *Home*. See on ii. 1. 51 and iii. 3. 11 above.

25. *Would*. See on iii. 2. 12 above, or Gr. 244.

26, 27. *In, boy . . . I 'll sleep*. Omitted in the quartos.

Poverty. The abstract for the concrete. See on iii. 1. 24 above.

29. *Storm*. The quartos have "night."

31. *Loop'd*. Full of holes. For *loop* = hole, see 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 71: "all sight-holes, every loop," etc.

35. *Superflux*. Superfluity; which is the word S. uses elsewhere.
 37. *Fathom and half*, etc. Probably Steevens is right in supposing that Edgar talks as if taking soundings at sea. W. prints "fadm," which is the more common spelling in the early eds.

46. *Blow the winds*. The quartos have "blowes the cold wind;" and "thy cold bed" for *thy bed*. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 10: "go to thy cold bed, and warm thee." St. says that *to go to a cold bed* was=*to go cold to bed*; as *to lie on a sick bed*=*to lie sick abed*.

48. *Didst thou give all*, etc. The quartos read "Hast thou giuen all to thy two daughters?"

52. *Whirlpool*. The quartos have "whirli-poole," and the folios "Whirle Poole" or "whirlepoole." Wr. and M. print "whirlpool."

53. *Knives under his pillow*, etc. That is, to tempt him to suicide. Malone quotes Harsnet's *Declaration*, etc.: "The exam: further saith, that one *Alexander* an Apothecarie, hauing brought with him from London to *Denham* on a time a new halter, and two blades of kniues, did leaue the same, vpon the gallerie floare in her Maisters house." Steevens quotes *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:

"Swords, poisons, halters and envenom'd steel,
 Are laid before me to dispatch myself."

56. *Thy five wits*. Cf. *T. M.* iv. 2. 92: "Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?" See also *Much Ado*, p. 120.

A-cold. See Gr. 24. *Do de, do de, do de* is "perhaps intended to express the teeth-chattering sound emitted by one who shivers with cold" (Clarke).

58. *Star-blasting*. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 162:

"then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;"

and see note in our ed. p. 177. For *taking*, see on ii. 4. 158 above.

59. *Now, and there*, etc. "He catches at the fiend, as he would at flies" (M.).

62. *Wouldst*. The quartos have "Didst" and "them" for '*em*.'

65. *Pendulous*. Impending. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 108:

"Be as a planetary plague when Jove
 Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
 In the sick air."

Schmidt quotes *The Birth of Merlin* (which has been attributed to S.), iv. 1: "Knowest thou what pendulous mischief rooſs thy head?"

69. *Lowness*=abject condition. In *A. and C.* ii. 7. 22 it is used literally (=small elevation), and in *Id.* iii. 11. 63 it is=meanness.

Uykind. Accented on the first syllable, as usual *before* a noun (Schmidt). For both the accent and the meaning, cf. *R. and J.* p. 216. See also on i. 1. 253 above.

71. *Should have*, etc. Delius refers this to the sticking of pins into the mortified bare arms, Clarke to the exposure of poor Tom's body to the storm. In Edwin Booth's *Prompt-Book* there is a stage-direction: "Draws a thorn, or wooden spike, from Edgar's arm, and tries to thrust

it into his own;" and after line 73: "Edgar seizes Lear's hand and takes away the thorn" (F.).

72. *Judicious*. "Wise" (Schmidt). Walker makes it = "judicial;" a sense which it has in *Cor.* v. 6. 128.

73. *Pelican*. Alluding to the fable that the young of the pelican were fed with blood from its own breast. See *Ham.* p. 250. Wr. quotes *Batman vppon Bartholome* (ed. 1582), fol. 186 b: "The Pellican loueth too much her children. For when the children bee haught, and begin to waxe hoare, they smite the father and the mother in the face, wherefore the mother smiteth them againe and slaieth them. And the thirde daye the mother smiteth her selfe in her side that the bloud runneth out, and sheddeth that hot bloud vppon the bodies of her children. And by virtue of the bloud the birdes that were before dead, quicken againe."

74. *Pillicock*. Suggested by *pelican*. In Ritson's *Gammer Gurton's Garland* we find the nursery rhyme:

"Pillycock, Pillycock sat on a hill;
If he 's not gone, he sits there still."

It was often used as a term of endearment. D. quotes Florio: "*Pinchino*, a prime-cocke, a pillicocke, a darlin, a beloued lad."

"It is not unlikely that the next line was meant to imitate the crowing of a cock" (F.).

78. *Word iustly*. The quartos have "words iustly," and the folios "words Iustice" or "word, justice." The emendation is Pope's. K. has "word's justice" and Schmidt "words' justice."

Commit. The word seems to have been applied particularly to incontinence (Malone). Schmidt compares *Oth.* iv. 2. 72 fol.

83. *Curled my hair*. Malone cites Harsnet, p. 54: "Ma: Maynie the Actor, comes mute vpon the stage, with his hands by his side, and his haire curled vp. Loe heere (cries Weston the Interpreter) comes vp the spirit of pride." Curling the hair seems to have been the mark of a swaggerer, for in the same book (p. 139) we are told that the devil was said to appear "sometimes like a Ruffian, with curled haire." Wr. compares *T. of A.* iv. 3. 160: "Make curl'd-pate ruffians bald."

Gloves in my cap. That is, as the favour of a mistress. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 17:

"And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour."

See also *T. and C.* iv. 4. 73, v. 2. 79, etc.

87. *Light of ear*. "Credulous of evil, ready to receive malicious reports" (Johnson); "foolishly credulous" (Schmidt).

88. *Hog in sloth*, etc. "Mr. Skeat has pointed out to me that in the *Ancient Riwle*, p. 198, the seven deadly sins are typified by seven wild animals; the lion being the type of pride, the serpent of envy, the unicorn of wrath, the bear of sloth, the fox of covetousness, the swine of greediness, and the scorpion of lust" (Wr.).

93. *Suum, mun, nonny*. The folio reading; the quartos have "hay no on ny," and most modern eds. combine the two into "suum, mun, ha no nonny." Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 165.

· *Dolphin my boy*. Probably a quotation from a song. Farmer quotes B. J., *Bartholomew Fair*, v. 3: "he shall be Dauphin my boy;" and Steevens professes to have heard from "an old gentleman" the stanza,

"Dolphin my boy, my boy,
Cease, let him trot by;
It seemeth not that such a foe
From me or you would fly."

Sessa is Malone's reading for the "Sessey" or "Sesey" of the folios. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. i. 6: "let the world slide; sessa!" Johnson takes it to be the French word *cesses* (pronounced *cessy*) used as an interjection=be quiet, have done. The quartos have "cease" or "caese."

95. *Thou wert better*. See on i. 4. 93 above. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 245: "I were better to be eaten to death with a rust," etc.

98. *The cat*. That is, the civet cat. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 70.

99. *Sophisticated*. Adulterated, not genuine; as now often used. The word is used by S. only here.

100. *Unaccommodated*. "Unsupplied with conveniences" (Schmidt); the only instance of the word in S. Cf. *accommodated* in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 72: "a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife;" and see our ed. p. 176. Cf. also iv. 6. 81 below.

101. *Off, off*, etc. "The latent madness against which Lear has been struggling bursts into violence at sight of the strange and awful object which Edgar has made of himself, and he longs to reduce himself, like him, to a state of absolute and unmitigated nature" (M.).

102. For *unbutton here* the 1st quarto has "come on," and the 2d "come on be true." F. remarks: "It has been suggested to me by an eminent novelist and dramatist in London that these words are properly a stage-direction."

103. *Naughty*. Bad; used in a much stronger sense than now. See *M. of V.* p. 152; and cf. iii. 7. 36 below.

104. *Wide*. The early eds. and most modern ones have "wild." Jennens suggested the change, on the ground that *wide* is better opposed to *little*; and Walker, who says that "*wild* is in the manner of modern, not Elizabethan poetry," gives other instances from S. and contemporaneous writers of the same misprint of *wild* for *wide* (F.).

106. *A walking fire*. That is, Gloster with his torch; but he is still in the distance, and, as F. remarks, it is somewhat premature to mark his entrance here, as the quartos and the Camb. editors do.

107. *Flibbertigibbet*. This name, like that of the other demons here, is from Harsnet. See p. 12 above. Harsnet says: "Frateretto, Fleberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four deuils of the round, or Morrice, whom Sara in her fits, tuned together, in measure and sweet cadence." It had come to be used figuratively even in that day, for Cotgrave gives it as one of the definitions of *Coquette*: "a fisking, or fliperous minx, a cocket or tatling housewife; a titifill, a flebergebit."

Walks. Often =go away (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 176: "Pray, walk awhile." See also *M. for M.* iv. 5. 12, *W. T.* i. 2. 172, *Oth.* iv. 3. 4, and iv. 7. 83 below.

On the passage, cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 150 fol. ; and see our ed. p. 176, note on *I have heard*, etc.

108. *The web and the pin.* An old name for cataract in the eye. See *W. T.* p. 158.

111. *Saint Withold.* The folios have "Swithold," the quartos "swithold." Some modern eds. print "S. Withold;" Rowe, Pope, K., Delius, D., Schmidt, and F. follow the folios. The name is a corruption of *St. Vitalis*.

Old (the reading of the early eds., K., D., Wr., F., and others) = "wold" (which other eds. give), being another form of the word. Warb. quotes Fletcher, *Monsieur Thomas* :

"St. George, St. George, our Ladies Knight,
He walks by day, so does he by night,
And when he had her found,
He her beat, and her bound.
Until to him her troth she plight,
She would not stir from him that night."

Steevens says that the same, with slight changes, is found in Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book iv. chap. xi.

112. *Her nine-fold.* That is, her nine imps, or familiars (Capell).

115. *Aroint thee.* Evidently implying aversion, and = "Away with thee!" but of doubtful origin. See *Macb.* p. 156. F. notes that Mr. F. D. Matthew has found two instances of *arunte* (=avoid) in a MS. of Trinity College, Dublin. There can be little doubt that this is the same word as Shakespeare's *aroint*.

117. *What 's he?* Who 's he? See *Macb.* p. 252 or Gr. 254.

121. *Tadpole.* The old eds. have "tod pole," "Tod-pole," "Tod-pool," or "toade pold;" but the modern spelling was then in use. Cotgrave, quoted by Wr., has "Gyrine: the frog tearmed, a Tadpole."

The wall-newt and the water. That is, the lizard so common on stone walls in Europe and the water-newt. For the ellipsis in *water*, cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 9: "furred with fox and lamb-skins." See other examples in Schmidt's *Lexicon*, p. 1419.

123. *Sallets.* Salads. See *Ham.* p. 210. Wr. says that the form is still used in Sussex.

Ditch-dog. A dead dog thrown into a ditch.

124. *Mantle.* Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 182: "filthy-mantled pool."

125. *Whipped from tithing to tithing.* A *tithing* is the same in the country as a ward in the city. A statute of the time of Elizabeth enacted that vagabonds or "tramps" should be publicly whipped and sent from parish to parish (Steevens). Cf. Harrison's *Description of England*, New Shaks. Soc. ed. p. 219.

Stocked, punished. The folio reading ("stockt, punish'd"); the quartos have "stock-punisht."

126. *Hath.* The quartos read "hath had." Schmidt remarks: "*Hath* had probably accords with the fact, but what have facts to do with madness? Tom hath three suits and six shirts;—where are they? who has taken them from him?"

128, 129. Capell cites the old romance of *Sir Bevis of Hamptoun* (see *Hen. VIII.* p. 157) :

"Rattes and myce and suche smal dere
Was his meate that seuen yere."

Deer was sometimes used in the general sense of game. Malone quotes Barclay, *Eclogues*, 1570:

"Everie sorte of dere
Shrunk under shadows abating all their chere."

For *year*, cf. *Much Ado*, p. 147, note on *This seven year*. See also *Rich. II.* p. 182, note on *A thousand pound*.

130. *Smulkin*. Another name from Harsnet's category of devils, like *Modo* and *Mahu* just below. The quartos have "snulbug."

132. *The prince of darkness*, etc. Reed quotes Sir John Suckling, *Goblins*, ii. 1: "The prince of darkness is a gentleman,
Mahu, Mahu is his name."

It may be, as Wr. suggests, a quotation from *Lear*.

134. *Our flesh and blood*, etc. Clarke remarks: "One of Shakespeare's subtle touches. Some tone or inflection in Edgar's voice has reached the father's heart, and bitterly recalls the supposed unfilial conduct of his elder son, and he links it with that of Lear's daughters. Edgar, instinctively feeling this, perseveres with his Bedlam cry, to drown the betrayed sound of his own voice, and maintain the impression of his assumed character."

138. *To obey*. That is, by my obeying. See Gr. 356. *Obey in all*, etc. is "obey your daughters in all their hard commands" (Wr.).

142. *Is*. Cf. ii. 1. 113 above. Gr. 336.

148. *Prevent*. Avoid; or perhaps "with something of its original sense of anticipating, being beforehand with, as well as the more common meaning" (Wr.).

To kill vermin. Clarke refers to this as "an instance of Shakespeare's dexterous mode of indicating points that would be treated by other writers of his time with revolting coarseness." See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 177, note on *So many thousands*.

150. *Importune*. Accented by S. on the penult. See *Ham.* p. 190.

151. *His wits*, etc. Steevens cites a note by Horace Walpole, in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*, where he observes that when "Belvidera talks of 'Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,' she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or, at least, should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of King Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet."

157. *Late*. Lately; as in i. 4. 196 above.

158. *True*. The 2d quarto (followed by Wr.) has "truth."

160. *I do beseech your grace*—. "Here Gloucester attempts to lead Lear towards the shelter he has provided in the farm-house adjoining the

castle; but the king will not hear of quitting his 'philosopher.' Gloster then induces the Bedlam-fellow to go into the hovel, that he may be out of Lear's sight; but Lear proposes to follow him thither, saying 'Let's in all.' Kent endeavours to draw Lear away, but, finding him resolved to 'keep still with' his 'philosopher,' begs Gloster to humour the king, and 'let him take the fellow' with him. Gloster accedes, and bids Kent himself take the fellow with them in the direction they desire to go; and this is done. We point out these details, because, if it be not specially observed, the distinction between the 'hovel' and the 'farm-house' would hardly be understood. The mention of 'cushions' and a 'joint-stool' in scene vi. shows it to be some place of better accommodation than the 'hovel;' and probably some cottage or farm-house belonging to one of Gloster's tenants" (Clarke).

Cry you mercy. See on iii. 2. 53 above.

166. *Soothe.* "Humour" (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 82: "Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?" The word in *S.* always means either to humour or to flatter. Cf. *K. John*, p. 154.

171. *Child Rowland.* The use of *Child* as the title of a young knight is familiar to every reader of the old English ballads and of Spenser. Byron has adopted it in *Childe Harold*. The ballad quoted here has never been discovered. Fragments of a Scottish version of the story are given by Jamieson in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, and in Prof. Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, i. 245 fol.

173. *A British man.* In iv. 6. 229 below, the folios have "English" and the quartos "British." See p. 12 above.

SCENE V.—2. *Censured.* Judged, estimated. See *Much Ado*, p. 139, and cf. the notes on the noun in *Macb.* p. 251 and *Ham.* p. 190.

Nature=natural affection. He refers to his giving information against his father. See iii. 3. 19 above.

3. *Fears me.* Makes me fear, frightens me. See *M. of W.* p. 137, or *K. John*, p. 147.

5. *A provoking merit.* "A merit he felt in himself which irritated him against a father that had none" (Mason); "a consciousness of his own worth which urged him on" (Wr.). Nichols and Clarke take *provoking merit* to refer to Gloster, not to Edgar.

8. *To be just.* Of being just. See on iii. 4. 138 above.

Approves. Proves. See on ii. 4. 178 above.

9. *An intelligent party to,* etc. A party intelligent to, etc. Cf. iv. 1. 3 below, and see *Macb.* p. 226, note on *Our suffering country*, etc. Schmidt makes to depend on *party*, not on *intelligent*.

17. *Comforting.* "Giving aid and comfort to;" as the legal phrase still is. See *W. T.* p. 169.

18. *Persever.* The spelling of the first three folios, indicating the old pronunciation of the word. See *Ham.* p. 180, or Gr. 492.

20. *Blood.* Equivalent to *nature* in 3 above, and opposed like that to *loyalty*.

SCENE VI.—4. *Have.* The reading of all the early eds., changed in

most modern ones to "hath" or "has." It is one of the instances of "confusion of proximity" (Gr. 412) so common in S.

6. *Frateretto*. See on iii. 4. 107 above. Upton wished to change *Nero* to "Trajan," because Rabelais makes the latter an angler for frogs in hell.

7. *Innocent*. He is addressing the Fool. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 213: "a dumb innocent that could not say him nay." See also B. and F., *Wit without Money*:

"There be three kind of fools. . . .
An innocent, a knave-fool, a fool politick."

10. *A yeoman*. A freeholder, but not a gentleman. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 81, 85, 95, and 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 16.

12-14. *No, he's . . . before him*. Omitted in the quartos.

13. *For he's a mad yeoman*, etc. H. remarks: "A rather curious commentary on some of the poet's own doings; who obtained from the Herald's College a coat-of-arms in his father's name; thus getting his yeoman father dubbed a gentleman, in order, no doubt, that he himself might inherit his rank."

16. *Hizzing*. So in the folios; the quartos have "hissing." Coll. and W. adopt Malone's conjecture of "whizzing."

17-54. *The foul . . . let her scape?* Omitted in the folios.

19. *A horse's health*. "A horse is above all other animals subject to disease" (Johnson). Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 81: "though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses." Warb. suggested "heels," and Ritson quotes a proverb from Ray's Collection, "Trust not a horse's heel, nor a dog's tooth," and from Fordun's *Scotichronicon*, xiv. 32:

"Till horsis fote thou neuer traist,
Till hondis toth, no woman's faith."

21. *Justicer*. The quartos have "iustice;" corrected by Theo. Cf. 54 below, and *Cymb.* v. 5. 214: "Some upright justicer." Boswell quotes Lambard's *Eirenarcha*: "And of this it commeth that M. Fitzherbert (in his treatise of the Justices of Peace) calleth them *justicers* (contractly for *justiciars*) and not *justices*, as we commonly, and not altogether unproperly, doe name them."

22. *Sapient*. Used by S. nowhere else.

23. *Wantest thou eyes*, etc. "Do you want eyes to gaze at and admire you during trial, madam? The fiends are there to serve your purpose" (Clarke).

25. *Come o'er*, etc. For *bourn* the quartos have "broome," which Capell corrected. Wr. quotes Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 505, note: "The allusion is to an English ballad by William Birch, entitled 'A Songe betwene the Quenes Majestie and Englande,' a copy of which is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. England commences the dialogue, inviting Queen Elizabeth in the following words:

'Come over the born, Bessy, come over the born, Bessy,
Swete Bessy, come over to me.'

The date of Birch's song is 1558, and it is printed in full in the *Harleian Miscellany*, x. 260. Halliwell gives the music of the song from a MS. of the 16th century in the British Museum.

30. *Nightingale*. Apparently suggested by the Fool's singing (Wr.). For *Hoppedance*, see on iii. 4. 107 above.

White herring. According to Halliwell's *Archaic Dict.*, this means fresh herring; but in the North of England pickled herring are so called.

31. *Croak not*, etc. Malone quotes Harsnet: "One time shee remembereth, that shee having the said croaking in her belly, they said it was the devil that was about the bed, that spake with the voice of a toad."

34. *Their evidence*. The witnesses against them; changed by Pope to "the evidence." See *Rich. III.* p. 195.

37. *Bench*. Used again in *W. T.* i. 2. 314, where it is = raise to authority.

40. *Sleepest*, etc. Steevens quotes an old play, *The Interlude of the Four Elements*: "Sleepyst thou, wakyst thou, Geffery Coke?" and Halliwell compares the poem of *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*: "sleepe you, wake you, noble King Arthur?"

42. *Minikin*. Small and pretty. Wr. cites Baret, *Alvearie*: "*Elegant*: neate, fresh, feate, gorgeous, gay, pretie, fine, minikin, tricke and trimme."

44. *Pur*. This may be only an imitation of a cat. *Purre* is, however, one of Harsnet's devils (Malone).

50. *Cry you mercy*, etc. This was a proverbial expression. Steevens quotes Lyly, *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "I crie you mercy, I tooke you for a joynt stoole;" and Halliwell adds from Withals's *Dict.*: "Ante hoc te cornua habere putabam. I cry you mercy, I tooke you for a ioynd stoole." For *cry you mercy*, cf. iii. 4. 160 above.

52. *Store*. If this is what S. wrote, it must be = substance or material. Theo. conjectured "stone" and Jennens "stuff." The latter is a very plausible emendation. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 156, *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 50, *M. of V.* i. 1. 4, *Ham.* iii. 4. 36, etc.

54. *Why hast thou*, etc. "Probably in Lear's delirium the ideas succeed one another so rapidly that he cannot long hold the thought that he has Regan before him; consequently the vanishing of the image seems to him like the actual escape of his daughter" (M.).

55. *Thy five wits*. See on iii. 4. 56 above.

61. *They bark at me*. "Not so much because they are set on me, as because they spontaneously catch the hard-hearted temper of their masters" (M.).

67. *Brach*. See on i. 4. 107 above.

Lym is Hanmer's correction of the "him" or "Him" of the quartos and "Hym" of the folios. The word meant a *lime-hound*, or a hound led in a *lime*, or leash. See Wb., who, by the by, says "cf. *Hym*," which is not to be found either in the body of the book or in the appendix of 1879. Ritson quotes Harrington, *Orlando Furioso*, xli. 30:

"His cosin had a Lyme hound argent bright,
His Lyme laid on his back, he couching down."

68. *Tike*. A small dog, or cur. See *Hen. V.* p. 154. On *trundle-tail*, Steevens quotes Heywood, *Woman Killed with Kindness*: "your Dogges are trindle-tails and curs." Nares gives *trindle-tail* as "a corruption of *trundle-tail*, or *curly-tail*," and cites B. and F., *Love's Cure*, iii. 3:

"Like a poor cur, clapping his trindle tail
Between his legs."

69. *Him*. The quartos have "them," and "leap" in 71.

71. *Hatch*. A half-door. See *K. John*, p. 136.

72. *Sessa*! See on iii. 4. 94 above. Steevens conjectures that here it may be a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*, and that the passage may be part of an old song:

"Sissy, come march to wakes,
And fairs, and market towns."

F. remarks that "the jingle into which the words naturally fall adds probability to this conjecture."

73. *Thy horn is dry*. "A horn was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him" (Malone). Aubrey, in his *MS. Natural Hist. of Wiltshire*, in describing "Bedlam beggars," says: "they wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdric, which, when they came to an house for almes, they did wind; and they did putt the drink given them into this horn, whereto they did putt a stopple."

74. *Anatomize Regan*. That is, dissect her after executing her.

76. *Entertain*. Take into service, engage. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 110. "Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant" (see also *Id.* iv. 4. 68); *Much Ado*, i. 3. 60: "entertained for a perfumer," etc. So the noun = service; as in *A. W.* iii. 6. 13, iv. 1. 17, etc.

78. *Persian*. The quartos add "attire." The allusion is to the gorgeous robes of the East (Wr.). M. says: "A Persian embassy had been sent to England early in James I.'s reign, and a tombstone still remains in the churchyard of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate Street, erected to the memory of the secretary of this embassy, with the following inscription: 'If any Persian come here, let him read this and pray for his soul. The Lord receive his soul; for here lieth Maghmote (Mohammed) Shaughsware, who was born in the town Noroy in Persia.' The joke on outlandish dress arises probably from the presence of these Persians in London."

82. *So, so*. The quartos also add "so, so, so" at the end of the speech after *morning*.

Bucknill remarks here: "Lear is comparatively tranquil in conduct and language during the whole period of Edgar's mad companionship. It is only after the Fool has disappeared, and Edgar has left to be the guide of his blind father, that the king becomes absolutely wild and incoherent. The singular and undoubted fact is, that few things tranquillize the insane more than the companionship of the insane. It is a fact not easily explicable, but it is one of which, either by the intuition of genius, or by the information of experience, S. appears to be aware."

83. *And I'll go to bed at noon*. Omitted in the quartos. Clarke observes: "This speech is greatly significant, though apparently so trivial. It seems but a playful rejoinder to his poor old royal master's witless words of exhaustion, but it is, in fact, a dismissal of himself from the scene of the tragedy and from his own short day of life. The dramatist indeed has added one slight passing touch of tender mention (Kent's saying, 'Come, help to bear thy master; thou must not stay behind') ere he withdraws him from the drama altogether; but he seems by this last

speech to let us know that the gentle-hearted fellow who 'much pined away' at Cordelia's going into France, and who has since been subjected to still severer fret at his dear master's miseries, has sunk beneath the accumulated burden, and has gone to his eternal rest even in the very 'noon' of his existence." *

87. *Upon*. Against. See Gr. 191.

92. *Thine, and all*, etc. Thine and *that of all*, etc. As Abbott remarks (Gr. 382) the Elizabethan writers object to scarcely any ellipsis that can be readily supplied from the context.

93. *Assured loss*. Assurance, or certainty, of loss; or *stand in*=stand in danger of, are exposed to. Delius compares 98 below.

Take up, take up. The 1st quarto has "Take up the King," the 2d "Take up to keepe."

95. *Oppress'd nature*, etc. This speech is not in the folios.

96. *Balm'd*. Anointed with healing balm, healed. Elsewhere (*T. of S.* ind. i. 48 and *Per.* iii. 2. 65) it is used of fragrant applications.

For *sinews* Theo. suggested "senses" (Malone compares *Mach.* ii. 2. 39), but, as Wr. remarks, the change "is not absolutely necessary, for Lear had received a great physical as well as mental shock." Schmidt notes that *sinews* is again confounded with *nerves* in *V. and A.* 903: "A second fear through all her sinews spread;" but it seems to us that there as here the physical effects of a mental state are primarily referred to. Fear paralyzes or weakens the muscles, as madness exhausts or *breaks* them.

97. *Convenience*. A quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

98. *Stand in hard cure*. Will be hard to cure. Cf. *Oth.* ii. i. 51: "Stand in bold cure."

100-113. This speech is not in the folios, and the Camb. editors consider that "internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition" that S. wrote it; but, as Delius remarks, it is difficult to comprehend how a spurious passage could get into the quartos. The publisher would not be likely to attempt to amplify and improve the MS. of the play as then performed, especially when he was in such haste to bring it out. See p. 10, foot-note, above. It must be confessed, however, that the style is not like that of the rest of the play; but this difference is to be noted in other of the poet's rhymed passages. The expression "He childed as I father'd" is thoroughly Shakespearian.

104. *Sufferance*. Suffering; as often in S. See *Much Ado*, p. 162, or *1 Hen. IV.* p. 195.

* W., in the paper quoted on i. 4. 91 above, remarks: "About the middle of the play the Fool suddenly disappears, making in reply to Lear's remark, 'We'll go to supper in the morning,' the fitting rejoinder, 'And I'll go to bed at noon.' Why does he not return? Clearly for this reason: he remains with Lear during his insanity, to answer in antiphonic commentary the mad king's lofty ravings with his simple wit and homespun wisdom: but after that time, when Lear sinks from frenzy into forlorn imbecility, the Fool's utterances would have jarred upon our ears. The situation becomes too grandly pathetic to admit the presence of a jester, who, unless he is professional, is nothing. Even Shakespeare could not make sport with the great primal elements of woe. And so the poor Fool sought the little corner where he slept, turned his face to the wall, and went to bed in the noon of his life for the last time—*functus officio*."

105. *Bearing*. Suffering. Schmidt thinks that *bearing fellowship* is= "companionship in suffering," the phrase being the object of *hath*; but this is very improbable.

106. *Portable*. Bearable, endurable; as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 89: "all these are portable."

108. *Childed* is not found elsewhere in S. For *father'd*, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 297 and *Macb.* iv. 2. 27.

109. *The high noises*. "The loud tumults of approaching war" (Steevens).

Bewray. Disclose, discover. See on ii. 1. 107 above. Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion* now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence and recall thee to honour and reconciliation."

110. *Thoughts defile*. Changed by Theo. to "thought defiles" for the sake of the rhyme; but Walker shows that such imperfect rhymes were common in S. and his contemporaries. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 92, 93, etc.

111. *Repeals*. Recalls. Cf. *J. C.* p. 157, or *Rich. II.* p. 181.

112. *What will hap*. Happen what will. Cf. Gr. 254.

SCENE VII.—2. *Letter*. Cf. iii. 5. 8 above.

3. *Traitor*. The quartos have "villaine" or "vilaine."

7. *Reverges*. For the plural, cf. ii. 4. 274 above.

9. *Festinate*. Speedy. The quartos have "festuant," the folios "festiuate." The word is used by S. only here, but *festinately* is one of Armado's affectations in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 6.

11. *Intelligent*. The quartos have "intelligence." See on iii. 1. 25 above.

12. *My lord of Gloster*. "Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles" (Johnson). Cf. iii. 5. 14 above. Oswald in 14 refers to the old earl.

16. *Questrists*. Seekers, searchers (Fr. *questeur*). The word is not found elsewhere. Cf. *questant* in *A. W.* ii. 1. 16.

At gate. F. prints "at' gate." Cf. Gr. 90 for similar ellipses, in many of which no such absorption of *the* is possible.

17. *Lord's dependants*. H. and some other editors print "lords dependants" (=dependant lords); but, as F. remarks, it clearly means *Gloster's* dependants. There were no *lords* dependent on the king, but only certain *knights*. The question in 45 below doubtless refers to *Gloster's* agency in giving Lear an escort of some of his own followers.

23. *Pass upon*. "That is, pass a judicial sentence" (Johnson). It is still a legal term (F.).

25. *Do a courtesy to*. Yield to, obey. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 175: "Bidding the law make court'sy to their will."

27. *Ingrateful*. See on ii. 4. 157 above.

28. *Corky*. "Dry, withered, husky" (Johnson). Percy cites Harsnet, p. 23: "It would (I feare me) pose all the cunning Exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old corkie woman to writhe, tumble, curuet, & fetch her Morice gamboles, as *Martha Brossier* did."

29. *Means*. The reading of all the early eds. except the 4th folio, which has "mean." See Gr. 335.

32. *I'm none*. The quartos read "I am true."

36. *Naughty*. See on iii. 4. 103 above.

38. *Quicken*. Come to life. See *Oth.* p. 188.

39. *My hospitable favours*. "The features of me your host" (Wr.). Schmidt cites 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 136: "And stain my favours in a bloody mask;" where most editors read "favour."* Steevens quotes Drayton's *Matilda to K. John*:

"Within the compass of man's face we see
How many sorts of several favours be;"

and *David and Bethsabe*, 1599: "To daunt the favours of his lovely face."

42. *Simple-answer'd*. Plain in your answer. Cf. *better-spoken* in iv. 6. 10 below. The quartos (followed by Wr. and M.) have "simple answerer."

44. *Footed*. See on iii. 3. 12 above.

53. *I am tied*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* v. 7. 1:

"They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course;"

and see our ed. p. 252.

54. *To Dover?* The quartos add "sir."

57. *Stick*. The quartos have "rash," for which see *Rich. III.* p. 211, note on *Rased*.

59. *Buoy'd up*. Lifted itself up. Warb. conjectured "boil'd," which is also in the Coll. MS. The verb occurs nowhere else in S. For the noun, see iv. 6. 19 below. Schmidt makes *fires* the object of *buoy'd*.

60. *Stelled*. Fixed, as Schmidt explains it; not=starry, "an adjective coined from *stella*" (Theo.). Cf. *R. of L.* 1444 and *Sonn.* 24. 1 (see our ed. p. 137).

61. *Holp*. Often used by S. both as past tense and participle. See *K. John*, p. 138, or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 147. The quartos have "holpt," and "rage" for *rain*.

62. *Stern*. The quartos have "dearn," which Capell and Sr. adopt. The word occurs in *Per.* iii. prol. 15: "By many a dearn and painful perch." Steevens and Wb. define it as "lonely, solitary, melancholy;" Schmidt as "dreadful."

64. *All cruels else subscribe*. The quartos have "subscrib'd." We agree with F. that this is "the most puzzling phrase" in the play. The interpretations and emendations that have been proposed seem to us mere "tricks of desperation." If we follow the folio, we may as well put the words into the address to the porter, as F. does; but we cannot quite accept either of his paraphrases ("acknowledge the claims of all creatures, however cruel they may be at other times," or "give up all cruel things else—that is, forget that they are cruel"), though the second

* See our ed. of 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 181. We adopted Hammer's emendation with some hesitancy, and are more doubtful about it now. The old text might well enough be followed there as here.

may possibly be right. "As in i. 2. 24, Lear *subscribed* his powers, so here the porter should *subscribe all cruels*, that is, he should surrender, yield, give up whatsoever was cruel in the poor beasts, and see only their claim to his compassion." Coll., D., and Sr. adopt Johnson's interpretation of "subscrib'd:" "yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion." K., St., and W. offer no explanation or comment. Clarke and Wr. make *cruels* = cruelties, referring to Gr. 5 (cf. Gr. 433); but Schmidt insists that *cruels* can mean nothing but "cruel creatures." In the examples given in Gr. 5, the adjective is singular. Schmidt's interpretation is as follows: "Everything, which is at other times cruel, shows feeling or regard; you alone have not done so." Mr. J. Crosby explains the passage thus: "All thy *feelings*, no matter how cruel or inhuman 'else,' that is, *at any other time*, or under any other circumstances, having 'subscribed,' that is, *succumbed*, to the terrors of the storm, and *yielded* to the pity for the old king, thy father." M. says: "All harshness otherwise natural being forborne or yielded from the necessity of the time;" and Wr.: "all their other cruelties being yielded or forgiven." If *cruels* can mean either cruel *feelings* or cruel *acts*, we might possibly accept one of these latter explanations, which agree essentially with Johnson's—for of course he took *cruels* in one or the other of these senses; but there's the rub!—*may* the word be so understood?

For the general meaning of the passage, cf. iv. 7. 36 below.

66. *See 't shalt thou never!* Coleridge asks: "What can I say of this scene?—There is my reluctance to think Shakespeare wrong, and yet—." Elsewhere he says: "I will not disguise my conviction that in this one point the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic."

75. *A beard*, etc. Wr. compares *Ham.* iv. 7. 32.

76. *What do you mean?* F. asks: "Should not this be given to Cornwall?"

77. *Villain*. In its literal sense of serf. M. remarks: "As a villain could hold no property but by his master's sufferance, had no legal rights as against his lord, and was (perhaps) incapable of bearing witness against freemen, that one should raise his sword against his master would be unheard-of presumption, for which any punishment would be admissible. The lord's making war against his superior lord would entail no such consequences."

86. *Quit*. Requite. See *Rich. II.* p. 208, or *Ham.* p. 269. *Treacherous* is omitted in the quartos.

88. *Overture*. Opening, disclosure. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 172: "without more overture" (Schmidt).

90. *O*. Monosyllabic exclamations sometimes take the place of a foot in the verse (Gr. 482). Cf. iv. 2. 26 below.

92. *At gates*. F. prints "at' gates." See on 16 above.

97. *Untimely*. Adverbial; as in *Ham.* iv. 1. 40: "untimely done," etc.

98–106. *I'll never . . . help him!* Omitted in the folios.

100. *Old course of death*. Ordinary course of death, a natural death. Wordsworth (*Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible*) compares *Numb.* xvi. 29.

102. *Bedlam*. Lunatic; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 83: "Bedlam, have done." See our ed. p. 143. Eccles doubts if this refers to Edgar, who had assumed his disguise only the evening before; but S. probably had him in mind.

104. *Allows itself to*. Allows itself to be turned to, or employed in.

105. *Flax and whites of eggs*. A common remedy in that day. Steevens thought that this passage was parodied by Jonson in *The Case is Alter'd*, ii. 4; but that play was written in 1599, though not published until 1609.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—3. *Dejected thing of fortune*. Thing cast down by fortune. Cf. Gr. 419a. The early eds. join *To be worst to flatter'd*, and Tyrwhitt wished to read "flatter'd to be worse."

4. *Esperance*. Hope; as in *T. and C.* v. 2. 121: "An esperance so obstinately strong." See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 161.

6-9. *Welcome . . . But*. Omitted in the quartos.

7. *Unsubstantial*. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 103. *Insubstantial* occurs in *Temp.* iv. i. 155. See on ii. 4. 159 above.

9. *Owes nothing to thy blasts*. "Need not care for them" (M.); or, has nothing to thank them for.

12. *Life would not yield to age*. "We so hate life that we gladly find ourselves lapsing into old age, and approaching death, which will deliver us from it" (M.).

20. *Our means secure us*. "The advantages we enjoy make us secure or careless" (Schmidt). For *secure*, cf. *T. of A.* ii. 2. 185:

"Canst thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;"

and *Oth.* i. 3. 10: "I do not so secure me in the error," etc. See *Oth.* p. 161. Wr. explains the passage thus: "Things we think meanly of, our mean or moderate condition, are our security;" and he adds that he knows of no instance of the verb *secure*=to render careless. *We* know of no instance of *means*=mean things, or "moderate condition." Halliwell thinks that *means*= "want of means, the low state of our means." K. says: "The means, such as we possess, are our securities, and, further, our mere defects prove advantages." Hammer reads "Meanness secures us;" Johnson conjectures "Our means seduce us" or "Our *mains* secure us," and H. adopts the latter. For sundry other emendations and interpretations, see F. The old text is probably right, and the choice of explanations lies between Schmidt's and Knight's.

21. *Commodities*. Advantages. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 157.

22. *Abused*. Deceived, deluded. See *Ham.* p. 215.

37. *Kill*. The quartos have "bit" or "bitt." Wordsworth (*Shakespeare's Knowl. of Bible*) says: "I very much doubt whether S. would have allowed any but a heathen character to utter this sentiment."

39. *Angering itself and others.* "He at the same time displeases himself and the person he endeavours to amuse" (Heath).*

46. *Times*. The plural, not the singular (D.). Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 288: "Making practice on the times;" *M. of V.* ii. 9. 48: "the chaff and ruin of the times," etc. But the singular is similarly used; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 86, *Macb.* v. 8. 24, *Ham.* iii. 2. 27, etc.

When madmen lead the blind. "When enthusiasts madden the ignorant" (M.).

49. *'Parel.* The early eds. have "parrell" or "Parrel;" but the old form "paraille" was obsolete in the time of S. See Gr. 460 for a list of words in which the prefix is dropped; but it contains some (like *fall, get, haviour, plain, scape*, etc.) that do not belong there.

52. *Daub it.* Disguise; as in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 29: "So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue." The quartos have "dance it." For it, see Gr. 226.

57-61. *Five fiends . . . master!* Omitted in the folios.

60. *Flibbertigibbet.* The quartos have "Stiberdegibit," which F. retains; but the word is doubtless a misprint. Cf. iii. 4. 107 above, where the 1st quarto has "fliberdegibek," and the 2d "Sirberdegibit."

Mopping and mowing. Making faces or grimaces. The two words have the same meaning, and are often thus conjoined. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 47:

"Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow;"

and B. and F., *Pilgrim*, iv. 2:

"What mops and mows it makes! heigh, how it frisketh!
Is 't not a fairy? or some small hob-goblin?"

We have *mow* alone in *Temp.* ii. 2. 9: "Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me." Malone quotes Harsnet: "make antike faces, grinne, mow and mop like an ape."

61. *Chambermaids.* An allusion to Harsnet's account of the three chambermaids in the family of Mr. Edmund Peckham. Perhaps, as M. thinks, there may be a general reference to chambermaids "who perform these antics before their mistress's dressing-glass."

65. *Makes thee the happier.* "That is, because my wretchedness now teaches me to compassionate those who are in distress" (Wordsworth). Cf. Dido's "Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

66. *Superfluous.* Having more than enough. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 116: "Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly." See also ii. 4. 260 above.

67. *That slaves, etc.* "Who, instead of paying the deference and submission due to your ordinance, treats it as his slave, by making it subservient to his views of pleasure or interest" (Heath). Stevens cites Heywood, *Brazen Age*: "Could slave him like the Lydian Omphale;" and Massinger, *A New Way*, etc. iv. 3: "a pleas'd sire, that slaves me to his will." Malone adds from Webster's *Malcontent*, iv. 1: "O powerful

* H. (school ed.) says: "*Angering* in the sense of *grieving*; a common use of *anger* in the Poet's time." We can find no authority for such a sense; though *anger* is of course often accompanied with sorrow. H. cites *Mark*, iii. 5 in support of his interpretation; but there *anger* translates the Greek *ὀργή*, which surely does not mean grief.

blood! how dost thou slave their soul!" For *slaves* the quartos have "stands," and the Coll. MS. "braves."

Ordinance = "the established order of things, law of nature" (Schmidt).

72. *There is a cliff*, etc. "It is remarkable that Gloster goes to Dover, not, as Regan laughingly says, that he may now do his worst in treason, but simply that he may throw himself from the cliff in utter despair. The fact is, that this interpolated part of the plot is one of the many instances of Shakespeare's homage to Sir Philip Sidney; to pay which he does not hesitate to make a certain sacrifice of probability. In the *Arcadia* (p. 160) we have 'a prince of Paphlagonia, who, being ill-treated by his son, goes to the top of a high rock to cast himself down.' (But how slight is the hint in the romance compared with the magnificent use which Shakespeare makes of it!) So in *Per.* i. 1, we have taken from Sidney's *Arcadia* (p. 149) the expression, 'The Senate-house of planets all did sit, To knit in her their best perfections.' And in *A. Y. L.* the celebrated passage about 'tongues in trees,' etc., is an adaptation from Sidney's *Astro-phel*" (M.).

73. *In.* Into. Malone remarks: "S. considered the sea as a mirrour. To look *in* a glass is yet our colloquial phraseology." (Cf. Gr. 159.)

The *cliff* now known as *Shakespeare's Cliff* is just outside of the town of Dover, to the southwest. It has been somewhat diminished in height by frequent landslips, but is still about 350 feet high. The surge still chafes against the pebbles, and the samphire-gatherer is still let down in a basket to pursue his perilous trade; but the cliff is not so perpendicular, nor do objects below seem so small as one would infer from the poet's description. Probably he did not mean to give a picture of this particular cliff, but delineated one "in his mind's eye," and more or less ideal. The South Eastern Railway now runs through the Dover cliff in a tunnel 1331 yards long.

SCENE II.—1. *Welcome.* She welcomes him to her house after reaching it in his company (Delius).

Our mild husband. "It must be remembered that Albany disliked, at the end of the 1st act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude" (Johnson).

2. *Not.* For the transposition, see on ii. 1. 75 above, and cf. 53 below.

8. *Sot.* "Dolt, blockhead" (Schmidt). See *Temp.* p. 132.

11. *What like, offensive.* For ellipses in antithetical sentences, see Gr. 395. Cf. iv. 6. 261 and iv. 7. 4 below.

12. *Cowish.* Cowardly; used by S. only here.

14. *Answer.* That is, a manly answer to a challenge; as in *Ham.* v. 2. 176 (see our ed. p. 272) and *T. and C.* i. 3. 332.

Our wishes, etc. The wishes we have expressed on the road hither may be realized.

16. *Powers.* Forces. See on iii. 1. 30 above.

17. *Arms.* The quarto reading; the folios have "names."

22. *Decline your head.* Either that she may put a chain round his neck (Delius), or to receive the kiss.

24. *Conceive.* Understand; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 50, etc.

26. *O.* See on iii. 7. 90 above.

28. *My fool usurps my body.* The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "A foole vsurpes my bcd," and the 2d "My foote vsurpes my head."

29. *I have been worth the whistle.* "There was a time when you would not have waited so long without coming to meet me" (M.). The 1st quarto has "whistling." Steevens quotes Heywood's *Proverbs*: "A poore dogge that is not woorth the whystlyng."

31-50. *I fear . . . the deep.* Omitted in the folios.

Fear=fear for; as in v. 1. 16 below. See also *Ham.* p. 188. Gr. 200.

32. *That nature, etc.* "That nature which is arrived to such a pitch of unnatural degeneracy as to condemn its origin cannot from thenceforth be restrained within any certain bounds whatever, but is prepared to break out into the most monstrous excesses every way, as occasion or temptation may offer" (Heath). Clarke makes *cannot be border'd certain in itself*="cannot comprise reliable component substance in itself."

For *it* possessive, cf. i. 4. 206 above. Gr. 228.

34. *Sliver.* See *Much.* p. 229. *Disbranch* is used by S. only here.

35. *Material.* A good word enough (=furnishing matter, nourishing), but changed by Theo. to "maternal," which is not found in S. Schmidt remarks: "From Shakespeare's use of *material* elsewhere, in the sense of *full of matter*, and hence of *importance*, it is not easy to explain it here." But here it is ="full of matter," in a sense in which S. often uses *matter* (=substance, materials).

Perforce. Of necessity; used only with *must* in this sense. Cf. 49 below. It is often=by force; as in i. 4. 289 and i. 5. 36 above.

36. *Deadly use.* Warb. refers this to the use made of *withered branches* by witches in their charms; but the meaning may be simply "to the use which belongs to a dead thing, that is, burning," as M. explains it. Some see an allusion to *John*, xv. 6.

39. *Filths.* Wr. compares *T. of A.* iv. 1. 6: "To general filths," etc. *Savour*=have a taste or relish for.

42. *Head-lugg'd.* Led by the head. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 82: "a lugged bear." Wr. quotes Harsnet, p. 107: "As men leade Beares by the nose, or Jack an Apes in a string."

43. *Madded.* Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 61: "This music mads me," etc. S. does not use *madden*.

47. *Tame.* "A suspicious word on account of its weakness. After *visible spirits* we should expect rather to *doom* or to *damn*. Perhaps S. wrote to *take the vile offenders*" (Schmidt).

50. *Milk-liver'd.* See on ii. 2. 15 above.

53-59. *That not . . . why does he so?* Omitted in the folios.

54. *Fools do those villains, etc.* We are inclined to agree with F. that this probably refers to Albany himself, not to Gloster or Lear as others explain it. "She cannot refer to Gloster, because Albany is ignorant of what had been done to him, and she herself had left Gloster's castle before the blinding was accomplished; and it is difficult to believe that she refers to Lear."

55. *Where's thy drum?* That is, why are you not rallying your forces?

56. *Noiseless.* "With no sound of preparation for war" (Wr.).

57. *Thy state begins to threat.* The 1st quarto has "thy state begins thereat;" and the 2d, "thy slaier begins threats." The emendation in the text is due to Jennens; not to Eccles, as stated by the Camb. editors and H.

58. *Moral.* Moralizing. See *Much Ado*, p. 162.

60. *Proper deformity.* "Deformity conformable to the character" (Schmidt); as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 37:

"if damn'd commotion so appear'd
In his true native and most proper shape."

Delius makes it—"deformity which conceals itself under a pleasing, fair outside;" but, as Wr. says, this would call for some such word as *spectious* instead of *horrid* in the next line.

62-69. *Thou changed . . . news?* Omitted in the folios.

62. *Self-cover'd.* If this be what S. wrote, it seems to us that it must mean "whose genuine self is covered or concealed." The only question is whether she "has hid the woman under the fiend," as Johnson, Malone, Clarke, and Wr. understand it, or the fiend under the woman, as Delius and F. make it. Either can be made to suit the context; but we prefer the former. The meaning then is: Thou perverted creature, who hast lost thy proper self (either thy womanly self, or thy self as it has seemed to me, the ideal of my affection) and hast become a fiend, *do* not thus make a monster of thyself. Were it becoming in me to yield to the angry impulse, I could tear thee limb from limb; but fiend though thou art, thy woman's shape doth shield thee. F. has well put the other interpretation, which differs from this only in part: "Is it over-refinement to suppose that this revelation to Albany of his wife's fiendlike character transforms, in his eyes, even her person? She is changed, her true self has been covered; now that she stands revealed, her whole outward shape is be-monstered. No woman, least of all Goneril, could remain unmoved under such scathing words from her husband. Goneril's 'feature' is quivering and her face distorted with passion. Then it is that Albany tells her not to let her evil self, hitherto covered and concealed, betray itself in all its hideousness in her outward shape."

Of the emendations that have been proposed, the most noteworthy are "false-cover'd" (Sr.), "self-govern'd" (Coll.), "self-colour'd" (M.), and "sex-cover'd" (Mr. J. Crosby). This last (adopted by H. in his school ed.) is ably defended by Mr. Crosby in the *Literary World* (Boston, Nov. 22, 1879); but while a tolerably satisfactory meaning can be found in the old text, we do not feel justified in adopting a new one. Mr. Crosby makes *changed*=bewitched, as in *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 117, and finds in *feature* the sense of sex or womanhood, or that which distinguished Goneril's *making* (*feature* is from the Latin *facere*) from that of a man. The meaning then is: "Thou bedevilled creature, covered as thou art with all the lineaments of a woman, and yet guilty of such monstrous, un-womanly cruelty, for shame! make not a monster of thy sex, change not thy woman's form into a devil!"

For *feature*=bodily shape in general, figure, form, cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 167, and see our ed. p. 220.

64. *Blood*. "Passion, anger" (Schmidt). Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 32: "thou heatest my blood," etc.

68. *Nov*. The quartos have "mew," which Wr. adopts, making it =keep in, restrain. Cf. *M. A. D.* p. 126. M. paraphrases thus: "A nice notion you have of manhood!"

73. *Remorse*. Pity, compassion. See *Macb.* p. 171.

74. *Oppos'd*. Schmidt, in his *Lexicon*, puts this under *opposed* "used adjectively;" but it seems to be the past tense, and =made opposition, opposed himself. For *oppose against*, cf. *W. T.* v. i. 46:

"T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills."

It is often used reflexively; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 26, *K. John*, iii. i. 170, *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 18, etc.

75. *To*. In the direction of, against.

78. *Pluck'd*. A favourite word with S. See *Rich. III.* p. 199. It occurs six times in the present play.

79. *Iusticers*. See on iii. 6. 21 above. Here the 1st quarto has "Iustisers," the other early eds. "Iustices." *Nether* = committed on earth (opposed to *above*).

80. *Venge*. Not to be printed "'venge," as in many eds. See *Rich. II.* p. 158.

83. *One way*, etc. "Goneril's plan was to poison her sister,—to marry Edmund,—to murder Albany,—and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund" (Mason).

85. *The building in my fancy*. Steevens quotes *Cor.* ii. i. 216:

"my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy."

86. *Another way*. Really the same as the *One way* in 83, the *other way*—the one she did *not* like—being introduced by the *But*.

90. *Back again*. That is, going back again.

SCENE III.—This scene is omitted in the folios. See p. 11 above.

Enter . . . a Gentleman. "The same whom he had sent with letters to Cordelia" (Johnson).

7. *Who*. Changed by some editors to "Whom." Cf. v. 3. 248 below, and see Gr. 274.

12. *Trill'd*. Trickled. Walker cites B. J., *Every Man Out of His Humour*, iii. 2: "how he wept, if you mark'd it! did you see how the tears trill'd?" and Browne, *Brit. Pastorals*, ii. 4: "And chilly drops trill o'er his staring eyes."

14. *Who*. See on i. i. 105 above, and cf. 17 below. Gr. 264.

18. *Sunshine and rain*. M. remarks: "It is the triumph of a poet thus to make two feelings work at once in one mind. Thus Homer makes the women's tears for Patroclus turn to tears for their own bondage (Πατρόκλου πρόφασιν σφῶν δ' αὐτῶν κήδε' ἐκάστη); the dying Dido in Virgil struggles for the light, but hates it when found (quaesivit caelo

lucem ingemuitque reperta). But no poet ever ventures, as S. does here, to imagine a grief, the most powerful of which human nature is capable, thus controlled by the tranquil graciousness of a calm nature, which cannot do otherwise than hold its own amid all disturbance, and is incapable of losing its balance; the inward perfection thus giving lovely mildness to the accidental and temporary emotion which still remains entire and undestroyed."

19. *A better way.* A much disputed passage. Clarke says: "It means that her mingled 'smiles and tears' expressed her feelings in 'a better way' than either 'patience or sorrow' could do separately; each of which 'strove who should express her goodliest.' The words 'her smiles and tears were like a better way,' moreover, include comparison with the opening phrase of the speech, 'Not to a rage;' showing that her emotion vented itself in nothing like rage, but ('a better way') in gentle 'smiles and tears,' compounded of both 'patience and sorrow.'" Schmidt points "like, a better way," and explains thus: "resembled sunshine and rain, but in a more beautiful manner." H. points "like: a better way,—those," etc. = "to speak it in a better way, to express it in a better form of words, those," etc. Warb. proposed "a wetter May;" Tollet (followed by Malone, Coll., and W.) "a better May;" Theo. (so Steevens, K., D., and St.) "a better day." Other emendations are "a chequer'd day," "a bitter May," etc.

Smilets is "a purely Shakespearian diminutive" (Wr.).

22. *As pearls,* etc. Steevens takes the poetry out of the passage by the following note, which might have been written by a jeweller's apprentice: "This idea might have been taken from the ornaments of the ancient carcanet or necklace, which frequently consisted of table *diamonds* with *pearls* appended to them, or, in the jeweller's phrase, *dropping* from them. Pendants for the ear are still called *drops*."

29. *Let pity not be believed!* That is, believed to exist. Capell changed *pity* to "it."

31. *And, clamour-moisten'd,* etc. The quartos read "And clamour moistened her." Capell gave "And clamour moisten'd" = allayed with tears her grief ready to burst out into *clamour*, as winds are allayed by rain. Moberly explains it, "Shed tears upon her cry of sorrow;" and J. H., "gave to her outcries a weeping or tearful tone." Walker makes *clamour-moisten'd* (= *luctu madentes*) refer to eyes; or, as F. puts it, "her eyes that were heavenly and wet with wailing." F. prefers this explanation, but believes the passage to be corrupt—as it probably is. For the construction he compares *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 139: "the full-fraught man and best endued." The reading in the text is that of W., which H. also adopts, though not altogether satisfied with it. Theo. and Warb. read "And, clamour-motion'd, then," etc. Johnson says: "The sense is good of the old reading, 'Clamour moisten'd her,' that is, her outcries were accompanied with tears."

32. *It is the stars,* etc. Cf. i. 2. 94 fol. above.

33. *Conditions.* "Temper, character, habit" (Schmidt). Cf. i. 1. 289 above.

34. *Self mate and mate.* "The same husband and wife" (Johnson). For *self*, cf. i. 1. 62 above.

35. *Spoke not*. Have not spoken. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 58: "I was not angry since I came to France," etc. Gr. 347.

42. *Elbowus*. "Stands at his elbow and reminds him of the past" (Wr.); "seems to buffet him" (M.); perhaps = pushes him aside (Schmidt). The word is a puzzling one, and probably one of the corruptions of this corrupt scene, "perhaps the most corrupt throughout Shakespeare's plays" (F.). Pope, Theo., Hamner, and some others read "bows."

49. *'Tis so, they are afoot*. "So it is that they are on foot" (Johnson); "they are actually on foot" (Malone).

51. *Some dear cause*. "Some important business" (Malone). Cf. i. 4. 263 above.

SCENE IV. — 3. *Fumiter*. "Fumitory" (Hamner's reading). The quartos have "femiter," the folios "Fenitar." Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 45: "The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory." See our ed. p. 184.

4. *Burdocks*. The quartos have "hor-docks," and the folios "Hardokes" or "Hardocks." Farmer reads "harlocks," and H. "hoardocks." *Burdocks* is Hamner's emendation, adopted by Capell, St., W., D., Coll. (3d ed.), and F. The common burdock (*Lappa officinalis*, Wood) grows abundantly by roadsides and in waste places both in England and in this country.

Hemlock is one of the ingredients of the witches' cauldron, in *Macb.* i. 4. 25. See also the quotation from *Hen. V.* just above.

Nettles are often mentioned by S.; as in *IV. T.* i. 3. 329, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 18, *Hen. V.* i. 1. 60, etc.

Cuckoo-flowers. Cf. *cuckoo-buds* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 906. According to Beisly, the *Lychnis flos-cuculi* is here meant; but that has "rose-coloured flowers," while the *cuckoo-buds* in *L. L. L.* are "of yellow hue." Ellacombe thinks that either the cowslip or the buttercup is meant, and he is inclined, with Dr. Prior, to decide on the latter.

The *darnel* is the *Lolium temulentum*. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 45 and i. *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 44. According to Ellacombe, in the time of S. *darnel*, like *cockle*, was used as "a general name for any hurtful weed."

5. *Idle*. Unprofitable, worthless; opposed to *sustaining*.

6. *Century*. A company of a hundred men; as in *Cor.* i. 7. 3. In the only other instance of the word in S. (*Cymb.* iv. 2. 391: "a century of prayers"), it means simply a hundred.

8. *Can*. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 27: "Our worser genius can," etc. See also *Ham.* pp. 233, 255. Gr. 307.

9. *The restoring*. For the article with the verbal, see Gr. 93.

10. *Helps*. Heals, cures; as in *R. of L.* 1822, *Temp.* ii. 2. 97, *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 47, etc.

11. *Means*. For the singular use, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 19, *IV. T.* iv. 4. 632, 865, *T. of A.* v. i. 230, etc.

Dr. Kellogg (*Shakespeare's Delin. of Insanity*, p. 26) remarks: "The reply of the Physician is significant, and worthy of careful attention, as embracing a brief summary of almost the only true principles recognized by modern science, and now carried out by the most eminent physicians

in the treatment of the Insane. We find here no allusion to the scourgings, the charms, the invocation of saints, etc., employed by the most eminent physicians of the time of S.; neither have we any allusion to the rotary chairs, the vomitings, the purgings by hellebore, the showerings, the bleedings, scalp-shavings, and blisterings, which, even down to our own times, have been inflicted upon these unfortunates by 'science falsely so called,' and which stand recorded as imperishable monuments of medical folly; but in place of all this, S., speaking through the mouth of the Physician, gives us the principle, simple, truthful, and universally applicable."

14. *Simples*. Medicinal herbs. See *A. V. L.* p. 185, or *R. and J.* p. 211.

15. *Anguish*. "Generally used in S. of physical pain" (*Wr.*). Cf. iv. 6. 6 below.

17. *Aidant and remediate*. Helpful and healing. S. uses neither adjective elsewhere; but we find *aidance* in *V. and A.* 330 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 4. 17.

19. *Ungovern'd*. "Unbridled" (*Schmidt*). It is not necessary to make it = "ungovernable," as *Delius* does.

26. *Important*. Importunate. See *Much Ado*, p. 129. The folios have "importun'd," which *Rowe* and *Schmidt* retain.

27. *Blown*. Inflated. *Wr.* quotes *Cymb.* iii. 1. 49.

28. *Aged*. *Abbott* (*Gr.* 497) makes the word here a monosyllable, but we are not sure that this is necessary. He seems to think that the only alternative is to make *our* a dissyllable; but why not scan thus: "But love, | dear love, | and our a- | ged fa- | ther's right?"

SCENE V.—4. *Lord*. The quartos have "Lady;" an error which may have arisen from the use of "L." as an abbreviation for either word (*Malone*).

13. *Nighted*. The word occurs again in *Ham.* i. 2. 68: "thy nighted colour."

20. *By word*. By word of mouth, orally. *Belike*=it is likely, it may be. See *Ham.* p. 225.

22. *Madam, I had rather*—. *Johnson* says: "I know not well why S. gives to *Oswald*, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered." *V.* remarks: "S. has here incidentally painted, without the formality of a regular moral lesson, one of the very strange and very common self-contradictions of our enigmatical nature. Zealous, honourable, even self-sacrificing fidelity,—sometimes to a chief or leader, sometimes to a party, a faction, or a gang,—appears to be so little dependent on any principle of virtuous duty, that it is often found strongest among those who have thrown off the common restraints of morality. It would seem that when man's obligations to his God or his kind are rejected or forgotten, the most abandoned mind still craves something for the exercise of its natural social sympathies, and as it loses sight of nobler and truer duties becomes, like the *Steward*, more and more 'duteous to the vices' of its self-chosen masters. This is one of the moral phenomena of artificial society, so much within the range of

Johnson's observation, as an acute observer of life, that it is strange that he should not have recognized its truth in Oswald's character."

25. *Oeillades*. Amorous glances. The word is spelled "aliads" in the quartos, and "Eliads" or "Iliads" in the folios. Cf. *M. IV* i. 3. 68: "Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œillades." Wr. quotes Cotgrave: "Oeillade: An amorous looke, affectionate winke, wanton aspect, lustfull iert, or passionate cast, of the eye; a Sheepes eye."

26. *Of her bosom*. In her confidence. Cf. *J. C. v*. 1. 7: "I am in their bosoms." See also *1 Hen. IV* p. 155, note on *Into the bosom creep*.

28. *You are; I know 't*. The folio reading; the quartos have "for I know 't."

29. *Note*. "Not a letter, but a remark" (Johnson). Delius thinks that a letter is referred to, both here and in 33 below. Capell takes *this* in 33 to be a ring; W. "this information, but possibly, some token." Grey says it could not have been a letter, because when Oswald was afterwards killed by Edgar, and his pockets rifled, only one letter was found, and that was Goneril's. See iv. 6. 241 below.

35. *Desire her call*, etc. "In plain English, 'Tell her to help herself, if she can, and be hanged' (H.).

40. *Party*. The quartos have "lady."

SCENE VI.—The materials of this scene are taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*. See p. 159 above.

2. *Climb up it*. The quartos have "climb it up." Wr. compares North's *Plutarch*: "When they came to the hills, they sought forcibly to clime them vp." See also *Isa*. xv. 5.

3. *Horrible*. The Coll. MS. has "horribly." Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 196: "swear horrible;" *1 Hen. IV* ii. 4. 402: "horrible afeard," etc. Gr. i.

13. *Choughs*. The *Corvus monedula* (Schmidt). Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 161.

14. *Gross*. Big, large. Cf. the quibble in *1 Hen. IV* ii. 4. 250: "These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

15. *Sampire*. The spelling of the early eds. and more in keeping with its derivation (from the Fr. "l'herbe de *Saint-Pierre*") than the modern *samphire*. Gerarde (quoted by Wr.) gives as one of its Italian names, "*Herba di San Pietro*." He says (*Herball*, p. 428), "Rocke Sampier groweth on the rocky cliffs at Douer." Cotgrave has "*Herbe de S. Pierre*. Sampire, Crestmarin." Malone says: "This personage is not a mere creature of Shakespeare's imagination, for the gathering of samphire was literally a *trade* or common occupation in his time, it being carried and cried about the streets, and much used as a pickle. So, in a song in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, in which the cries of London are enumerated under the title of the cries of Rome: 'I ha Rock-sampier, Rock-sampier; Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,' etc. Again, in Venner's *Via Recta*, etc., 1622: '*Sampire* is in like manner preserved in pickle, and eaten with meates. It is a very pleasant and familiar sauce, and agreeing with man's body.' Dover Cliff was particularly resorted to for this plant." Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, xviii.:

"Rob Dover's neighbouring cleeves of samphire, to excite
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite."

Evelyn, in his *Acetaria*, has a receipt for pickling sampier, called *the Dover receipt*.



SAMPHIRE.

18. *Yond*. Not to be printed "yond'," as it often is. See *Temp.* p. 121, and *J. C.* p. 134.

19. *Cock*. Cockboat. Wr. quotes the description of the shipwreck of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's fleet in Hakluyt's *Voyages*: "neither could we espie any of the men that leaped ouerboord, to saue themselves, either in the same Pinnesse or Cocke, or vpon rafters," etc.

21. *Unnumber'd*. Innumerable; as in *J. C.* iii. 1. 63: "The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks." Cf. *untented* in i. 4. 291 above. Gr. 375. For *idle*, cf. iv. 4. 5 above.

Pebble chafes. The reading of the folios, and ("peeble chaffes") of the 1st quarto. The 2d quarto has "pebbles chafe." Most modern editors adopt Pope's harsh "pebbles chafes."

23. *Deficient*. Defective, failing; used by S. only here and in *Oth.* i. 3. 63: "Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense."

27. *Upright*. Warb. thought we should read "outright" (=forward); but Heath reminds him that *within a foot* of the verge it would be dangerous to leap even upwards.

33. *Why I do trifle*, etc. Abbott (Gr. 411) quotes this as an instance

of the confusion of two constructions, "Why I trifle is to cure," and "My trifling is done to cure."

35. *Sights*. For the plural, see *Rich. II.* p. 206.

38. *Opposeless*. Not to be opposed. See Gr. 446.

39. *My snuff*, etc. Cf. *A. IV.* i. 2. 59:

" 'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits' "

(that is, to be called a snuff by them).

42. *Conceit*. Imagination. See *Ham.* pp. 238, 248.

47. *Pass*. Pass away, die; as in v. 3. 313 below. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3.
25: "let him pass peaceably."

49. *Gossamer*. Spelt "gosmore" in the quartos, and "Gozemore" in the folios. See *R. and J.* p. 178.

50. *Fathom*. S. uses both *fathom* and *fathoms* in the plural. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 210: "how many fathom deep;" *T. and C.* i. 1. 50: "how many fathoms deep," etc.

53. *At each*. "Each joined to another" (Schmidt). "At least," "at-tacht," "at length," "at eke," "a-stretch," "at reach," etc., have been conjectured. Sr. reads "at eche" (from *A. S. eacan*, to add).

54. *Fell* also occurs as the participle in *T. A.* ii. 4. 50 and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 265. Cf. Gr. 344.

57. *Bourn*. Boundary. See *Ham.* p. 218.

58. *A-height*. To the height, aloft. We find "a-high" in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 86. *Shrill-gorg'd* = shrill-throated. For *gorge* = throat, stomach, see *Ham.* p. 263.

71. *Whelk'd*. Protruding, like *whelks*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 108: "His face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs," etc.

Enridged. The quarto reading; the folios have "enraged." Cf. *V. and A.* 820: "Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;" and *R. of L.* 1439: "with swelling ridges."

73. *Clearest*. This has been variously defined as "open and righteous," "purest," and "clear-sighted." As Schmidt remarks, it seems to combine the ideas of "bright, pure, and glorious." In *Lycidas*, 70, "clear spirit" is = "noble mind" in 71.

74. *Men's impossibilities*. What men call impossibilities. Capell cites *Luke*, xviii. 27.

77. *That thing . . . I took it*. Cf. ii. 4. 207 above. Gr. 417.

80. *Free*. Sound. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 2. 44: "whether thou art tainted or free," etc.

81. *Safer*. "Sounder, more sober" (Wr.). Warb. conjectured "sober" and Johnson "saner." Cf. *M. for M.* i. 1. 72: "safe discretion;" *Cor.* ii. 3. 226: "safer judgment," etc. Wr. cites *Oth.* ii. 3. 205.

86. *There's your press-money*, etc. As Capell notes, Lear's mad thoughts are running upon war and warlike exercises, the enlisting of soldiers, the training of bowmen, etc.

Press-money was the money given to a soldier when he was *pressed* into service. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 296, where Wart receives "a tester."

87. *A crow-keeper*. One who keeps off crows from a field. Cf. *R. and*

7. i. 4. 6: "Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;" and see our ed. p. 153. Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, speaking of awkward shooters, says: "An other coureth downe, and layeth out his buttockes, as though he shoulde shoote at crowes" (Douce).

88. *A clothier's yard*. Steevens compares the old ballad of *Chevy-Chace*: "An arrow of a cloth-yard long."

90. *Brown bills*. Halberds used by foot-soldiers. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10. 13: "For many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill." "They were browned, like the old brown Bess, to keep them from rust" (Wr.).

91. *Well flown, bird!* The phrase is taken from falconry, but Lear uses it figuratively of the arrow. The *clout* was the white mark in the centre of the target. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 176, note on *Clapped i' the clout*.

92. *The word*. The watchword; as in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 349 and many other passages.

93. *Marjoram*. See *W. T.* p. 190.

97. *And told me*, etc. Told me that I had the wisdom of age before I had attained to that of youth (Capell).

99. *Ay and no too*, etc. Clarke says: "Lear first exclaims indignantly: 'To say "ay" and "no" to everything I said!' recollecting the facility with which his courtiers veered about in their answers to suit his varying moods, just as Osric does to Hamlet; and then he goes on to say that this kind of 'ay' and 'no' too is no good divinity. In proof that 'ay' and 'no' was used by S. with some degree of latitude, as a phrase signifying alternate reply, and not merely in strictness 'yes and no,' compare *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 231-240, where, if the questions Rosalind asks be examined, it will be perceived that neither 'ay' nor 'no' will do as answers to any of them, except to 'Did he ask for me?'" W. reads "everything that I said ay and no to," etc.

101. *Peace*. Hold its peace. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 219:

"*Iago*. Come, hold your peace.

"*Emilia*. 'T will out, 't will out! I peace!"

105. *Trick*. Peculiarity. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 85: "He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face;" 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 446: "a villanous trick of thine eye," etc.

107. *Subject*. Probably collective; as in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 145: "The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise." See also *W. T.* p. 148, or *Ham.* p. 173.

113. *Civet*. Cf. iii. 4. 98 above.

117. *Piece*. Nearly=masterpiece, or model (Schmidt). Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 56 (also *Per.* iv. 6. 118): "a piece of virtue;" *W. T.* iv. 4. 32: "a piece of beauty;" *Per.* iv. 2. 151: "When nature framed this piece," etc.

This great world. The *macrocosm*, as opposed to the *microcosm*, or "little world of man" (iii. 1. 10), implied in what precedes.

120. *Squiny*. Squint. Malone quotes Armin, *Nest of Ninnies*: "The World, queasie stomackt, . . . squinies at this, and lookes as one scorning." Wr. says the word is still used in Suffolk; and, as F. adds, in this country also. We have heard a New England mother say to a boy, "Don't squiny up your eyes."

122. *Thy letters*. The quartos have "the letters."

123. *It is*. Emphatic; as in *Mach.* i. 3. 141 (Wr.).

126. *The case*. The empty socket. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 14: "to tear the cases of their eyes." W. follows Rowe in reading "this case" (= "such a pair").

127. *Are you there with me?* Is that what you mean? See *A. Y. L.* p. 193, note on *I know where you are*. F. compares "take me with you" in *R. and J.* iii. 5. 140 (see our ed. p. 196).

131. *Feelingly*. "In an inward and heartfelt way. Lear takes it to mean 'only by feeling, as I have no eyes'" (M.).

135. *Handy-dandy*. A children's game, in which, by a sort of sleight of hand, a thing is passed quickly from one hand to the other. Douce quotes an old MS., *A free discourse*, etc.: "They . . . play with your majestie as men play with little children at handye dandy, which hand will you have, when they are disposed to keep any thinge from them."

143. *Through tatter'd clothes great vices do appear*. "When looked at through tattered clothes, all vices appear great" (F.). The quartos (followed by most editors) have "smal" or "small" for *great*.

144. *Robes and furr'd gowns hide all*. Malone quotes *R. of L.* 93: "Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty."

The quartos omit 144-149: *Plate sin . . . accuser's lips*.

Plate = "clothe in plate armour" (Clarke). The folio has "Place sinnes;" corrected by Theo.

147. *Able*. Warrant, answer for. Steevens quotes Chapman, *Widow's Tears*, ii. 1: "Admitted? aye, into her heart, I'll able it." Cf. Middleton, *Game at Chess*: "That's safe, I'll able it."

153. *Matter*. Meaning, sense. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 95: "More matter with less art;" *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 344: "all mirth and no matter," etc.

Impertinency = what is not *pertinent*, or to the purpose. Douce says that the word was not used in the sense of *rude* or *unmannerly* till the middle of the 17th century, nor in that of *saucy* until a considerable time afterwards. Cf. *impertinent* in *Temp.* i. 2. 138.

159. *Wawl*. The quartos have "wayl" or "waile." Wr. cites Cotgrave: "Hoüaller. To yawle, wawle, or cry out aloud."

162. *This*. This is; the reading of Sr. (2d ed.), D., Wr., and F. See Gr. 461. The early eds. have "this a" or "This a."

Block = the fashion of a hat, from the *block* on which it was shaped. See *Much Ado*, p. 120. The editors generally adopt Capell's explanation here: that when Lear says he will *preach*, he takes off his hat, on which his eye happens to fall a moment after, starting another train of ideas. But, as Coll. remarks, Lear probably had no hat on his head, but only his fantastic crown of weeds. F. says that in Edwin Booth's *Prompt Book*, there is the stage-direction, "Lear takes Curan's hat;" which is certainly better than to suppose that he took his own.

163. *A delicate stratagem*, etc. Malone says: "This 'delicate stratagem' had actually been put in practice fifty years before S. was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 41: 'the ladye Margaret, . . . caused there a juste to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room raised high from the ground by many

steps, and paved with black square stones like marble; while the horses, to prevent sliding, *were shod with felt* or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro sive tomento*): after which the ladies danced all night.'"

166. *Then, kill, kill*, etc. Formerly the word given in the English army when an onset was made (Malone). Cf. *V. and A.* 652: "in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'kill, kill.'"

167. *Lay hand*. The quartos have "lay hands."

170. *The natural fool of fortune*. "One born to be the sport of fortune" (Walker). Cf. *R. and J.* iii. i. 129: "I am fortune's fool."

171. *A surgeon*. The 1st quarto has "a churgion," the 2d "a Chirurgion;" the folios have "surgeons." *Surgeon* is the word that S. uses elsewhere, but we find *chirurgionly* in *Temp.* ii. i. 140.

172. *Cut to th' brains*. Clarke remarks: "This, one of the most powerfully, yet briefly expressed, utterances of mingled bodily pain and consciousness of mental infirmity ever penned, is not the only subtle indication in this scene that Lear not merely feels himself to be insane, but also feels acute physical suffering. 'I am not ague-proof' tells how severely shaken his poor old frame has been by exposure throughout that tempestuous night; 'pull off my boots; harder, harder,' gives evidence of a sensation of pressure and impeded circulation in the feet, so closely connected with injury to the brain; and 'I am cut to the brains' conveys the impression of wounded writhing within the head, that touches us with deepest sympathy. Yet, at the same time, there are the gay irrationality and the incoherency that mark this stage of mania."

174. *A man of salt*. A man of tears. Cf. *K. John*, v. 7. 45, *Ham.* i. 2. 154, and *Cor.* v. 6. 93.

176, 177. *Ay . . . good sir*. Omitted in the folios.

178. *Smug*. Spruce. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 173. The word is not in the quartos.

182. *There's life in't*. "The case is not yet desperate" (Johnson).

183. *Sa, sa, sa, sa*. "An exclamation inciting to swift running" (Schmidt). H. thinks it may be "meant to express Lear's panting as he runs."

188. *Speed you*. May you speed, or prosper. See *W. T.* p. 161, note on *Sped*.

189. *Toward*. See on ii. i. 10 above.

190. *Vulgar*. Commonly known. See *Ham.* p. 180.

191. *Which*. Who. See on i. 4. 242 above.

193. *The main descry*, etc. "The main body is expected to be descried every hour" (Johnson); "the full view of the main body is hourly expected" (Wr.).

198. *My worser spirit*. Wr. compares *Temp.* iv. i. 27: "Our worser genius."

201. *Tame to*. The quartos have "lame by," with which Malone compares *Sonn.* 38. 3: "made lame by fortune's dearest spite."

202. *Feeling*. "Heartfelt" (Schmidt) or "touching" (Wr.); or perhaps, as Clarke suggests, combining both senses. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 2. 8: "To whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay."

203. *Pregiant*. Disposed, ready. See on ii. i. 76 above.

204. *Biding*. Abiding-place, abode. Cf. *R. of L.* 550: "from their biding."

206. *To boot, and boot*. "Over and above my thanks" (Clarke).

209. *Thyself remember*. "Recollect the past offences of thy life and recommend thyself to heaven" (Warb.).

210. *Now let*, etc. Clearly addressed to Oswald, as F. explains it; not to Edgar, as Clarke supposes.

215. *Chill*. I will (in the Somersetshire dialect) contracted from *ich will*, as *chud* from *ich would* or *ich should*. In Grose's *Provincial Glossary*, *chell* is said to be used for *I shall* in Somerset and Devon, and *cham* for *I am* in Somerset. In Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra* we find *cham*, *chy*, *chaue*, *chul* (Wr.).

217. *Gait*. Way; now confined to North-country dialects (Wr.).

220. *Che vor ye*. I warn you (Johnson). Capell cites *The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, 1602:

"Yoo by gisse sir tis high time che vore ye
Cham averd another will ha'te afoie me."

Ise=I shall; still used in the western part of Somersetshire, and pronounced *ice*, as it is spelt in the folios (Wr.).

221. *Costard*. Head; literally a kind of apple. See *Rich.* III. p. 195. *Ballow* is a North-country word=pole, cudgel.

222. *Out, dunghill!* Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 87: "Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?"

224. *Foins*. Thrusts in fencing. See *Much Ado*, p. 163, note on *Foining*.

227. *Letters*. Applied to a single letter, as in i. 5. 1 above. Malone says it is used like the Latin *epistolae*, but he probably meant *litterae*, as *epistolae* is a quasi-singular only in post-classical writers.

229. *English*. The quartos have "British." See on iii. 4. 173 above. *Party*=side; as in ii. 1. 26 above.

234. *Father*. Often used as an address to any old man. See *Mach.* ii. 4. 4, etc.; and cf. *M. of V.* p. 139.

237. *Deathsman*. Executioner; as in *R. of L.* 1001, 2 *Hen.* VI. iii. 2. 217, etc. "Edgar is sorry that he anticipated the hangman" (Schmidt).

238. *Leave, gentle wax*. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 35: "Good wax, thy leave."

239. *We rip their hearts*. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 5. 86:

"I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it."

240. *Their papers*. For the ellipsis, cf. iv. 2. 11 above. Gr. 337, 395.

243. *Fruitfully*. Abundantly, fully; as in *A. W.* ii. 2. 73, the only other instance of the adverb in S.

249. *O indistinguish'd space*, etc. "O, unmarked, boundless range of woman's will!" (W.). Schmidt makes *undistinguished* (the 2d quarto reading)="incalculable, unaccountable." For other interpretations, and sundry emendations that have been proposed, see F. For *space*, cf. i. 1. 49 above.

252. *Rake up*. Cover by raking up the earth. Cf. the New England phrase, "to rake up a fire," that is, cover it with ashes. See Wb.

Unsanctified. Wicked. Steevens thought it referred to his burial "in ground unsanctified" (*Ham.* v. 1. 252).

253. *Mature.* Apparently accented here on the penult (Gr. 492).

255. *Death-practis'd.* Whose death is plotted. Cf. *practise* = plot, in iii. 2. 52 above.

258. *Ingenious.* "Conscious" (Schmidt); or, perhaps, "sensitive, acute" (Warb. and Sr.). Wr. cites *Ham.* v. 1. 271: "thy most ingenious sense;" where it seems to mean "keen intellect."

259. *Distract.* Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 155: "she fell distract." See also *T. N.* p. 167. Gr. 342.

260. *Sever'd.* The quartos have "fenced."

264. *Bestow.* Lodge. See on ii. 4. 284 above.

SCENE VII.—4. *Is o'erpaid.* Is to be overpaid. See on iv. 6. 240 above.

5. *Modest.* Moderate. See on ii. 4. 24 above.

6. *Suited.* Dressed. See *T. N.* p. 166; and cf. Milton, *Il Pens.* 122: "Till civil-suited Morn appear."

7. *Weeds.* Garments. Cf. *M. A. D.* ii. 2. 71: "Weeds of Athens he doth wear;" and see our ed. p. 149. *Memories* = memorials. See *A. Y. L.* p. 155. For *worser*, see *Ham.* p. 239.

9. *My made intent.* The intention or plan I have formed. Warb. conjectured "laid" for *made*, and the Coll. MS. has "main."

13. *Sleeps.* For the ellipsis of the subject, see on ii. 4. 41 above.

16. *The untun'd,* etc. Wr. quotes *Ham.* iii. 1. 166: "Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh." The metaphor in *wind up* is taken from a stringed instrument.

17. *Child-changed.* Either "changed to a child," as Steevens, Schmidt, and Abbott (Gr. 430) explain it; or "changed by the conduct of his children," as Malone and Halliwell understand it.

21. *Of sleep.* F. prints "of 'sleep," assuming that *his* is probably absorbed.

The quartos give this speech to "*Doct.*" The next is assigned by the 1st quarto to "*Gent.*," and by the 2d to "*Kent.*" The folio makes one speech of the two, and gives it to "*Gent.*"

24. *Temperance.* Self-restraint, calmness. See *Mach.* p. 240.

Very well. The folios omit these words and the whole of the next line.

25. *Music.* Dr. Bucknill says: "This seems a bold experiment, and one not unfraught with danger. The idea that the insane mind is beneficially influenced by music is, indeed, an ancient and general one; but that the medicated sleep of insanity should be interrupted by it, and that the first object presented to the consciousness should be the very person most likely to excite profound emotion, appear to be expedients little calculated to promote that tranquillity of the mental functions which is, undoubtedly, the safest state to induce, after the excitement of mania. A suspicion of this may have crossed Shakespeare's mind, for he represents Lear in imminent danger of passing into a new form of delusion."

26. *Restoration hang,* etc. Let restoration hang upon my lips the med-

icine to cure thee (Delius). Warb. takes *Restoration* to be "the goddess of health, Hygieia."

32. *Oppos'd against*. Cf. ii. 4. 171 above. The quartos have "expos'd against."

33-36. *To stand . . . helm?* Omitted in the folios.

Dread-bolted. Clarke calls attention to the number of compound words in this play.

35. *Perdu*. Forlorn one; according to Reed and others, an allusion to the *enfants perdus*, or soldiers sent on a desperate service. Wr. quotes Cotgrave: "Enfans perdus. Perdus; or the forlorne hope, of a campe (are commonly Gentlemen of Companies)."

36. *Mine enemy's dog*, etc. V. remarks: "The late J. W. Jarvis, the artist, used often to quote these lines as accumulating in the shortest compass the greatest causes of dislike to be overcome by good-natured pity. It is not merely the personal enemy, for whom there might be human sympathy, that is admitted to the family fireside, but his dog, and that a dog who had himself inflicted his own share of personal injury, and that too upon a gentle being from whom it was not possible that he could have received any provocation."

39. *To hovel*. Wr. compares *cabin* used as a verb in *T. A.* iv. 2. 179.

40. *Short*. If this is what S. wrote, it must be =scanty, insufficient. M. and F. have independently conjectured "dirt."

41. *'Tis wonder*. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 189: "'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so." The measure would admit the *a* here as well as there, and S. may have written it so.

42. *Concluded all*. Come to an end altogether. Wr. compares "dispossess her all" in *T. of A.* i. 1. 139.

47. *That. So that*. Gr. 283.

49. *When*. The 1st quarto and 1st and 2d folios have "where."

53. *Abus'd*. Deceived; as in 77 below and iv. 1. 22 above. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 632: "Abuses me to damn me."

59. *No, sir*. Omitted in the folios.

60-75. Dr. Ray says: "A more faithful picture of the mind, at the moment when it is emerging from the darkness of disease into the clear atmosphere of health restored, was never executed than this of Lear's recovery. Generally, recovery from acute mania is gradual, one delusion after another giving away, until, after a series of struggles, which may occupy weeks or months, between the convictions of reason and the suggestions of disease, the patient comes out a sound, rational man. In a small proportion of cases, however, this change takes place very rapidly. Within the space of a few hours or a day he recognizes his true condition, abandons his delusions, and contemplates all his relations in an entirely different light."

61. *Not an hour more or less*. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Steevens thought this must be an interpolation; but Lear is not yet in his perfect mind. The words are omitted in the quartos.

67. *Nor I know not*. For the double negative, see Gr. 406.

70. *And so I am, I am*. "Never surely was the passionate weeping of a reticent woman more perfectly expressed in brief written words than

these and the 'No cause, no cause' that follow. They so admirably portray the *suppressed* weeping natural to such a character as Cordelia's; concentrated and undemonstrative, yet intensely loving and earnest" (Clarke).

79. *Kill'd*. The quartos have "cured." *And yet . . . has lost* is omitted in the folios.

80. *Even o'er*. "That is, to reconcile it to his apprehension" (Warb.). H. makes it="try to account for, or to make the last day of his remembering tally or fit with the present." Schmidt defines it thus: "to give a full insight into, a clear perception of." Delius considers *even* an adjective.

82. *Till further settling*. "Till his mind is more composed" (Wr.). Dr. Brigham (*Amer. Jour. of Insanity*, July, 1844, quoted by F.) remarks: "We confess, almost with shame, that, although near two centuries and a half have passed since S. thus wrote, we have very little to add to his method of treating the insane as thus pointed out. To produce sleep, and to quiet the mind by medical and moral treatment, to avoid all unkindness, and, when the patients begin to convalesce, to guard, as he directs, against anything likely to disturb their minds and to cause a relapse, is now considered the best and nearly the only essential treatment." For the old-time treatment of insanity, see *A. Y. L.* p. 178, note on *A dark house*, etc.

83. *Walk*. Withdraw. See on iii. 4. 107 above.

86-98. *Holds it . . . fought*. Omitted in the folios.

95. *Arbitrement*. Decision. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 89:

"the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war."

97. *Thoroughly*. Thoroughly. See *Ham.* p. 249, or *M. of V.* p. 144 (note on *Throughfares*).

ACT V.

SCENE I.—4. *His constant pleasure*. "His settled resolution." Cf. "constant will" in i. 1. 36 above.

5. *Miscarried*. Lost, killed. Cf. 44 below; and see *T. A.* p. 152, or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 182.

6. *Doubted*. Suspected, feared. So *doubtful*=suspicious, in 12 below. See *Ham.* pp. 187, 202, 220.

7. *Intend upon*. Intend for, intend to confer upon. Elsewhere S. has *intend to or towards*. Cf. 66 below.

9. *Honour'd*. Honourable, virtuous.

11. *Forfended*. Forbidden. Elsewhere used by S. only in such phrases as *God forbend*, *heaven forbend*, etc. See *Oth.* p. 206.

That thought, etc. This speech and the next are omitted in the folios.

12. *Conjunct*. Intimately connected. See on ii. 2. 112 above.

13. *Bosom'd*. Cf. "of her bosom" in iv. 5. 26 above. *As far as we call hers*="Hers in the full sense of the word" (J. H.).

16. *Fear me not.* Fear not for me. See on iv. 2. 31 above.
- 18, 19. *I had . . . and me.* Omitted in the folios. For *had rather*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 158, or *M. of V.* p. 132.
20. *Be-met.* Met. For the usual force of the prefix *be-*, see Gr. 438.
- 23-28. *Where I . . . nobly.* Omitted in the folios.
24. *For.* As for. Gr. 149.
25. *It toucheth us,* etc. "Albany is marching against the French as invaders of his country, not as the supporters of Lear. France is the subject of *bolds* as well as of *invades*, and not *it*, the business, as Steevens explains it" (Wr.).
26. *Bolds.* The verb is found nowhere else in S., but we have *bolden* in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 91 and *Hen. V.* i. 2. 55.
27. *Make oppose.* Cause or compel to fight against us.
28. *Reason'd.* Argued, debated (Schmidt). Wr. makes it = "talked of." Cf. ii. 4. 259 above.
30. *Particular.* Private, personal. Cf. i. 4. 332 above. See also the noun in ii. 4. 287 above.
- For *and particular broils* the quartos have "dore (or "doore") particulars," and "to" for *the* in the next line.
32. *The ancient of war.* "Such as are grown old in the practice of the military art" (Eccles). Walker and Schmidt conjecture "ancient *men* of war." M. thinks that an officer is meant, "the adjutant general, as we should say." For *ancient*=ensign, see *Hen. V.* p. 154.
33. *I shall attend,* etc. The line is not in the folios.
36. *Convenient.* Becoming, proper. Cf. iv. 5. 31 above.
37. *I know the riddle.* I understand your game; you want to keep watch of me.
44. *Miscarry.* See on 5 above. Here the meaning is plain from what follows.
50. *O'erlook.* Look over. See on i. 2. 32 above.
53. *Discovery.* Reconnoitring. Cf. *Mach.* v. 4. 6 (Wr.).
54. *Greet the time.* "Be ready to greet the occasion" (Johnson).
56. *Jealous.* Suspicious; as in i. 4. 66 above.
61. *Carry out my side.* "Be a winner in the game" (Schmidt). Mason sees an allusion to card-playing; but there are *sides* in all kinds of games, as well as in more serious contests. Cf. *Cor.* v. 3. 13: "which side should win," etc.
65. *Taking-off.* Cf. *Mach.* i. 7. 20: "his taking-off." See our ed. p. 177.
68. *Shall,* etc. A "confusion of construction." See Gr. 411.
- For *my state,* etc. For it concerns me to defend my state, etc. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 3. 56: "my counsel is my shield." For *stands upon*, see *Rich. II.* p. 186, or *Ham.* p. 269. Cf. Gr. 204.

SCENE II.—The quartos have the stage-direction: "*Alarum. Enter the powers of France over the stage, Cordelia with her father in her hand.*"

1. *Tree.* The quartos have "bush."
2. *For your good host.* That is, for your shelter. H. considers it "a rather strange use of *host*;" but the tree is simply compared to a host, or one who takes us under his roof.

5. Mr. Spedding would begin act v. here. See *New Shaks. Soc. Transactions* for 1877-79, p. 15.

11. *Ripeness is all.* Steevens compares *Ham.* v. 2. 232: "If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all."

SCENE III.—2. *Their greater pleasures.* "The pleasure of those greater personages" (Wr.).

3. *Censure.* Judge, pass sentence upon. See on iii. 5. 2 above.

7. *These daughters and these sisters.* "A bitter sarcasm in simplest words, thoroughly characteristic in the woman of quiet expression with intense feeling" (Clarke). Cf. p. 30 above.

17. *As if we were God's spies.* "As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct" (Johnson).

18. *Packs.* Combinations, coalitions. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 123: "a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy," etc.

20-25. Dr. Bucknill says: "This is not mania, but neither is it sound mind. It is the emotional excitability often seen in extreme age, as it is depicted in the early scenes of the drama, and it is precisely true to the probabilities of the mind's history, that this should be the phase of infirmity displaying itself at this moment. Any other dramatist than S. would have represented the poor old king quite restored to the balance and control of his faculties. The complete efficiency of filial love would have been made to triumph over the laws of mental function. But S. has represented the exact degree of improvement which was probable under the circumstances, namely, restoration from the intellectual mania which resulted from the combined influence of physical and moral shock, with persistence of the emotional excitement and disturbance which is the incurable and unalterable result of passion exaggerated by long habitude and by the malign influence of extreme age."

23. *Like foxes.* Alluding to the practice of smoking foxes out of their holes (Heath). Upton thought there was a reference to Samson's foxes. Steevens cites Harrington's *Ariosto*:

"Ev'n as a Foxe, whom smoke and fire doth fright,
So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
Bolts out, and through both smoke and fires he flieth
Into the Taries mouth, and there he dieth."

24. *Good-years.* Probably a corruption of *goujère*, or the pox. See *Much Ado*, p. 126.

Flesh and fell=flesh and skin. For *fell*, see *Much.* p. 251.

28. *This note.* The warrant for the execution of Lear and Cordelia (Malone).

33. *Thy great employment*, etc. The important business intrusted to you does not admit of debate (Malone).

36. *Write happy.* Write yourself down as fortunate, count yourself lucky.

37. *Carry it.* Conduct the business, manage it. See *Much Ado*, p. 139.

- 39, 40. *I cannot . . . I 'll do 't.* Omitted in the folios.
 41. *Strain.* Race, lineage. See *Much Ado*, p. 134.
 43. *Opposites.* Opponents. See *Ham.* p. 227.
 48. *Retention.* Confinement, custody. The words *and appointed guard* are omitted in the folios.
 50. *The common bosom.* "The affection of all men generally" (Capell).
 51. *Our impress'd lances.* The soldiers we have pressed into our service. *Our eyes which* = the eyes of us who. Cf. 2 above.
 55-60. *At this time . . . fitter place.* Omitted in the folios.
 66. *Immediacy.* Being next in authority to me. Malone well compares *Ham.* i. 2. 109: "most immediate to our throne."
 69. *Your addition.* The title you have given him. Cf. ii. 2. 21 above. The quartos have "your advancement."
 70. *Compeers.* Is the peer of, is equal with. The verb is not found elsewhere in S., and the noun occurs only in *Sonn.* 86. 7.
 71. The quartos give this speech to Goneril.
 73. *Look'd but a-squint.* Steevens cites Ray, *Proverbs*: "Love being jealous makes a good eye look a-squint."
 74. *I am not well.* The poison which Goneril has given her (cf. 97 and 227 below) begins to work.
 75. *Stomach.* Wrath, passion (Schmidt). Cf. the quibble in *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 68:

" I would it were,
 That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
 And not upon your maid."

77. *The walls are thine.* It has been a matter of dispute whether this refers to Regan's castle (cf. 246 below), or whether it is used figuratively = "I surrender at discretion." We are inclined to take the latter view. The first folio has "is" for *are*. Theo. conjectured "they all" for *the walls*; and Jennens would read "thy will is mine."

80. *The let-alone*, etc. "Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice" (Johnson). Delius thinks that *your* is emphatic; that not *she*, but *he*, will prevent Regan's marriage.

82. *Thine.* The quartos read "good," and give the line to Edmund.

84. *On capital treason.* Both *on* and *of* are used by S. with the cause of the arrest. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 151: "Of capital treason we arrest you here," etc. See Gr. 177, and cf. 181. For *thy arrest* the quartos have "thine attain."

90. *An interlude!* "Our play has plot within plot!" (M.).

94. *Prove it.* The folios have "make it."

97. *Medicine.* The quartos have "poison."

98. *What.* Whoever. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 65 and v. 3. 47: "Be what they will," etc. Gr. 254.

103. *A herald, ho, a herald!* Omitted in the folios.

104. *Virtue.* Valour (the Latin *virtus*); as in *Cor.* i. 1. 41: "even to the altitude of his virtue."

110. *Sound, trumpet.* Omitted in the folios, as is *Sound* in 115 below.

112. *Lists.* The quartos have "hoast."

For the formalities of the contest here, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3.

Supposed. Pretended. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 61: "the supposed fairies." See also 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 223, iv. 1. 93, etc.

119. *What are you?* Who are you? See on iii. 4. 117 above; and cf. 125 and 163 below.

124. *Cope.* For the transitive use, see *A. Y. L.* p. 155.

129. *The privilege of mine honours.* Pope's reading, made up from that of the quartos "the priuiledge of my tongue," and of the folios, "my priuiledge, The priuiledge of mine honours."

130. *My oath, and my profession.* That is, as a knight.

131. *Maugre.* In spite of. See *T. A.* p. 148. The quartos transpose *place, youth*, making, as F. notes, a harsh recurrence of similar sounds.

132. *Fire-new.* Fresh from the mint. See *T. A.* p. 148.

135. *Conspirant.* "Conspirer" (*Macb.* iv. 1. 91). Elsewhere S. uses *conspirator*.

136. *Upward.* Wr. compares "backward" in *Temp.* i. 2. 50.

137. *Below thy foot.* The quartos have "beneath thy feet."

141. *In wisdom,* etc. Because if his adversary was not of equal rank, he might have declined the combat. Hence the herald proclaimed (111) "If any man of quality or degree," etc. (Malone). Cf. also 153 below.

144. *And that.* And since that. Gr. 285. *Say*=assay, taste, proof; alluding to the formality of *giving the say* at the royal table. See *Rich. II.* p. 220, note on *Taste of it first*. Cf. also i. 2. 39 above.

145. *What safe and nicely,* etc. The delay which by the laws of knight-hood I might properly and with due regard to punctilio make, I scorn to make. We may consider *safe and nicely* as an instance like "fresh and merrily" in *J. C.* ii. 1. 224 (see Gr. 397); for, though S. sometimes uses *safe* adverbially, he has *safely* much oftener.

148. *Hell-hated.* "Abhorred like hell" (Schmidt). J. II. explains it as "prompted by hellish hate."

149. *Which.* As to which. See Gr. 272.

152. *Save him,* etc. Theo. gave this speech to Goneril, and Walker and Halliwell think he was right. Johnson says: "Albany desires that Edmund's life may be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter."

Practice. See on i. 2. 161 above. The quartos read "meere practise."

156. *Hold, sir.* Addressed to Edmund. For the interjectional use of *hold*, see *J. C.* p. 140.

157. *Name.* The quartos have "thing."

160. *Oh!* Omitted in the quartos; but, as F. notes, it is the groan that breaks from Albany at the revelation of his wife's abandoned effrontery, and is as needful to the character as it is to the rhythm.

161. *Ask me not,* etc. The quartos give this to Goneril. K. justifies the folio by referring to 158 above. After saying that, Albany would not ask Goneril if she knew the paper.

162. *Govern.* Restrain, control.

166. *This fortune on me.* The luck to conquer me. For *upon* Wr. compares iii. 6. 87 above.

169. Abbott (Gr. 480) makes the second *more* dissyllabic. W. conjectures "thou *then* hast." The folio has "th' hast wrong'd."

171. *The gods*, etc. See p. 34 above. Wordsworth quotes the Apocryphal *Book of Wisdom*, xi. 16: "wherewithal a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished." For *vices* the quartos read "vertues," and "scourge" for *plague*.

175. *The wheel*. That is, of fortune. Cf. ii. 2. 167 above. Wr. quotes *T. N.* v. 1. 385. On the passage cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 25:

"This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass."

178. *Split my heart*. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 300 (see also v. 1. 26): "When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow," etc. See also *A. and C.* v. 1. 24.

182. *List*. For the transitive use, see Gr. 199. Cf. *Ilen. V.* i. 1. 43, *Ham.* i. 3. 30, etc.

186. *That we*, etc. The quartos have "That with," and Jennens, following them, changed *would* to "we 'd;" but the folio text, as Boswell, Delius, Wr., and F. say, is intelligible enough.

190. *Rings*. Sockets; the *case* of iv. 6. 126 above. Wr. quotes *Per.* iii. 2. 99.

193. *Fault*. F. thinks Delius is right in giving this the meaning of "misfortune;" but possibly Edgar now blames himself for not making himself known to his father sooner.

195. *Good success*. Good result, or issue. See *Rich. III.* p. 232, note on *Dangerous success*.

197. *Flaw'd*. Broken. Cf. ii. 4. 280 above.

202. *As*. As if. See on iii. 4. 15 above, and cf. 214 below.

203. *More, more woful*. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 42: "And more, more strong," etc. See also *Cor.* iv. 6. 63.

205-222. *This would . . . a slave*. Omitted in the folios.

206. *But another*. Malone takes this in opposition to *such as love not sorrow*, as if it were "but another, less sensitive, would make," etc. But, as Wr. remarks, Steevens is right in referring it to what Edgar has yet to tell as the climax of his story. He understands *but* in the usual adversative sense. It seems better to take it as qualifying *another*, as if he said "one more such circumstance only, by amplifying what is already too much, would add to it and so exceed what seemed to be the limit of sorrow." For this gerundial use of the infinitive see iii. 5. 8 above, and cf. Gr. 356.

208. *Top*. See on i. 2. 16 above.

209. *Big*. Loud. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 161: "his big manly voice," etc.

214. *Him*. The quartos have "me;" corrected by Theo.

217. *Puissant*. Always a dissyllable in S. For *puissance*, see *K. John*, p. 158.

218. *Began to crack*. Wr. quotes *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 365: "Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break."

219. *Tranc'd*. As in a trance, apparently dead; like *entranced* in *Per.* iii. 2. 94.

223. *What kind of help?* "I find something very expressive of the versatile and vigilant character of Edgar in this inquiry" (W. W. Lloyd).

232. *Judgment*. The quartos have "Iustice." Tyrwhitt remarks here:

"If S. had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*."

235. *Manners*. S. makes the word either singular or plural, like *news*, *tidings*, etc. See *R. and J.* p. 217, and cf. *Gr.* 333.

242. *After*. For the adverbial use, cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 10, iii. 2. 158, etc.

246. *My writ*. Cf. 28 above.

249. *To who?* Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 52: "To who?" *Id.* iv. 2. 99: "With who?" etc. See also on iv. 3. 7 above.

251. *Take my sword*, etc. Jennens, following the 1st quarto, reads:

"Take my sword,
The captain—give it the captain."

252. *Haste thee*. For *thee* apparently used for *thou*, see *Gr.* 212.

256. *Fordid*. Destroyed. See *Ham.* p. 201, or *M. N. D.* p. 188 (note on *Fordone*). Cf. 292 below.

258. *Stones*. The reading of the early eds. D., H., and Coll. (3d ed.) give "stone."

263. *Stone*. Crystal (Delius). The Coll. MS. has "shine."

264. *The promis'd end*. The predicted doomsday. On the next line, cf. *Much.* ii. 3. 83: "The great doom's image."

265. *Fall and cease!* "Fall, heavens, and let all things cease!" (Capell). Delius takes *fall* and *cease* as nouns in apposition with *horror*, which had occurred to us as a possible interpretation. M. and Schmidt also adopt this view. For *cease* as a noun, cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 15: "cease of majesty." For other explanations of this perplexing little speech, see F.

266. *This feather stirs!* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 31:

"By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not.
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move."

270. *Murderers*. The 1st folio has "Murderors," the other folios "murderers;" the quartos have "murderous" or "murdrous."

271. *I might have sav'd her*. Schmidt reads "Ye" for *I*; but, as M. says, "they have distracted his attention for a moment, and in that moment he might have saved his child."

273. *Her voice*, etc. M. remarks: "This wonderfully quiet touch seems to complete the perfection of Cordelia's character, evidently the poet's best loved creation, his type of the ideal Englishwoman. Her voice was the outward signature of her graciously tempered nature. Burke's description of his wife is a master's variation on Shakespeare's theme: 'Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her smiles are inexpressible. Her voice is a soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd. It has this advantage, you must be close to her to hear it.'"

275. *A-hanging*. For the prefix, see *Gr.* 24.

277. *Biting falchion*. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 136: "I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity."

278. *Made them skip.* Cf. *M. W.* ii. i. 236: "I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats."

282. *Ye.* The early eds. have "we," which Jennens changed to "you;" but, as F. remarks, "ye" is "more in accordance with the *ductus literarum*." With this reading, Kent refers to himself, in answer to Lear's question, *Who are you?*

283. *This is.* The folio reading. Walker conjectures "This'." See on iv. 6. 162 above. Jennens and the Coll. MS. give "light" for *sight*, which W. and H. adopt.

285. *He's a good fellow,* etc. Theo. changed *He's* to "'T was," and *He'll* to "He'd;" but, as Wr. remarks, "Lear's mind is again off its balance."

289. *Your first of difference.* "Your first turn of fortune" (Schmidt). Cf. *Mach.* v. 2. 11: "their first of manhood."

291. *Nor no man else.* "Welcome, alas! here's no welcome for me or any one" (Capell).

292. *Fordone.* See on 256 above. The quartos have "foredoome" or "foredoom'd."

293. *Desperately.* In despair (Schmidt).

294. *Says.* The quartos have "sees."

298. *Decay.* Capell and Steevens refer this to Lear (= "this piece of decayed royalty, this ruined majesty"); but Delius and F. are probably right in taking it as = "the collective misfortunes which this scene reveals."

302. *Boot.* More than that. Cf. iv. 6. 206 above.

305. *O, see, see!* These words are occasioned by seeing Lear again embrace the body of Cordelia (Capell).

306. *My poor fool.* Cordelia; not his Fool, as some have thought (Steevens). For *poor fool* as a term of endearment, see *Much Ado*, p. 133. The editors generally agree in this interpretation; but K. and Lloyd think that it is a reminiscence of the Fool, though the latter remarks that "no more may be meant than that in his wandering state he confuses the image of the Fool with that of his daughter in his arms." F. gives nearly three pages of notes on the passage, at the end of which he says: "Very reluctantly I have come to the conviction that this refers to Cordelia." We sympathize fully with his regret that it cannot be referred to Lear's "poor fool and knave" (iii. 2. 67), but to our mind the context settles the question beyond a doubt. There is no room for a divided sorrow here; Lear's thoughts can never wander more from his dead daughter.

310. *Pray you, undo this button.* The *Quarterly Review* (April, 1833, p. 177, quoted by F.) remarks: "Scarcely have the spectators of this anguish had time to mark and express to each other their conviction of the extinction of his mind, when some physical alteration, made dreadfully visible, urges Albany to cry out, 'O, see, see!' The intense excitement which Lear had undergone, and which lent for a time a supposititious life to his enfeebled frame, gives place to the exhaustion of despair. But even here, where any other mind would have confined itself to the single passion of parental despair, S. contrives to indicate by a gesture the very

train of internal physical changes which are causing death. The blood gathering about the heart can no longer be propelled by its enfeebled impulse. Lear, too weak to relieve the impediments of his dress, which he imagines cause the sense of suffocation, asks a bystander to 'undo this button.'"

314. *Pass.* See on iv. 6. 47 above.

315. *Tough.* Some copies of the 2d quarto have been quoted as having "rough," but the supposed *r* is a broken *t*.

321. *Sustain.* As Jennens remarks, "the play would best end here."

322. *A journey.* That is, to another world.

323. *Master.* "Lear. It would be hard to find in S. a reference to God as *master*" (Schmidt).

324. *The weight,* etc. The folios, (followed by Rowe, Delius, Schmidt, and F.) give this speech to Edgar. Schmidt thinks that the first two lines may belong to Edgar, and the last two to Albany.

326, 327. Jennens calls these lines "silly and false." D. says that the last line "is certainly obscure in meaning." M. remarks: "Age and fulness of sorrows have been the same thing to the unhappy Lear; his life has been prolonged into times so dark in their misery and so fierce in their unparalleled ingratitude and reckless passion, that even if we live as long as he has (which will hardly be), our existence will never light on days as evil as those which he has seen."

ADDENDA.

LEAR'S INSANITY. — Dr. Brigham (*Shakespeare's Illustrations of Insanity*, in *Amer. Jour. of Insanity*, July, 1844) says: "Lear's is a genuine case of insanity from the beginning to the end; such as we often see in aged persons. On reading it we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that it is a real case of insanity correctly reported. Still, we apprehend, the play, or *case*, is generally misunderstood. The general belief is, that the insanity of Lear originated solely from the ill-treatment of his daughters, while in truth he was insane before that, from the beginning of the play, when he gave his kingdom away, and banished, as it were, Cordelia and Kent, and abused his servants. The ill-usage of his daughters only aggravated the disease, and drove him to raving madness. Had it been otherwise, the case, as one of insanity, would have been inconsistent and very unusual. Shakespeare and Walter Scott prepare those whom they represent as insane, by education and other circumstances, for the disease, — they predispose them to insanity, and thus its outbreak is not unnatural. In the case of Lear the insanity is so evident before he received any abuse from his daughters, that, professionally speaking, a feeling of regret arises that he was not so considered and so treated. He was unquestionably very troublesome, and by his 'new pranks,' as his daughter calls them, and rash and variable conduct, caused his children much trouble, and introduced much discord into their households. In fact, a little feeling of commiseration for his daughters at first arises in our minds from these

circumstances, though to be sure they form no excuse for their subsequent bad conduct. Let it be remembered they exhibited no marked disposition to ill-treat or neglect him until after the conduct of himself and his knights had become outrageous. Then they at first reproved him, or rather asked him to change his course in a mild manner. Thus Goneril says to him: 'I would you would make use of that good wisdom Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away These dispositions which of late transform you From what you rightly are;' showing that previously he had been different. This, however, caused an unnatural and violent burst of rage, but did not *originate* his insanity, for he had already exhibited symptoms of it, and it would have progressed naturally even if he had not been thus addressed.

"Lear is not after this represented as constantly deranged. Like most persons affected by this kind of insanity, he at times converses rationally.

"In the storm-scene he becomes violently enraged, exhibiting what may be seen daily in a mad-house, a paroxysm of rage and violence. It is not until he has seen and conversed with Edgar, 'the philosopher and learned Theban,' as he calls him, that he becomes a real maniac. After this, aided by a proper course of treatment, he falls asleep, and sleep, as in all similar cases, partially restores him. But the violence of his disease and his sufferings are too great for his feeble system, and he dies, and dies deranged. The whole case is instructive, not as an interesting story merely, but as a faithful history of a case of *senile insanity*, or the insanity of old age."

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspeare's Plays" (*Transactions of New Shaks. Soc.*, 1877-79, p. 220) as follows:

"Day I. Act I. sc. i.

" 2. Act I. sc. ii.

An Interval of something less than a fortnight.

" 3. Act I. sc. iii. iv. and v.

" 4. Act II. sc. i. and ii.

" 5. Act II. sc. iii. and iv.; Act III. sc. i.-vi.

" 6. Act III. sc. vii.; Act IV. sc. i.

" 7. Act IV. sc. ii.

Perhaps an *Interval* of a day or two.

" 8. Act IV. sc. iii.

" 9. Act IV. sc. iv. v. and vi.

" 10. Act IV. sc. vii.; Act V. sc. i.-iii."

For Eccles's scheme, which is not so satisfactory, see Mr. Daniel's paper, p. 221, or F. p. 408 fol.

TATE'S VERSION OF THE PLAY.—In 1681 Nahum Tate brought out a version of *Lear*, in which—to say nothing of minor changes—the ending of the play was made a happy instead of a tragic one. Neither Lear nor Cordelia dies, and the latter marries Edgar. This was the *Lear* "which held the stage for a hundred and sixty years, and in which all our great

est actors, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and others, won applause, and which was discarded only about forty years ago" (F.). Verplanck considers that Charles Lamb has hit the reason of this: "If he is right, then the real secret of the prolonged popularity of Tate's distortion of *King Lear* is to be found in the fact that the grand and terrible passion of the original is too purely spiritual for mere dramatic exhibition, because it belongs to that highest region of intellectual poetry which can be reached only by the imagination, warmed and raised by its own workings; while, on the contrary, it becomes chilled and crippled by attention to material and external imitation. He says:

"The *Lear* of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent *Lear*; they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of *Lear* is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not *Lear*, but we are *Lear*,—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old?" What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show; it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that *Lear* had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive,—did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudger and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if, at his years and with his experience, anything was left but to die." * *

* Cf. pp. 30, 34, and 39 above. For a fuller account of Tate's version, see F. pp. 467-478.

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR, ETC.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Lear: i. 1(122), 4(131), 5(22); ii. 4(161); iii. 2(43), 4(68), 6(31); iv. 6(106), 7(32); v. 3(54). Whole no. 770.

King of France: i. 1(32). Whole no. 32.

Burgundy: i. 1(12). Whole no. 12.

Cornwall: i. 1(1); ii. 1(14), 2(32), 4(12); iii. 5(12), 7(38). Whole no. 100.

Albany: i. 1(1), 4(11); iv. 2(43); v. 1(14), 3(87). Whole no. 156.

Kent: i. 1(44), 4(37), 5(2); ii. 2(104), 4(32); iii. 1(41), 2(17), 4(18), 6(15); iv. 3(29), 7(16); v. 3(24). Whole no. 379.

Gloster: i. 1(25), 2(61); ii. 1(30), 2(15), 4(12); iii. 3(20), 4(23), 6(15), 7(33); iv. 1(44), 6(63); v. 2(3). Whole no. 344.

Edgar: i. 2(11); ii. 1(1), 3(21); iii. 4(74), 6(47); iv. 1(33), 6(119); v. 1(12), 2(10), 3(78). Whole no. 406.

Edmund: i. 1(3), 2(128); ii. 1(63), 2(1); iii. 3(6), 5(14); iv. 2(1); v. 1(31), 3(76). Whole no. 323.

Curan: ii. 1(11). Whole no. 11.

Oswald: i. 3(3), 4(6); ii. 2(27); iii. 7(6); iv. 2(10), 5(12), 6(16). Whole no. 80.

Old Man: iv. 1(12). Whole no. 12.

Doctor: iv. 4(5), 7(13). Whole no. 18.

Fool: i. 4(109), 5(31); ii. 4(43); iii. 2(40), 4(13), 6(16). Whole no. 252.

Captain: v. 3(6). Whole no. 6.

Gentleman: i. 5(1); ii. 4(5); iii. 1(17); iv. 3(34), 6(16), 7(9); v. 3(5). Whole no. 87.

Herald: v. 3(10). Whole no. 10.

1st Servant: iii. 7(9). Whole no. 9.

2d Servant: iii. 7(5). Whole no. 5.

3d Servant: iii. 7(5). Whole no. 5.

Knight: i. 4(16). Whole no. 16.

Messenger: iv. 2(17), 4(2). Whole no. 19.

Goneril: i. 1(31), 3(25), 4(66); ii. 4(15); iii. 7(2); iv. 2(39); v. 1(7), 3(16). Whole no. 201.

Regan: i. 1(17); ii. 1(23), 2(8), 4(59); iii. 7(19); iv. 5(33); v. 1(14), 3(18). Whole no. 191.

Cordelia: i. 1(46); iv. 4(24), 7(40); v. 3(5). Whole no. 115.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number in each scene is as follows: i. 1(312), 2(200), 3(17), 4(371), 5(56); ii. 1(131), 2(180), 3(21), 4(312); iii. 1(55), 2(97), 3(26), 4(189), 5(26), 6(122), 7(108); iv. 1(82), 2(98), 3(57), 4(29), 5(40), 6(293), 7(98); v. 1(69), 2(11), 3(326). Whole no. in the play, 3336.

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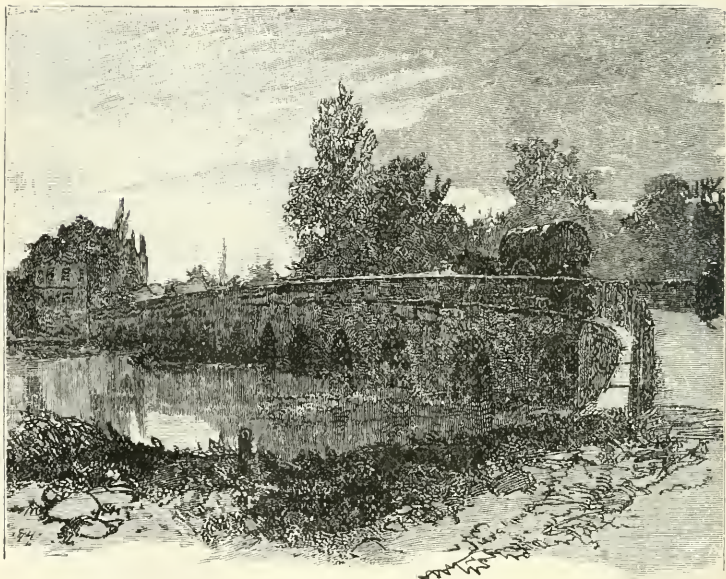
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OLD BRIDGE AT STRATFORD.



J. C. Beard
Del

F. VARLEY



SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY
OF
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

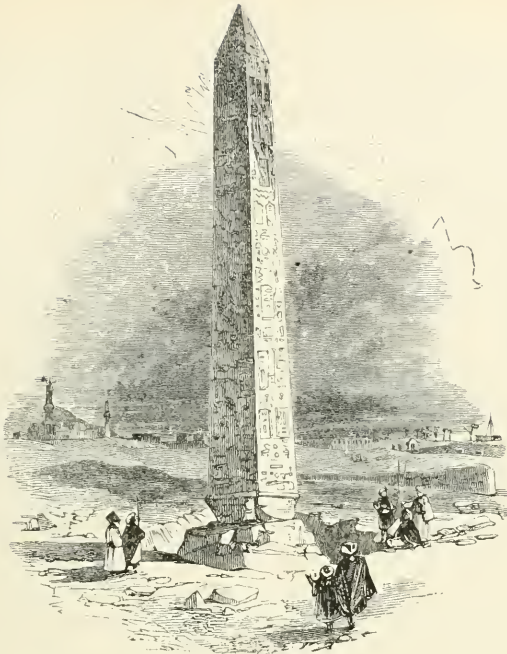


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Subtle as Sphinx (*L. L. L.* iv. 3. 342).



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

INTRODUCTION
TO
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

Antony and Cleopatra was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 340-368 in the division of "Tragedies;" but it was probably written in 1607 or very

early in 1608. There can be little doubt that it is the "Anthony and Cleopatra" which was entered on the Stationers' Registers, May 20th, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the publishers of the folio. As no edition was brought out, it was re-entered by Blount in 1623 as one of the plays in the folio "not formerly entered to other men."

It was formerly supposed that this play was written soon after *Julius Cæsar*, with which it is connected historically in the person of its hero; but we now know that *Julius Cæsar* (see our ed. p. 8) was produced some seven years earlier. As Dowden* has well shown, the "ethical" relations of *Antony and Cleopatra* connect it with *Macbeth* on the one hand, and with *Coriolanus* on the other. He remarks: "The events of Roman history connect *Antony and Cleopatra* immediately with *Julius Cæsar*; yet Shakspeare allowed a number of years to pass, during which he was actively engaged as author, before he seems to have thought of his second Roman play. What is the significance of this fact? Does it not mean that the historical connection was now a connection too external and too material to carry Shakspeare on from subject to subject, as it had sufficed to do while he was engaged upon his series of English historical plays? The profoundest concerns of the individual soul were now pressing upon the imagination of the poet. Dramas now written upon subjects taken from history became not chronicles, but tragedies. The moral interest was supreme. The spiritual material dealt with by Shakspeare's imagination in the play of *Julius Cæsar* lay wide apart from that which forms the centre of the *Antony and Cleopatra*. Therefore the poet was not carried directly forward from one to the other.

"But having in *Macbeth* (about 1606) studied the ruin of a nature which gave fair promise in men's eyes of greatness and nobility, Shakspeare, it may be, proceeded directly to a

* *Shakspeare: His Mind and Art*, American ed. p. 247 fol.

similar study in the case of Antony. In the nature of Antony, as in the nature of Macbeth, there is a moral fault or flaw, which circumstances discover, and which in the end works his destruction. In each play the pathos is of the same kind—it lies in the gradual severing of a man, through the lust of power or through the lust of pleasure, from his better self. By the side of Antony, as by Macbeth's side, there stood a terrible force, in the form of a woman, whose function it was to realize and ripen the unorganized and undeveloped evil of his soul. Antony's sin was an inordinate passion for enjoyment at the expense of Roman virtue and manly energy; a prodigality of heart, a superb egoism of pleasure. After a brief interval, Shakspeare went on to apply his imagination to the investigating of another form of egoism—not the egoism of self-diffusion, but of self-concentration. As Antony betrays himself and his cause through his sin of indulgence and laxity, so Coriolanus does violence to his own soul and to his country through his sin of haughtiness, rigidity, and inordinate pride. Thus an ethical tendency connects these two plays, which are also connected in point of time; while *Antony and Cleopatra*, although historically a continuation of *Julius Cæsar*, stands separated from it, both in the chronological order of Shakspeare's plays and in the logical order assigned by successive developments of the conscience, the intellect, and the imagination of the dramatist."

Antony and Cleopatra is well printed in the folio, and the textual difficulties are comparatively few and slight.

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

For this, as for the other Roman plays (cf. *Julius Cæsar*, p. 9, and *Coriolanus*, p. 10) the poet drew his materials from Sir Thomas North's translation of Amyot's *Plutarch*. How closely he followed his authority the illustrative extracts from North in the *Notes* will show. To earlier plays on the sub-

ject (Daniel's *Cleopatra*, the Countess of Pembroke's *Tragedie of Antonie*, etc.) it is evident that he owed nothing.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Coleridge's "*Notes and Lectures on Shakspeare.*"*]

Shakspeare can be complimented only by comparison with himself: all other eulogies are either heterogeneous, as when they are in reference to Spenser or Milton; or they are flat truisms, as when he is gravely preferred to Corneille, Racine, or even his own immediate successors, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and the rest. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the *Antony and Cleopatra* is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigor of maturity, a formidable rival of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. *Felicitur audax* is the motto for its style comparatively with that of Shakspeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellences so expressed.

This play should be perused in mental contrast with *Romeo and Juliet*—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. But the art displayed in the character of Cleopatra is profound; in this, especially, that the sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature, and that it is supported and reinforced by voluntary stimulus and sought-for associations, instead of blossoming out of spontaneous emotion.

Of all Shakspeare's historical plays, *Antony and Cleo-*

* Coleridge's Works (Harper's ed.), vol. iv. p. 105 fol.

patra is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much—perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. As a wonderful specimen of the way in which Shakspeare lives up to the very end of this play, read the last part of the concluding scene. And if you would feel the judgment as well as the genius of Shakspeare in your heart's core, compare this astonishing drama with Dryden's *All for Love*.

NOTE.—Compare what Campbell the poet says of the play, and particularly the comparison with Dryden :

“If I were to select any historical play of Shakespeare, in which he has combined an almost literal fidelity to history with an equal faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and in which he superinduces the merit of skilful dramatic management, it would be the above play. In his portraiture of Antony there is, perhaps, a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch ; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we can discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress ; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth : he paints her as if the gypsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil.

“At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue ; but with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding-match. The latter poet's *All for Love* was regarded by himself as his masterpiece, and is by no means devoid of merit ; but so inferior is it to the prior drama, as to make it disgraceful to British taste for one hundred years that the former absolutely banished the latter from the stage. A French critic calls Great Britain the island of Shakespeare's idolaters ; yet so it happens, in this same island,

that Dryden's *All for Love* has been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

"Dryden's *Marc Antony* is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakespeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation, 'There's a great spirit gone!' and his reflections on his own enthrallment by Cleopatra mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero."

[From Mrs. Jameson's "*Characteristics of Women*."*]

Of all Shakspeare's female characters, Miranda and Cleopatra appear to me the most wonderful: the first, unequalled as a poetic conception; the latter, miraculous as a work of art. If we could make a regular classification of his characters, these would form the two extremes of simplicity and complexity, and all his other characters would be found to fill up some shade or gradation between these two.

Great crimes, springing from high passions, grafted on high qualities, are the legitimate source of tragic poetry. But to make the extreme of littleness produce an effect like grandeur—to make the excess of frailty produce an effect like power—to heap up together all that is most unsubstantial, frivolous, vain, contemptible, and variable, till the worthlessness be lost in the magnitude, and a sense of the sublime spring from the very elements of littleness—to do this, belonged only to Shakspeare, that worker of miracles. Cleopatra is a brilliant antithesis, a compound of contradictions, of all that we most hate, with what we most admire. The whole character is the triumph of the external over the innate; and yet like one of her country's hieroglyphics, though she present at first view a splendid and perplexing anomaly,

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 304 fol.

there is deep meaning and wondrous skill in the apparent enigma, when we come to analyze and decipher it. But how are we to arrive at the solution of this glorious riddle, whose dazzling complexity continually mocks and eludes us? What is most astonishing in the character of Cleopatra is its antithetical construction—its *consistent inconsistency*, if I may use such an expression—which renders it quite impossible to reduce it to any elementary principles. It will, perhaps, be found, on the whole, that vanity and the love of power predominate; but I dare not say it *is* so, for these qualities and a hundred others mingle into each other, and shift and change, and glance away, like the colours in a peacock's train.

In some others of Shakspeare's female characters, also remarkable for their complexity (Portia and Juliet, for instance), we are struck with the delightful sense of harmony in the midst of contrast, so that the idea of unity and simplicity of effect is produced in the midst of variety; but in Cleopatra it is the absence of unity and simplicity which strikes us; the impression is that of perpetual and irreconcilable contrast. The continual approximation of whatever is most opposite in character, in situation, in sentiment, would be fatiguing were it not so perfectly natural: the woman herself would be distracting if she were not so enchanting.

I have not the slightest doubt that Shakspeare's Cleopatra is the real historical Cleopatra—the "Rare Egyptian"—individualized and placed before us. Her mental accomplishments, her unequalled grace, her woman's wit and woman's wiles, her irresistible allurements, her starts of irregular grandeur, her bursts of ungovernable temper, her vivacity of imagination, her petulant caprice, her fickleness and her falsehood, her tenderness and her truth, her childish susceptibility to flattery, her magnificent spirit, her royal pride, the gorgeous Eastern colouring of the character; all these con-

tradictory elements has Shakspeare seized, mingled them in their extremes, and fused them into one brilliant impersonation of classical elegance, Oriental voluptuousness, and gypsy sorcery.

What better proof can we have of the individual truth of the character than the admission that Shakspeare's Cleopatra produces exactly the same effect on us that is recorded of the real Cleopatra? She dazzles our faculties, perplexes our judgment, bewilders and bewitches our fancy; from the beginning to the end of the drama, we are conscious of a kind of fascination against which our moral sense rebels, but from which there is no escape. The epithets applied to her perpetually by Antony and others confirm this impression: "enchanting queen!"—"witch"—"spell"—"great fairy"—"cockatrice"—"serpent of old Nile"—"thou grave charm!"* are only a few of them; and who does not know by heart the famous quotations in which this Egyptian Circe is described with all her infinite seductions?

"Fie! wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd."
"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: . . .
 for vilest things
Become themselves in her."

And the pungent irony of Enobarbus has well exposed her feminine arts, when he says, on the occasion of Antony's intended departure,

"Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment.

Antony. She is cunning past man's thought.

Enobarbus. Alack, sir, no! her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can

* *Grave*, in the sense of mighty or potent.

who died "after the high Roman fashion," is sublime according to the Pagan ideas of virtue, and yet none of them so powerfully affect the imagination as the catastrophe of Cleopatra. The idea of this frail, timid, wayward woman, dying with heroism from the mere force of passion and will, takes us by surprise. The Attic elegance of her mind, her poetical imagination, the pride of beauty and royalty predominating to the last, and the sumptuous and picturesque accompaniments with which she surrounds herself in death, carry to its extreme height that effect of contrast which prevails through her life and character. No arts, no invention, could add to the real circumstances of Cleopatra's closing scene. Shakspeare has shown profound judgment and feeling in adhering closely to the classical authorities; and to say that the language and sentiments worthily fill up the outline is the most magnificent praise that can be given. The magical play of fancy and the overpowering fascination of the character are kept up to the last: and when Cleopatra, on applying the asp, silences the lamentations of her women—

"Peace! peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse to sleep?"—

these few words—the contrast between the tender beauty of the image and the horror of the situation—produce an effect more intensely mournful than all the ranting in the world. The generous devotion of her women adds the moral charm which alone was wanting: and when Octavius hurries in too late to save his victim, and exclaims, when gazing on her,

"She looks like sleep—

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace,"

the image of her beauty and her irresistible arts, triumphant even in death, is at once brought before us, and one masterly and comprehensive stroke consummates this most wonderful, most dazzling delineation.

I am not here the apologist of Cleopatra's historical character, nor of such women as resemble her : I am considering her merely as a dramatic portrait of astonishing beauty, spirit, and originality. She has furnished the subject of two Latin, sixteen French, six English, and at least four Italian tragedies ;* yet Shakspeare alone has availed himself of all the interest of the story, without falsifying the character. He alone has dared to exhibit the Egyptian queen with all her greatness and all her littleness—all her frailties of temper—all her paltry arts and dissolute passions—yet preserved the dramatic propriety and poetical colouring of the character, and awakened our pity for fallen grandeur, without once beguiling us into sympathy with guilt and error.

[From Verplanck's "*Shakespeare*."†]

Without laying much stress upon any particular theory of the precise date of this splendid historical drama, it is clear that all the testimonies and indications, internal and external, designate it as the production of a poet no longer young, and in the full maturity of mind, sympathizing with the feelings and character of advancing age, and rich in that knowledge of life which nature and genius alone cannot give.

Thus Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona, Viola, and Portia are all within the natural range of a young poet's power of rep-

* The *Cleopatra* of Jodelle was the first regular French tragedy ; the last French tragedy on the same subject was the *Cléopâtre* of Marmontel. For the representation of this tragedy, Vaucanson, the celebrated French mechanist, invented an automaton asp, which crawled and hissed to the life—to the great delight of the Parisians. But it appears that neither Vaucanson's asp nor Clairon could save *Cléopâtre* from a deserved fate. Of the English tragedies, one was written by the Countess of Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney ; and is, I believe, the first instance in our language of original dramatic writing by a female.

† *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. iii. p. 6 of *A. and C.*

resentation. They are ideas of admirable general nature, varied, refined, adorned by fancy and feeling. But Cleopatra, as she appears in this tragedy, is a character that could not have been thus depicted but from the actual observation of life, or from that reflected knowledge which can be drawn from history and biography. To a modern author, such as Scott, biographical memoirs and literature could supply to a certain degree the want of a living model, even for such a personage as this "wrangling queen—whom every thing becomes"—

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety,"

while "vilest things become themselves in her." But there was no such literary assistance accessible to Shakespeare. Plutarch had given the dry outline of the character, with some incidents which, to an ordinary poet, would have suggested nothing more, which in this drama have expanded themselves into scenes of living and speaking truth. But all this, and all the minute finishing of the character, Shakespeare must have collected from his own observation of life, drawing the fragments from various quarters, perhaps from very humble ones, and blending them all in this brilliant historical impersonation of such individual truth, that there are few readers who do not feel, with Mrs. Jameson, that "Shakespeare's Cleopatra produces the same effect on them that is recorded of the real Cleopatra. She dazzles our faculties, perplexes our judgment, and bewitches our fancy; we are conscious of a kind of fascination, against which our moral sense rebels, but from which there is no escape."

Again, the manner in which the poet has exhibited the weakness of a great mind—of a hero past the middle stage of life, when "grey hath mingled with his brown," who is seen bowing his "grizzled head" to the caprices of a wanton who, like himself, begins to be "wrinkled deep in time,"—

all this belongs to a poet himself of maturer life. To a younger poet, the weakness of passion at an age when "the heyday of the blood" should be calm would in itself have something of an air of ridicule. So sensible of this danger were all the other poets who have essayed this theme, that all, not excepting Dryden, have avoided any allusion which should turn the attention to the circumstance.

Shakespeare, on the contrary, brings this into bold relief, and luxuriates in showing, under every light, the irregular greatness of his hero, with all his weakness; and thus, by a close adherence to historic truth, individualized and made present and real by his own knowledge of, and sympathy with, human infirmity, has given to his scenes of passionate frailty an originality of interest not to be attained by those who would not venture to hazard the interest of their plot upon the loves of any but the young and beautiful.

But independently of any other indications, it is certain that the ripe maturity of poetic mind pervades the whole tone of the tragedy, its diction, imagery, characters, thoughts. It exhibits itself everywhere, in a copious and varied magnificence, as from a mind and memory stored with the treasures acquired in its own past intellectual efforts, as well as with the knowledge of life and books, from all which the dramatic muse (to borrow the Oriental imagery which Milton has himself drawn from this very tragedy), like

"the gorgeous East, with liberal hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Its poetry has an autumnal richness, such as can succeed only to the vernal luxuriance of genius, or its fiercer mid-summer glow. We need no other proof than that which its own abundance affords, that this tragedy is the rich product of a mind where, as in Mark Antony's own Egypt, his "Nilus had swelled high," and

“when it ebb'd, the seedsman
Upon its slime and ooze scatter'd his grain,
Which shortly came to harvest.”

[From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's *Introduction to the Play*.*]

We change from Troy to Egypt and Rome, from the false Cressid to the false Cleopatra, from the deceived Troilus to the deceived and deceiving Antony, from the bitter, clear-seeing Thersites, stripping heroes and legends of antiquity of their glory, to the equally clear-sighted but happier-tempered Enobarbus, calmly explaining the character of his mistress, and Philo, with equal penetration, analyzing Antony, and lamenting his master's infatuation. But while *Troilus and Cressida* is lit by no light of sympathy from author or reader, save in the one scene of old Nestor's welcome to Hector in the Greek camp, on *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakspeare has poured out the glory of his genius in profusion, and makes us stand by, saddened and distressed, as the noble Antony sinks to his ruin, under the gorgeous colouring of the Eastern sky, the vicious splendour of the Egyptian queen; makes us look with admiring hate on the wonderful picture he has drawn, certainly far the most wonderful study of woman he has left us, of that Cleopatra of whom Enobarbus, who knew her every turn, said,

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women
Cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.”

That in her, the dark woman of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, his own fickle, serpent-like, attractive mistress, is to some extent embodied, I do not doubt.† What a superbly sumptuous picture, as if painted by Veronese or Titian, is that where

* *The Leopold Shakspeare* (London, 1877), p. lxxxii. (by permission).

† Cf. Ward, *Eng. Dram. Lit.* vol. i. p. 427: “There may be truth in Mr. Massey's supposition that Cleopatra is modelled on Lady (Penelope)

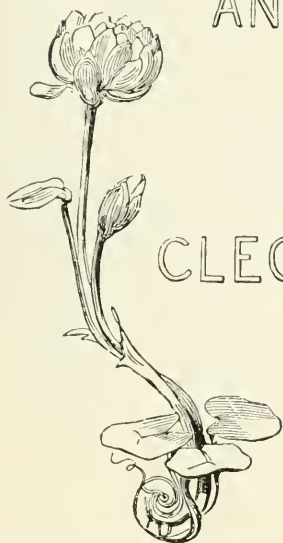
Cleopatra first met Antony upon the river of Cydnus! How admirably transferred from Plutarch's prose! And how that fatal inability to say "No" to woman shows us Antony's weakness and the cause of his final fall.

The play is like *Troilus and Cressida*, not only in lust and false women (Cressida and Cleopatra) playing such a prominent part in it, but in Antony's renown and power, and selfish preference of his own whims to honour's call, to his country's good, being the counterpart of Achilles'. All the characters are selfish except Octavia and Eros. Cæsar's description of Antony as "a man who is the abstract of all faults that men follow" is not far wrong. We were prepared by *Julius Cæsar* for the wildness in his blood and the want of noble purpose in his ordinary pursuits; for his selfishness and unscrupulousness too, by his proposal to sacrifice Lepidus. And though the redeeming qualities of his nature were shown in his love for Cæsar, his appeal to the people for revenge, and his skill in managing them, yet in his development lust and self-indulgence prevail, and under their influence he loses judgment, soldiership, even the qualities of a man. His seeming impulse towards good in the marriage of Octavia lasts but for a time; all her nobleness and virtue cannot save him. He turns from the gem of women to his Egyptian dish again, and abides by his infatuation even when he knows he's deceived.

Rich (d. 1606), Sidney's Stella, the lady of the dark eyes, whom Mr. Massey and Mr. Henry Brown have sought to identify with the 'black' lady of the *Sonnets*."—*Ed.*



ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY,	} triumphvirs.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.	
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,	
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.	
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	} friends to Antony.
VENTIDIUS,	
EROS,	
SCARUS,	
DERCETAS,	
DEMETRIUS,	
PHILO,	} friends to Cæsar.
MÆCENAS,	
AGRIPPA,	
DOLABELLA,	
PROCULEIUS,	
THYREUS,	
GALLUS,	} friends to Pompey.
MENAS,	
MENECRATES,	
VARRIUS,	
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.	
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.	
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.	
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.	
ALEXAS,	} attendants on Cleopatra.
MARDIAN, a Eunuch,	
SELEUCUS,	
DIOMEDES,	
A Soothsayer.	
A Clown.	
CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.	
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.	
CHARMIAN,	} attendants on Cleopatra,
IRAS,	
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.	

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman empire.*





CLEOPATRA'S PALACE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
 O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
 That o'er the files and musters of the war
 Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
 The office and devotion of their view
 Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,

Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
 The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
 And is become the bellows and the fan
 To cool a gypsy's lust.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies, the Train,
 with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look, where they come !

10

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
 The triple pillar of the world transform'd
 Into a strumpet's fool ; behold and see.

Cleopatra. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Antony. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleopatra. I 'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Antony. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new
 earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Antony. Grates me ; the sum.

Cleopatra. Nay, hear them, Antony.

Fulvia perchance is angry ; or, who knows

20

If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you, ' Do this, or this ;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;

Perform 't, or else we damn thee' ?

Antony. How, my love !

Cleopatra. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal

Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.

Where 's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ? both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,

Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine

30

Is Cæsar's homager ; else so thy cheek pays shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers !

Antony. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair [Embracing.
 And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet
 We stand up peerless.

Cleopatra. Excellent falsehood! 40
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Antony. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
 Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
 Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh;
 There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleopatra. Hear the ambassadors.

Antony. Fie, wrangling queen! 50
 Whom every thing becomes—to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
 No messenger but thine; and all alone
 To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
 Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra with their train

Demetrius. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Philo. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
 He comes too short of that great property
 Which still should go with Antony.

Demetrius. I am full sorry 60
 That he approves the common liar, who
 Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.

Charmian. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alexas. Soothsayer!

Soothsayer. Your will?

Charmian. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Soothsayer. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alexas. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Enobarbus. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Charmian. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Soothsayer. I make not, but foresee.

Charmian. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Soothsayer. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Charmian. He means in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Charmian. Wrinkles forbid!

Alexas. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Charmian. Hush!

Soothsayer. You shall be more loving than belov'd.

Charmian. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alexas. Nay, hear him.

Charmian. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry

may do homage; find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Soothsayer. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve. 30

Charmian. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Soothsayer. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Charmian. Then belike my children shall have no names.

Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Soothsayer. If fertile every wish, a million.

Charmian. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alexas. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Charmian. Nay, come, tell Iras hers. 40

Alexas. We'll know all our fortunes.

Enobarbus. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Charmian. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Charmian. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Soothsayer. Your fortunes are alike. 50

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Soothsayer. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Charmian. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Charmian. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, —come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-

fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee! 64

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Charmian. Amen. 70

Alexas. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they 'd do 't!

Enobarbus. Hush! here comes Antony.

Charmian. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleopatra. Saw you my lord?

Enobarbus. No, lady.

Cleopatra. Was he not here?

Charmian. No, madam.

Cleopatra. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus!*

Enobarbus. Madam?

Cleopatra. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where 's
Alexas?

Alexas. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches. 80

Cleopatra. We will not look upon him; go with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.

Messenger. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Antony. Against my brother Lucius?

Messenger. Ay;

But soon that war had end, and the time's state

- Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Antony. Well, what worst?

Messenger. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Antony. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On! . 90
Things that are past are done with me.—'T is thus :
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Messenger. Labienus—
This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates,
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia ;
Whilst—

Antony. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Messenger. O, my lord !

Antony. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue :
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome ; 100
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still ; and our ills told us
Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

Messenger. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Antony. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

1 *Attendant.* The man from Sicyon,—is there such an
one?

2 *Attendant.* He stays upon your will.

Antony. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, 110
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

2 *Messenger.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Antony. Where died she?

2 *Messenger.* In Sicyon ;

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.

Antony.

Forbear me.—

[Exit 2 Messengers.

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself. She 's good, being gone; 128

The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—Ho! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Enobarbus. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Antony. I must with haste from hence.

Enobarbus. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see
how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our de-
parture, death 's the word.

Antony. I must be gone. 130

Enobarbus. Under a compelling occasion, let women die:
it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between
them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing.
Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instant-
ly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer mo-
ment. I do think there is mettle in death, which commits
some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Antony. She is cunning past man's thought. 138

Enobarbus. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of noth-
ing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her
winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms
and tempests than almanacs can report. This cannot be
cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well
as Jove.

Antony. Would I had never seen her!

Enobarbus. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Antony. Fulvia is dead.

Enobarbus. Sir?

150

Antony. Fulvia is dead.

Enobarbus. Fulvia!

Antony. Dead.

Enobarbus. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented. This grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat;—and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

162

Antony. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Enobarbus. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Antony. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part; for not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw

170

Pompey the Great and all his dignities
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Enobarbus. I shall do 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same. Another Room.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleopatra. Where is he?

Charmian. I did not see him since.

Cleopatra. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does;
 I did not send you.—If you find him sad,
 Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [*Exit Alexas.*]

Charmian. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleopatra. What should I do, I do not?

Charmian. In each thing give him way, cross him in
 nothing. 9

Cleopatra. Thou teachest like a fool,—the way to lose him.

Charmian. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
 In time we hate that which we often fear.
 But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

Cleopatra. I am sick and sullen.

Antony. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleopatra. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Antony. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleopatra. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Antony. What's the matter?

Cleopatra. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go; 20

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 't is I that keep you here;

I have no power upon you, hers you are.

Antony. The gods best know—

Cleopatra. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

Antony. Cleopatra,—

Cleopatra. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30
Which break themselves in swearing!

Antony. Most sweet queen,—

Cleopatra. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go. When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Antony. How now, lady!

Cleopatra. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Antony. Hear me, queen. 41
The strong necessity of time commands

Our services awhile, but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breed scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength,
 Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change. My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is Fulvia's death.

Cleopatra. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die?

Antony. She's dead, my queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read 60
 The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best,
 See when and where she died.

Cleopatra. O most false love!
 Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
 With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
 In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Antony. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
 As you shall give the advice. By the fire
 That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
 Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war 70
 As thou affect'st.

Cleopatra. Cut my lace, Charmian, come.—
 But let it be.—I am quickly ill,—and weil,
 So Antony loves.

Antony. My precious queen, forbear;

And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleopatra. So Fulvia told me.

I prithee, turn aside and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt : good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Antony. You 'll heat my blood ; no more. 80

Cleopatra. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Antony. Now, by my sword,—

Cleopatra. And target.—Still he mends.

But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Antony. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cleopatra. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it ;
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;
That you know well : something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten. 90

Antony. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleopatra. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory ! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet ! 100

Antony. Let us go. Come ;

Our separation so abides and flies,
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
 Away!

[*Excunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *reading a letter*, LEPIDUS, *and their train.*

Cæsar. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
 It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
 Our great competitor. From Alexandria
 'This is the news : he fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel ; is not more manlike
 Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he ; hardly gave audience, or
 Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : you shall find there
 A man who is the abstract of all faults
 That all men follow.

Lepidus. I must not think there are 10
 Evils enow to darken all his goodness.
 His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
 Rather than purchas'd, what he cannot change
 Than what he chooses.

Cæsar. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
 To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
 To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet 20
 With knaves that smell of sweat ; say this becomes him,—
 As his composure must be rare indeed
 Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
 No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd

His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
 Call on him for 't; but to confound such time
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state and ours,—'t is to be chid
 As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment.

30

Enter a Messenger.

Lepidus. Here 's more news.

Messenger. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
 And it appears he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd Cæsar; to the ports
 The discontents repair, and men's reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cæsar. I should have known no less. 40
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,
 That he which is was wish'd until he were;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
 Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Messenger. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
 With keels of every kind: many hot inroads 50
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt.
 No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæsar.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer : thou didst drink
 The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at ; thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsedst ; on the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on : and all this—
 It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
 Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

60

70

Lepidus.

'T is pity of him.

Cæsar. Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome. 'T is time we twain
 Did show ourselves i' the field ; and to that end
 Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lepidus.

To-morrow, Cæsar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able
 To front this present time.

Cæsar.

Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell.

80

Lepidus. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know mean-
 time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
 To let me be partaker.

Cæsar.

Doubt not, sir ;

I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.**Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN,*Cleopatra.* Charmian !*Charmian.* Madam ?*Cleopatra.* Ha, ha !—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Charmian.

Why, madam ?

Cleopatra. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.*Charmian.*

You think of him too much.

Cleopatra. O, 't is treason !*Charmian.*

Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleopatra. Thou, eunuch Mardian !*Mardian.*

What 's your highness' pleasure ?

Cleopatra. Not now to hear thee sing.—O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits he ? 10

Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !

Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st ?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burget of men.—He 's speaking now,

Or murmuring 'Where 's my serpent of old Nile ?'

For so he calls me ; now I feed myself

With most delicious poison.—Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted Cæsar, 20

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch ; and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow :

There would he anchor his aspect and die

With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alexas. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleopatra. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alexas. Last thing he did, dear queen, 30
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleopatra. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alexas. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke 40
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleopatra. What, was he sad or merry?

Alexas. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleopatra. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man, but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry, 50
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alexas. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleopatra. Who 's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,
 Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
 Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
 Ever love Cæsar so?

Charmian. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleopatra. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
 Say, the brave Antony.

Charmian. The valiant Cæsar!

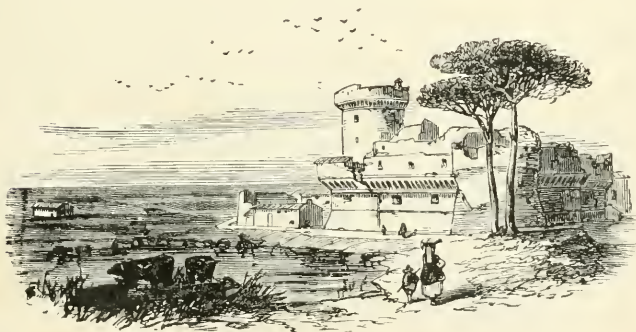
60

Cleopatra. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
 If thou with Cæsar paragon again
 My man of men.

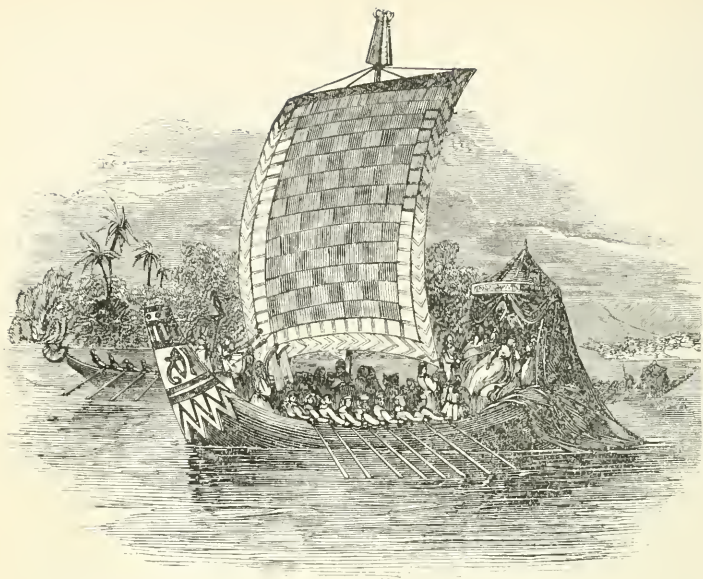
Charmian. By your most gracious pardon,
 I sing but after you.

Cleopatra. My salad days,
 When I was green in judgment,—cold in blood,
 To say as I said then!—But, come, away;
 Get me ink and paper.
 He shall have every day a several greeting,
 Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Excunt.*



OSTIA AT THE PRESENT DAY.
 the port of Rome (i. 3. 46).



The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water (il. 2. 192).

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Messina. Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner.

Pompey. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Menecrates. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pompey. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Menecrates. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pompey. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope 10
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors ; Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts ; Lepidus flatters both,
C. both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Menas. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

Pompey. Where have you this ? 't is false.

Menas. From Silvius, sir.

Pompey. He dreams ; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts.
Keep his brain fuming ! Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness !—

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius !

Varrius. This is most certain that I shall deliver :
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected ; since he went from Egypt 't is 30
A space for further travel.

Pompey. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war ; his soldiership

D

Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Menas. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pompey. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'T were pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

40

50

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. *Rome. The House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lepidus. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Enobarbus. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself; if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lepidus. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Enobarbus. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't. 10
Lepidus. But small to greater matters must give way.
Enobarbus. Not if the small come first.
Lepidus. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Enobarbus. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Antony. If we compose well here, to Parthia;
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæsar. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.

Lepidus. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard; when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Antony. 'T is spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. [Flourish.

Cæsar. Welcome to Rome.

Antony. Thank you.

Cæsar. Sit.

Antony. Sit, sir.

Cæsar. Nay, then—

Antony. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Cæsar. I must be laugh'd at,
 If, or for nothing or a little, I
 Should say myself offended, and with you
 Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
 Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
 It not concern'd me.

Antony. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
 What was 't to you?

Cæsar. No more than my residing here at Rome
 Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there
 Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
 Might be my question.

Antony. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæsar. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
 By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
 Made wars upon me; and their contestation
 Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Antony. You do mistake your business; my brother never
 Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it,
 And have my learning from some true reports,
 That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
 Discredit my authority with yours,
 And make the wars alike against my stomach,
 Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
 As matter whole you have not to make it with,
 It must not be with this.

Cæsar. You praise yourself
 By laying defects of judgment to me, but
 You patch'd up your excuses.

Antony. Not so, not so;
 I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
 Very necessity of this thought, that I,
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
 Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars

Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
 I would you had her spirit in such another;
 The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Enobarbus. Would we had all such wives, that the men
 might go to wars with the women!

Antony. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
 Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
 Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
 Did you too much disquiet; for that, you must 70
 But say I could not help it.

Cæsar. I wrote to you
 When rioting in Alexandria; you
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
 Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Antony. Sir,
 He fell upon me ere admitted: then
 Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was i' the morning; but next day
 I told him of myself, which was as much
 As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
 Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, 80
 Out of our question wipe him.

Cæsar. You have broken
 The article of your oath, which you shall never
 Have tongue to charge me with.

Lepidus. Soft, Cæsar!

Antony. No,
 Lepidus, let him speak;
 The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
 Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar;
 The article of my oath.

Cæsar. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
 The which you both denied.

Antony. Neglected rather,

And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
 From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
 I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
 Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
 Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
 So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
 To stoop in such a case.

Lepidus. 'T is noble spoken. 90

Mæcenas. If it might please you, to enforce no further
 The griefs between ye; to forget them quite
 Were to remember that the present need
 Speaks to atone you. 102

Lepidus. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Enobarbus. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
 instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey,
 return it again; you shall have time to wrangle in when you
 have nothing else to do.

Antony. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Enobarbus. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Antony. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no
 more.

Enobarbus. Go to, then; your considerate stone. 110

Cæsar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
 What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
 O' the world I would pursue it.

Agrippa. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæsar. Speak, Agrippa.

Agrippa. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
 Admir'd Octavia; great Mark Antony
 Is now a widower.

Cæsar. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Antony. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear Agrippa further speak.

Agrippa. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing; truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths; her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Antony. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæsar. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Antony. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæsar. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Antony. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace, and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

Cæsar. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly ; let her live
 To join our kingdoms and our hearts, and never
 Fly off our loves again !

150

Lepidus.

Happily, amen !

Antony. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey.
 For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
 Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
 At heel of that, defy him.

Lepidus. Time calls upon 's ;
 Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
 Or else he seeks out us.

Antony.

Where lies he ?

160

Cæsar. About the Mount Misenum.

Antony. What is his strength by land ?

Cæsar. Great and increasing ; but by sea
 He is an absolute master.

Antony.

So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it ;
 Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
 The business we have talk'd of.

Cæsar.

With most gladness ;

And do invite you to my sister's view,
 Whither straight I 'll lead you.

Antony.

Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.

Lepidus.

Noble Antony,

170

Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

Mæcnas. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Enobarbus. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcnas ! -
 My honourable friend, Agrippa !

Agrippa. Good Enobarbus !

Mæcnas. We have cause to be glad that matters are so
 well digested. You stay'd well by 't in Egypt.

Enobarbus. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mæcenus. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true? 181

Enobarbus. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæcenus. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Enobarbus. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agrippa. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her. 190

Enobarbus. I will tell you.
 The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue— 200
 O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

Agrippa. O, rare for Antony!

Enobarbus. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings; at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands, 210

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her, and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
 And made a gap in nature.

Agrippa. Rare Egyptian!

Enobarbus. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper; she replied,
 It should be better he became her guest,
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
 And for his ordinary pays his heart
 For what his eyes eat only.

220

Agrippa. Royal wench!
 She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed.

Enobarbus. I saw her once
 Hop forty paces through the public street;
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

230

Mæcnas. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Enobarbus. Never; he will not.
 Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish.

240

Mæcnas. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.

Agrippa. Let us go.—
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
 Whilst you abide here.

Enobarbus. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. Cæsar's House.*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them, and Attendants.*

Antony. The world and my great office will sometimes
 Divide me from your bosom.

Octavia. All which time
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
 To them for you.

Antony. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report;
 I have not kept my square, but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
 Good night, sir.

Cæsar. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

Enter Soothsayer.

Antony. Now! sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt? 10

Soothsayer. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
 thither!

Antony. If you can, your reason?

Soothsayer. I see it in my motion, have it not in my
 tongue; but yet hie you to Egypt again.

Antony. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Soothsayer. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.
 Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
 Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd : therefore
Make space enough between you.

Antony. Speak this no more.

Soothsayer. To none but thee ; no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him, 30
But, he away, 't is noble.

Antony. Get thee gone ;
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true ; the very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds ;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt ; 40
And, though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.—

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia : your commission 's ready ;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lepidus. Trouble yourselves no further ; pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agrippa. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.

Lepidus. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mæcenæ. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.

Lepidus. Your way is shorter ;
My purposes do draw me much about :
You 'll win two days upon me.

Mæcenæ. } Sir, good success !
Agrippa. }

Lepidus. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleopatra. Give me some music ; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attendants. The music, ho !

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.

Cleopatra. Let it alone ; let 's to billiards : come, Charmian.

Charmian. My arm is sore ; best play with Mardian.

Cleopatra. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman.—Come, you 'll play with me, sir ?

Mardian. As well as I can, madam.

Cleopatra. And when good will is show'd, though 't come
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now.—

Give me mine angle ; we 'll to the river : there, 19

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws, and, as I draw them up,

I 'll think them every one an Antony,

And say ' Ah, ha ! you 're caught.'

Charmian. 'T was merry when

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleopatra. That time,—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.—

20

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Messenger. Madam, madam,—

Cleopatra. Antony's dead!—If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss, a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

30

Messenger. First, madam, he is well.

Cleopatra. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well; bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Messenger. Good madam, hear me.

Cleopatra. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

40

Messenger. Will't please you hear me?

Cleopatra. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
 Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
 Rich pearls upon thee.

Messenger. Madam, he's well.

Cleopatra. Well said.

Messenger. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleopatra. Thou'rt an honest man.

Messenger. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleopatra. Make thee a fortune from me.

Messenger. But yet, madam,—

Cleopatra. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
 The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet!' 50

'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.

Messenger. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
 He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleopatra. For what good turn?

Messenger. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleopatra. I am pale, Charmian.

Messenger. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

Cleopatra. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Messenger. Good madam, patience.

Cleopatra. What say you?—Hence,
 [*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head.

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

Messenger. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleopatra. Say 't is not so, a province I will give thee,
 And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst
 Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage, 70
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside
 Thy modesty can beg.

Messenger. He 's married, madam.

Cleopatra. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a knife.*

Messenger.

Nay, then I'll run.—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

Charmian. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
 The man is innocent.

Cleopatra. Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.—
 Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
 Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
 Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call. 75

Charmian. He is afeard to come.

Cleopatra.

I will not hurt him.

[*Exit Charmian.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
 A meaner than myself, since I myself
 Have given myself the cause.—

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
 An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
 Themselves when they be felt.

Messenger.

I have done my duty.

Cleopatra. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 80

If thou again say yes.

Messenger.

He 's married, madam.

Cleopatra. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there
 still?

Messenger. Should I lie, madam?

Cleopatra. O, I would thou didst.

So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Messenger. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleopatra. He is married?

Messenger. Take no offence that I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me do 100
Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

Cleopatra. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.]

Charmian. Good your highness, patience.

Cleopatra. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Charmian. Many times, madam.

Cleopatra. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;
I faint. O Iras! Charmian!—'T is no matter.— 110
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.—

[Exit Alexas.]

Let him for ever go;—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas [To Mardian.]
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet; at another, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENO-BARBUS, MÆCENAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pompey. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæsar. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pompey. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire, and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæsar. Take your time.

Antony. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pompey. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house ;
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lepidus. Be pleas'd to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
'The offers we have sent you

3c

Cæsar. There 's the point.
Antony. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæsar. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pompey. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome : this greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targets undinted.

Cæsar. }

Antony. }

Lepidus. }

That 's our offer.

Pompey.

Know, then,

40

I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer ; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your moth'r came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Antony. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pompey. Let me have your hand ;
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Antony. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you,

That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gain'd by 't.

5

Cæsar. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pompey. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lepidus. Well met here.

Pompey. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed ;
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæsar. That 's the next to do.

Pompey. We 'll feast each other ere we part, and let 's 60
Draw lots who shall begin.

Antony. That will I, Pompey.

Pompey. No, Antony, take the lot ; but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Antony. You have heard much.

Pompey. I have fair meanings, sir.

Antony. And fair words to them.

Pompey. Then so much have I heard ;
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Enobarbus. No more of that ; he did so.

Pompey. What, I pray you?

Enobarbus. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress. 70

Pompey. I know thee now ; how far'st thou, soldier?

Enobarbus. Well ;

And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pompey. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Enobarbus.

Sir,

I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye
 When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
 As I have said you did.

Pompey.

Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all.

80

Will you lead, lords?

*Cæsar.**Antony.**Lepidus.**Pompey.*

Show us the way, sir.

Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

Menas. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
 made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Enobarbus. At sea, I think.

Menas. We have, sir.

Enobarbus. You have done well by water.

Menas. And you by land.

Enobarbus. I will praise any man that will praise me;
 though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Menas. Nor what I have done by water.

90

Enobarbus. Yes, something you can deny for your own
 safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

Menas. And you by land.

Enobarbus. There I deny my land service. But give me
 your hand, Menas; if our eyes had authority, here they might
 take two thieves kissing.

Menas. All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands
 are.

Enobarbus. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Menas. No slander; they steal hearts.

100

Enobarbus. We came hither to fight with you.

Menas. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking.
 Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Enobarbus. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

Menas. You 've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Enobarbus. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Menas. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Enobarbus. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Menas. Pray ye, sir?

110

Enobarbus. 'T is true.

Menas. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Enobarbus. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Menas. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Enobarbus. I think so too; but you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

120

Menas. Who would not have his wife so?

Enobarbus. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Menas. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

129

Enobarbus. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

Menas. Come, let 's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's Galley, off Misenum.*

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 *Servant.* Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Servant*. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Servant*. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Servant*. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Servant*. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. 10

2 *Servant*. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship; I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

1 *Servant*. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Antony. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow
o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells, 20
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lepidus. You 've strange serpents there.

Antony. Ay, Lepidus.

Lepidus. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

Antony. They are so.

Pompey. Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus!

Lepidus. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er
out. 31

Enobarbus. Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be
in till then.

Lepidus. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Menas. [*Aside to Pompey*] Pompey, a word.

Pompey. [*Aside to Menas*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Menas. [*Aside to Pompey*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pompey. [*Aside to Menas*] Forbear me till anon.—'This wine for Lepidus!

41

Lepidus. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Antony. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and, the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lepidus. What colour is it of?

Antony. Of it own colour too.

Lepidus. 'T is a strange serpent.

Antony. 'T is so; and the tears of it are wet.

50

Cæsar. Will this description satisfy him?

Antony. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pompey. [*Aside to Menas*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?

Menas. [*Aside to Pompey*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

Pompey. [*Aside to Menas*] I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?

[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Menas. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pompey. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Antony. These quicksands, Lepidus,

60

Keep off them, for you sink.

Menas. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pompey. What say'st thou?

Menas. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pompey. How should that be?

Menas. But entertain it,

And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pompey. Hast thou drunk well?

Menas. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove;
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pompey. Show me which way.

70

Menas. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel; let me cut the cable,
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pompey. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me 't is villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act; being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

80

Menas. [*Aside*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pompey. This health to Lepidus!

Antony. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Enobarbus. Here 's to thee, Menas!

Menas. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pompey. Fill till the cup be hid.

Enobarbus. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Menas. Why? 90

Enobarbus. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Menas. The third part, then, is drunk; would it were all, That it might go on wheels!

Enobarbus. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Menas. Come.

Pompey. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Antony. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vesseis, ho! Here is to Cæsar!

Cæsar. I could well forbear 't.

It 's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler. 100

Antony. Be a child o' the time.

Cæsar. Possess it, I 'll make answer;
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Enobarbus. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pompey. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.

Antony. Come, let 's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Enobarbus. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music.— 110

The while I 'll place you: then the boy shall sing,
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

Song.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!*

Cæsar. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.—

Good brother,

120

Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let 's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pompey. I 'll try you on the shore.

Antony. And shall, sir; give 's your hand.

Pompey. O Antony,

You have my father's house,—but, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.

Enobarbus. Take heed you fall not.— 130

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*

Menas, I 'll not on shore.

Menas. No, to my cabin.—

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!—

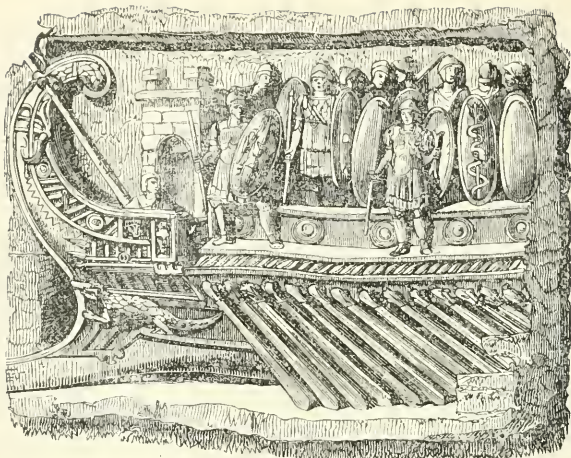
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows—Sound and be hang'd, sound out!

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*

Enobarbus. Hoo! says a'.—There 's my cap.

Menas. Hoo!—Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*



PROW OF A ROMAN GALLEY.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ventidius. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Silius. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ventidius.

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
 Better to leave undone than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
 Cæsar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer than person. Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
 Who does it the wars more than his captain can
 Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
 Than gain which darkens him.

20

I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 't would offend him, and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Silius.

Thou hast, Ventidius, that

Without the which a soldier and his sword
 Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ventidius. I'll humbly signify what in his name,

30

That magical word of war, we have effected;
 How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' the field.

Silius.

Where is he now?

Ventidius. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what
 haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit,
 We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rome. An Antechamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another.

Agrippa. What, are the brothers parted?

Enobarbus. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agrippa. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Enobarbus. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agrippa. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Enobarbus. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agrippa. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter. 10

Enobarbus. Spake you of Cæsar? Hoo! the nonpareil!

Agrippa. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Enobarbus. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar; go no
further.

Agrippa. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Enobarbus. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony.
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, hoo!
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agrippa. Both he loves.

Enobarbus. They are his shards, and he their beetle.—

[*Trumpets within.*] So;

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. 20

Agrippa. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Antony. No further, sir.

Cæsar. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
 Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
 Let not the piece of virtue which is set
 Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
 To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
 The fortress of it; for better might we
 Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
 This be not cherish'd.

30

Antony. Make me not offended
 In your distrust.

Cæsar. I have said.

Antony. You shall not find,
 Though you be therein curious, the least cause
 For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,
 And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
 We will here part.

Cæsar. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
 The elements be kind to thee, and make
 Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

40

Octavia. My noble brother!

Antony. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
 And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octavia. Sir, look well to my husband's house, and—

Cæsar. What,
 Octavia?

Octavia. I'll tell you in your ear.

Antony. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
 Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
 That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
 And neither way inclines.

Enobarbus. [*Aside to Agrippa*] Will Cæsar weep? 50

Agrippa. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] He has a cloud in 's face.

Enobarbus. [*Aside to Agrippa*] He were the worse for that,
 were he a horse;
 So is he, being a man.

Agrippa. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Enobarbus. [*Aside to Agrippa*] That year, indeed, he was
troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæsar. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you. 56

Antony. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæsar. Adieu; be happy!

Lepidus. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæsar. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*

Antony. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleopatra. Where is the fellow?

Alexas. Half afeard to come.

Cleopatra. Go to, go to.—

Enter the Messenger as before.

Come hither, sir.

Alexas. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleopatra. That Herod's head

I'll have ; but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.

Messenger. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleopatra. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Messenger. Ay, dread queen.

Cleopatra. Where? 10

Messenger. Madam, in Rome

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleopatra. Is she as tall as me?

Messenger. She is not, madam.

Cleopatra. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or
low?

Messenger. Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-voic'd.

Cleopatra. That 's not so good ; he cannot like her long.

Charmian. Like her! O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleopatra. I think so, Charmian ; dull of tongue, and dwarf-
ish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, 20

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Messenger. She creeps ;

Her motion and her station are as one :

She shows a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

Cleopatra. Is this certain?

Messenger. Or I have no observance.

Charmian. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleopatra. He 's very knowing,

I do perceive 't. There 's nothing in her yet.—

The fellow has good judgment.

Charmian. Excellent.

Cleopatra. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Messenger. Madam,

She was a widow,—

Cleopatra. Widow!— Charmian, hark.

30

Messenger. And I do think she 's thirty.

Cleopatra. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?

Messenger. Round even to faultiness.

Cleopatra. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.—

Her hair, what colour?

Messenger. Brown, madam ; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleopatra. There 's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go make thee ready ;
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger. 40

Charmian. A proper man.

Cleopatra. Indeed, he is so ; I repent me much
That I so harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
'This creature 's no such thing.

Charmian. Nothing, madam.

Cleopatra. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

Charmian. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleopatra. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian :

But 't is no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough. 50

Charmian. I warrant you, madam. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Athens. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Antony. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more

Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey, made his will and read it
To public ear,
Spoke scantily of me. When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them, most narrow measure lent me.
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octavia. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts.
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Antony. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's; the meantime, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octavia. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me—most weak, most weak—
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world would cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Antony. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults

Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Same. Another Room.*

Enter ENOBAREUS and EROS, meeting.

Enobarbus. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.

Enobarbus. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Enobarbus. This is old ; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action ; and, not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him : so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine. 11

Enobarbus. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;
 And throw between them all the food thou hast,
 They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

Eros. He 's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns
 The rush that lies before him ; cries ' Fool Lepidus !'
 And threats the throat of that his officer
 That murder'd Pompey.

Enobarbus. Our great navy 's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;
 My lord desires you presently ; my news 20
 I might have told hereafter.

Enobarbus. 'T will be nought ;
 But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Rome. Cæsar's House.**Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS.*

Cæsar. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
 In Alexandria. Here 's the manner of 't :
 I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
 Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
 Were publicly enthron'd ; at the feet sat
 Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
 And all the unlawful issue that their lust
 Since then hath made between them. Unto her
 He gave the stablishment of Egypt ; made her
 Of lower Syria, Cypress, Lydia,
 Absolute queen. 10

Mæcnas. This in the public eye ?

Cæsar. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
 His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings :
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
 He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
 Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
 That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
 As 't is reported, so.

Mæcnas. Let Rome be thus
 Inform'd.

Agrippa. Who, queasy with his insolence
 Already, will their good thoughts call from him. 20

Cæsar. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
 His accusations.

Agrippa. Who does he accuse ?

Cæsar. Cæsar ; and that, having in Sicily
 Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
 His part o' the isle ; then does he say, he lent me
 Some shipping unrestor'd ; lastly, he frets

That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agrippa. Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

Cæsar. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæcenæ. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæsar. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her train.

Octavia. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæsar. That ever I should call thee castaway! 40

Octavia. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæsar. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come 50
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octavia. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,

Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæsar. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octavia. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæsar. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octavia. My lord, in Athens.

Cæsar. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octavia. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæsar. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart;
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,

To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agrippa. Welcome, lady.

90

Mæcnas. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you ;
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octavia. Is it so, sir?

Cæsar. Most certain. Sister, welcome ; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Near Actium. Antony's Camp.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleopatra. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Enobarbus. But why, why, why?

Cleopatra. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Enobarbus. Well, is it, is it?

Cleopatra. Is 't not denounc'd against us? why should not we
Be there in person?

Enobarbus. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 't is said in Rome
That Photinus, an eunuch, and your maids
Manage this war.

10

Cleopatra. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.

Enobarbus. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Antony. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on 't, sweet? 20

Cleopatra. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Antony. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleopatra. By sea! what else?

Canidius. Why will my lord do so?

Antony. For that he dares us to 't.

Enobarbus. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Canidius. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off, 30
And so should you.

Enobarbus. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought.
Their ships are yare, yours heavy; no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Antony. By sea, by sea.

Enobarbus. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist 40
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego

The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

Antony. I 'll fight at sea.

Cleopatra. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Antony. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

50

Messenger. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Antony. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We 'll to our ship;
Away, my Thetis!—

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Soldier. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians 60
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

Antony. Well, well.—Away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*]

Soldier. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Canidius. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.

Soldier. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Canidius. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea,
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Soldier. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Canidius. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

Soldier. They say, one Taurus.

Canidius. Well I know the man

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. The emperor calls Canidius.

Canidius. With news the time 's with labour, and throes
forth

Each minute some.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS, with his army, marching.

Cæsar. Taurus!

Taurus. My lord!

Cæsar. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not bat-
tle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll; our fortune lies
Upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another Part of the Plain.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Antony. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Another Part of the Plain.*

CANIDIUS *marcheth with his land army one way over the stage ;*
and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After
their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Enobarbus. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
 longer:
 The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
 With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder;
 To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scarus. Gods and goddesses,
 All the whole synod of them!

Enobarbus. What 's thy passion?

Scarus. The greater cantle of the world is lost
 With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
 Kingdoms and provinces.

Enobarbus. How appears the fight?

Scarus. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
 Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—
 Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
 The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
 Hoists sails and flies.

Enobarbus. That I beheld;
 Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
 Endure a further view.

Scarus. She once being loof'd,
 The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
 Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.

I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Enobarbus. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Canidius. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own !

Enobarbus. Ay, are you thereabouts ?
Why, then, good night indeed.

Canidius. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

30

Scarus. 'T is easy to 't ; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Canidius. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse ; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Enobarbus. I 'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter ANTONY with Attendants.

Antony. Hark ! the land bids me tread no more upon 't ;
It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hither ;
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly ! not we.

Antony. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course
 Which has no need of you ; be gone. 10
 My treasure 's in the harbour, take it.—O,
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon ;
 My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you shall
 Have letters from me to some friends that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
 Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway. 20
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little ; pray you now.—
 Nay, do so ; for indeed I have lost command,
 Therefore I pray you. I 'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*

Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS ; EROS following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Charmian. Do ! why, what else ?

Cleopatra. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Antony. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir ? 30

Antony. O fie, fie, fie !

Charmian. Madam !

Iras. Madam, O good empress !

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Antony. Yes, my lord, yes ; he at Philippi kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 't was I
 That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
 Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war ; yet now—No matter. 40

Cleopatra. Ah, stand by!

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleopatra. Well then, sustain me;—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches.
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Antony. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Antony. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleopatra. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Antony. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after; o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleopatra. O, my pardon!

Antony. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleopatra. Pardon, pardon!

Antony. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates

All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
 Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
 Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
 Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune knows
 We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

70

SCENE XII. *Egypt. Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others.

Cæsar. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—
 Know you him?

Dolabella. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster;
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from Antony.

Cæsar. Approach, and speak.

Euphronius. Such as I am, I come from Antony;
 I was of late as petty to his ends
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
 To his grand sea.

Cæsar. Be 't so; declare thine office.

10

Euphronius. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
 Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
 He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens: this for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
 Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæsar. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen

20

Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there; this if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euphronius. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæsar. Bring him through the bands.—

[*Exit Euphronius*

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 't is time; dispatch.
 From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
 And in our name, what she requires; add more,
 From thine invention, offers. Women are not
 In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

Thyreus. Cæsar, I go.

Cæsar. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks
 In every power that moves.

Thyreus. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleopatra. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Enobarbus. Think, and die

Cleopatra. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Enobarbus. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The mered question, 'T was a shame no less

Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleopatra.

Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS, the Ambassador.

Antony. Is that his answer?

Euphronius. Ay, my lord.

Antony. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Euphronius. He says so.

Antony. Let her know 't.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleopatra. That head, my lord?

Antony. To him again. Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it; follow me.

20

[Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.]

Enobarbus. *[Aside]* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar
will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

30

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleopatra. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir. 4c

[Exit Attendant.]

Enobarbus. *[Aside]* Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleopatra. Cæsar's will?

Thyreus. Hear it apart.

Cleopatra. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyreus. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Enobarbus. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 5c
Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

Thyreus. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleopatra. Go on; right royal.

Thyreus. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleopatra. O!

Thyreus. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleopatra. He is a god, and knows 6c

What is most right; mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Enobarbus. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit.*

Thyreus. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

70

Cleopatra. What 's your name?

Thyreus. My name is Thyreus.

Cleopatra. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand; tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyreus. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

80

Cleopatra. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Antony. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyreus. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Enobarbus. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

Antony. Approach, there !—Ah, you kite !—Now, gods and
devils !

Authority melts from me ; of late, when I cried ' Ho !' 90
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry ' Your will ?' Have you no ears ? I am
Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Enobarbus. [*Aside*] 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Antony. Moon and stars !
Whip him.—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what 's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra ?—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, 100
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyreus. Mark Antony !

Antony. Tug him away ; being whipp'd,
Bring him again : the Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Excunt Attendants with Thyreus*

You were half blasted ere I knew you ; ha !
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ?

Cleopatra. Good my lord,—

Antony. You have been a boggler ever ;
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on 't !—the wise gods seel our eyes,

In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us
 Adore our errors, laugh at 's while we strut
 To our confusion.

Cleopatra. O, is 't come to this ?

Antony. I found you as a morsel cold upon
 Dead Cæsar's trencher ; nay, you were a fragment
 Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously pick'd out : for, I am sure,
 Though you can guess what temperance should be,
 You know not what it is.

120

Cleopatra. Wherefore is this ?

Antony. To let a fellow that will take rewards
 And say ' God quit you ! ' be familiar with
 My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
 And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
 The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him.—

130

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd ?

1 *Attendant.* Soundly, my lord.

Antony. Cried he ? and begg'd a' pardon ?

1 *Attendant.* He did ask favour.

Antony. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment : look, thou say
 He makes me angry with him ; for he seems

140

Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry ;
 And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,
 When my good stars that were my former guides
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou ;
 Hence with thy stripes, begone ! 150 *[Exit Thyreus.]*

Cleopatra. Have you done yet ?

Antony. Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony !

Cleopatra. I must stay his time.

Antony. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points ?

Cleopatra. Not know me yet ?

Antony. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleopatra. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source, and the first stone 160
 Drop in my neck ; as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
 Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey !

Antony. I am satisfied.
 Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too 170
 Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
 If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
 There's hope in 't yet.

Cleopatra. That's my brave lord!

Antony. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives 180
 Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night.—Call to me
 All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleopatra. It is my birthday:

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
 Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Antony. We will yet do well.

Cleopatra. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Antony. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
 force 190

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
 There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
 I'll make death love me, for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

Enobarbus. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furi-
 ous

Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood
 The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
 A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
 Some way to leave him. 200

[*Exit.*]



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PALACE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS, with his Army;

CÆSAR reading a letter.

Cæsar. He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die, meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mæcnas. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction; never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæsar. Let our best heads
 Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
 Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
 And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
 ALEXAS, *with others.*

Antony. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Enobarbus. No.

Antony. Why should he not?

Enobarbus. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
 He is twenty men to one.

Antony. To-morrow, soldier,
 By sea and land I'll fight; or I will live,
 Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
 Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Enobarbus. I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

Antony. Well said; come on.—
 Call forth my household servants; let's to-night
 Be bounteous at our meal.—

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,
 Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
 Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me well,
 And kings have been your fellows.

Cleopatra. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] What means this?

Enobarbus. [*Aside to Cleopatra*] 'T is one of those odd
 tricks which sorrow shoots
 Out of the mind.

Antony. And thou art honest too.—
 I wish I could be made so many men,
 And all of you clapp'd up together in
 An Antony, that I might do you service
 So good as you have done.

All. The gods forbid!

Antony. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night; 20
 Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
 As when my empire was your fellow too,
 And suffer'd my command.

Cleopatra. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] What does he mean?

Enobarbus. [*Aside to Cleopatra*] To make his followers
 weep.

Antony. Tend me to-night;
 May be it is the period of your duty. .
 Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
 A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
 You'll serve another master. I look on you
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away; but, like a master 30
 Married to your good service, stay till death.
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
 And the gods yield you for 't!

Enobarbus. What mean you, sir,
 To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
 And I, an ass, am onion-eyed. For shame,
 Transform us not to women.

Antony. Ho, ho, ho!
 Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!
 Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense;
 For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you 40
 To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

1 *Soldier.* Brother, good night ; to-morrow is the day.

2 *Soldier.* It will determine one way ; fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Soldier.* Nothing. What news?

2 *Soldier.* Belike 't is but a rumour. Good night to you.

1 *Soldier.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Soldier.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Soldier.* And you. Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*

4 *Soldier.* Here we ; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up. 10

3 *Soldier.* 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of the hautboys as under the stage.*

4 *Soldier.* Peace ! what noise ?

1 *Soldier.* List, list !

2 *Soldier.* Hark !

1 *Soldier.* Music i' the air.

3 *Soldier.* Under the earth.

4 *Soldier.* It signs well, does it not ?

3 *Soldier.* No.

1 *Soldier.* Peace, I say !

What should this mean ?

2 *Soldier.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Soldier.* Walk ; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*

2 *Soldier.* How now, masters !

All. [*Speaking together*] How now !

How now ! do you hear this ?

1 *Soldier.* Ay ; is 't not strange ?

3 *Soldier.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ? 20

1 *Soldier.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;
Let 's see how it will give off.

All. Content. 'T is strange. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and others attending.

Antony. Eros ! mine armour, Eros !

Cleopatra. Sleep a little.

Antony. No, my chuck.—Eros, come ; mine armour, Eros !

Enter EROS with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on.—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleopatra. Nay, I'll help too.

What 's this for ?

Antony. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art

'The armourer of my heart. False, false ; this, this.

Cleopatra. Sooth, la, I 'll help ; thus it must be.

Antony. Well, well ;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow ?

Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir. 10

Cleopatra. Is not this buckled well ?

Antony. Rarely, rarely ;

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen 's a squire

More tight at this than thou : dispatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.—

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome!
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

2c

Soldier. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Captain. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Antony. 'T is well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
'That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me;
This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukable [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand 31
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*

Charmian. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleopatra. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now— Well, on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Antony's Camp.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS ; a Soldier meeting them.

Soldier. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Antony. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevailed

To make me fight at land!

Soldier. Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Antony. Who's gone this morning?

Soldier. Who!

One ever near thee; call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'

Antony. What say'st thou?

Soldier. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Antony. Is he gone?

Soldier. Most certain.

Antony. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him—

I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;

Say that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master.—O, my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENOBARBUS, and others.

Cæsar. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agrippa. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*

Cæsar. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæsar.

Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

10

Upon himself.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Enobarbus. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Soldier.

Enobarbus, Antony

20

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus; the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Enobarbus. I give it you.

Soldier. Mock not, Enobarbus;
I tell you true. Best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

[*Exit.*

Enobarbus. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most.—O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No! I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. *Enter* AGRIPPA and others.

Agrippa. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far.
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

Scarus. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Antony. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scarus. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Antony. They do retire.*

Scarus. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

H

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scarus. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Antony. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scarus. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII. *Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY, in a march; SCARUS, with others.*

Antony. We have beat him to his camp; run one before,
And let the queen know of our gestic.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
'Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—[*To Scarus*] Give me thy
hand.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—[*To Cleopatra*] O thou day o'
the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleopatra.

Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Antony. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can 21
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.—
Kiss it, my warrior.—He hath fought to-day
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleopatra. I'll give thee, friend.
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Antony. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand.
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's Camp.*

Sentinels at their post.

1 Soldier. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard. The night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 Soldier. This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Enobarbus. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Soldier.* What man is this?

2 *Soldier.* Stand close, and list him.

Enobarbus. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

1 *Soldier.* Enobarbus!

3 *Soldier.* Peace!

10

Hark further.

Enobarbus. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me; throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts.—O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive.
O Antony! O Antony!

20

[*Dies.*

2 *Soldier.* Let 's speak

To him.

1 *Soldier.* Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Soldier.* Let 's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Soldier.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Soldier.* Go we to him.

3 *Soldier.* Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.

2 *Soldier.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Soldier.* The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums
afar off.*] Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3c

3 *Soldier*. Come on, then;
He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE X. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army.

Antony. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scarus. For both, my lord.

Antony. I would they 'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us.—Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven.—Forward, now,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. *Another Part of the Same.*

Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.

Cæsar. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *Another Part of the Same.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Antony. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond pine does
stand,
I shall discover all; I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go.

[*Exit.*]

Scarus. Swallows have built
 In Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augurers
 Say they know not, they cannot tell,—look grimly,
 And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
 Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
 His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
 Of what he has and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

Antony. All is lost;
 This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me. 10
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
 They cast their caps up and carouse together
 Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 't is thou
 Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all.—Bid them all fly; begone.—[*Exit Scarus.*
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more!
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here 20
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
 That spaniell'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
 Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
 What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleopatra. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Antony. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians.
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*] 'T is well thou'rt
gone,

If it be well to live; but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleopatra. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Charmian. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Cleopatra. To the monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,

And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIV. *The Same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Antony. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Antony. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs:
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Antony. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct
As water is in water. 10

Eros. It does, my lord.

Antony. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't
A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.— 20
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mardian. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Antony. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mardian. Death of one person can be paid but once.
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' 30
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Antony. Dead, then?

Mardian. Dead.

Antony. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—[*To Mardian*] That thou depart'st
hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go.—[*Exit Mardian.*] Off,
pluck off!—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40
Crack thy frail case!—Apace. Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier.—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile,—

[*Exit Eros.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther.—Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen!—Eros!—Stay for me! 50
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Antony. Since Cleopatra died,
 I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind
 Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
 'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come—which now
 Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me. Do 't; the time is come.
 Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

60

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

70

Antony. Eros,
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued
 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Antony. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me! 80

Antony. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Antony. Lo thee! [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Antony. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Antony. 'T is said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Antony. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then!—Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Kills himself.

Antony. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record; but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't 100
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[Falling on his sword.
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard, ho!—O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?

Antony. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun!

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Antony. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.* 106]

Dercetas. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Diomedes. Where 's Antony?

Dercetas. There, Diomed, there.

Diomedes. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*

Antony. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Diomedes. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Antony. When did she send thee?

Diomedes. Now, my lord.

Antony. Where is she?

Diomedes. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophe-
syng fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth,—and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Antony. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I
prithee.

Diomedes. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

130

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Antony. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'T is the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Antony. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. 139
[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

SCENE XV. *The Same. A Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft, with CHARMIAN and
IRAS.

Cleopatra. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Charmian. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleopatra. No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.—

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How, now! is he dead?

Diomedes. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleopatra. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand 10
The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony,
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Antony. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleopatra. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

Antony. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until 20
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleopatra. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up.— 30
Assist, good friends.

Antony. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleopatra. Here's sport indeed!—How heavy weighs my
lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd;
 Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

40

Antony. I am dying, Egypt, dying.—
 Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleopatra. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
 That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
 Provok'd by my offence.

Antony. One word, sweet queen;
 Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O!

Cleopatra. They do not go together.

Antony. Gentle, hear me;
 None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleopatra. My resolution and my hands I'll trust,
 None about Cæsar.

50

Antony. The miserable change now at my end
 Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes
 Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,
 The noblest, and do now not basely die,
 Not cowardly put off my helmet to
 My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
 I can no more.

Cleopatra. Noblest of men, woo't die?
 Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty?—O, see, my women, [*Antony dies.*
 The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys and girls
 Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon.

Charmian. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Charmian. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Charmian. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt, 70

Empress!

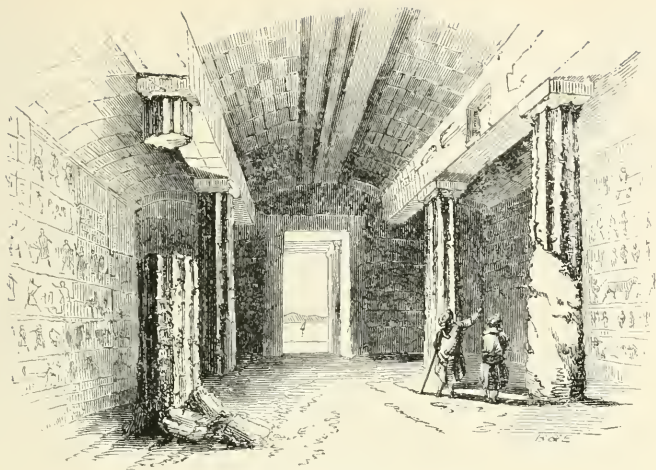
Charmian. Peace, peace, *Iras*!

Cleopatra. No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks
 And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught;
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does
 Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin 80
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what! good cheer!—Why, how now, *Charmian*!—
 My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
 Our lamp is spent, it 's out!—Good sirs, take heart.
 We 'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
 Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us.—Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.—
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend 90
 But resolution and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*]



COIN OF ANTONY, EXECUTED AT ANTIOCH.



INTERIOR OF AN EGYPTIAN TOMB.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council of war.

Cæsar. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dolabella.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæsar. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Dercetas.

I am call'd Dercetas ;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life

To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæsar. What is't thou say'st?

Dercetas. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæsar. The breaking of so great a thing should make
 A greater crack; the round world
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Dercetas. He is dead, Cæsar:
 Not by a public minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
 I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Cæsar. Look you sad, friends?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.

Agrippa. And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

Mæcenus. His taints and honours
 Wag'd equal with him.

Agrippa. A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mæcenus. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
 He needs must see himself.

Cæsar. O Antony!
 I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance

Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine; we could not stall together
 In the whole world. But yet let me lament, 40
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
 That thou, my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
 But I will tell you at some meeter season :

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him ; 50
 We 'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Egyptian. A poor Egyptian yet.—The queen my mistress,
 Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction,
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she 's forc'd to.

Cæsar. Bid her have good heart.
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourable and how kindly we
 Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
 To be ungentle.

Egyptian. So the gods preserve thee ! [Exit. 61

Cæsar. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
 We purpose her no shame. Give her what comforts
 The quality of her passion shall require,
 Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
 She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
 And with your speediest bring us what she says.
 And how you find of her.

Proculeius.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*

Cæsar. Gallus, go you along.—[*Exit Gallus.*] Where 's
Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

All.

Dolabella!

70

Cæsar. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleopatra. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and
Soldiers.*

Proculeius. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

10

Cleopatra.

What 's thy name?

Proculeius. My name is Proculeius.

Cleopatra.

Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,

That have no use for trusting. If your master
 Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must
 No less beg than a kingdom; if he please
 To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
 He gives me so much of mine own as I
 Will kneel to him with thanks.

20

Proculeius. Be of good cheer;
 You're fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing.
 Make your full reference freely to my lord,
 Who is so full of grace that it flows over
 On all that need. Let me report to him
 Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
 A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleopatra. Pray you, tell him
 I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
 The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
 A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
 Look him i' the face.

30

Proculeius. This I'll report, dear lady.
 Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
 Of him that caus'd it.

Gallus. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.—

[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend
 the monument by a ladder placed against a
 window, and, having descended, come behind
 Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and
 open the gates.*]

[*To Proculeius*] Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*]

Iras. Royal queen!

Charmian. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

Cleopatra. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*]

Proculeius. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
 [*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleopatra. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Proculeius. *Cleopatra,*
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself; let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleopatra. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Proculeius. O, temperance, lady

Cleopatra. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Proculeius. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dolabella. *Proculeius,*
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee; for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Proculeius.

So, Dolabella,

It shall content me best ; be gentle to her.—

[*To Cleopatra.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall
please,

If you 'll employ me to him.

Cleopatra.

Say, I would die.

70

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*]

Dolabella. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleopatra. I cannot tell.

Dolabella.

Assuredly you know me.

Cleopatra. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams ;

Is 't not your trick?

Dolabella.

I understand not, madam.

Cleopatra. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony.—

O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man !

Dolabella.

If it might please ye,—

Cleopatra. His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted 80

The little O, the earth.

Dolabella.

Most sovereign creature,—

Cleopatra. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm

Crested the world : his voice was propertyed

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in 't ; an autumn 't was

That grew the more by reaping : his delights

Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in : in his livery

90

Walk'd crowns and crownets ; realms and islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dolabella.

Cleopatra !

Cleopatra. Think you there was, or might be, such a man

As this I dream'd of?

Dolabella. Gentle madam, no.

Cleopatra. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dolabella. Hear me, good madam. 100
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleopatra. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dolabella. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleopatra. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dolabella. Though he be honourable,—

Cleopatra. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dolabella. Madam, he will; I know't. 110

[*Flourish, and shout within, 'Make way there: Cæsar!'*

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS, SELEUCUS,
and others of his Train.*

Cæsar. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dolabella. It is the Emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels*

Cæsar. Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleopatra. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæsar. Take to you no hard thoughts;
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleopatra. Sole sir o' the world, 120
 I cannot project mine own cause so well
 To make it clear, but do confess I have
 Been laden with like frailties which before
 Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæsar. Cleopatra, know,
 We will extenuate rather than enforce.
 If you apply yourself to our intents,
 Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
 A benefit in this change ; but, if you seek
 To lay on me a cruelty by taking
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself 130
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleopatra. And may, through all the world : 't is yours ;
 and we,
 Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæsar. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleopatra. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
 I am possess'd of ; 't is exactly valued,
 Not petty things admitted.—Where 's Seleucus? 140

Seleucus. Here, madam.

Cleopatra. This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,
 Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
 To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Seleucus. Madam,
 I had rather seal my lips than, to my peril,
 Speak that which is not.

Cleopatra. What have I kept back?

Seleucus. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæsar. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
 Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleopatra. See, Cæsar ! O, behold, 150

How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours,
 And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
 The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
 Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust
 Than love that 's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ? thou shalt
 Go back, I warrant thee ; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
 Though they had wings.—Slave, soulless villain, dog !
 O rarely base !

Cæsar. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleopatra. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
 That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, 160
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness
 To one so meek,—that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation ; must I be unfolded 170
 With one that I have bred ? The gods ! it smites me
 Beneath the fall I have.—[*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence,
 Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance ; wert thou a man,
 Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæsar. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleopatra. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
 For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
 We answer others' merits in our name,
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæsar. Cleopatra,
 Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd, 180
 Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be 't yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
 Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
 Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear queen ;
 For we intend so to dispose you as
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

Cleopatra. My master, and my lord !

Cæsar.

Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

Cleopatra. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should
 not

191

Be noble to myself ;—but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark.

Cleopatra.

Hie thee again :

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;

Go put it to the haste.

Charmian.

Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dolabella. Where is the queen ?

Charmian.

Behold, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Cleopatra.

Dolabella !

Dolabella. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
 Which my love makes religion to obey,
 I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
 Intends his journey, and within three days
 You with your children will he send before.
 Make your best use of this ; I have perform'd
 Your pleasure and my promise.

200

Cleopatra.

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dolabella. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleopatra. Farewell, and thanks.—[*Exit Dolabella.*] Now,

Iras, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

210

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleopatra. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets, and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune ; the quick comedians,
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

220

Iras. O the good gods !

Cleopatra. Nay, that 's certain.

Iras. I 'll never see 't ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleopatra. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian !—

Show me, my women, like a queen ; go fetch
My best attires.—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed ;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.—
Wherefore 's this noise ?

230

[*Exit Iras.* A noise within.]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guardsman. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleopatra. Let him come in.—[*Exit Guardsman.*] What
poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine. 240

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guardsman. This is the man.

Cleopatra. Avoid, and leave him.—[*Exit Guardsman.*]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him; but I would not be the party
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is im-
mortal: those that do die of it do seldom or never re-
cover. 248

Cleopatra. Rememberest thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one
of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman,
but something given to lie,—as a woman should not do, but
in the way of honesty,—how she died of the biting of it,
what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good report o'
the worm, but he that will believe all that they say shall
never be saved by half that they do; but this is most falli-
ble, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleopatra. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*]

Cleopatra. Farewell. 260

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleopatra. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleopatra. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleopatra. Will it eat me?

270

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleopatra. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.

Cleopatra. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more

280

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—

Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks I hear

Antony call ; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock

The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men

To excuse their after wrath.—Husband, I come !

Now to that name my courage prove my title !

I am fire and air ; my other elements

I give to baser life.—So ; have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.—

290

Farewell, kind Charmian.—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?

If thou **and** nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

Charmian. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,
 The gods themselves do weep !

Cleopatra. This proves me base ;
 If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss 300
 Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
 [To an asp, which she applies to her breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
 Of life at once untie ; poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
 Unpolicied !

Charmian. O eastern star !

Cleopatra. Peace, peace !
 Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Charmian. O, break ! O, break ! 309

Cleopatra. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
 O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too.—

[Applying another asp to her arm.

What should I stay— [Dies.

Charmian. In this wild world ?—So, fare thee well.—
 Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
 A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;
 And golden Phœbus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal !—Your crown 's awry ;
 I 'll mend it, and then play—

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

I *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

Charmian. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Charmian. Too slow a messenger.—

[*Applies an asp.*

O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee. 321

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All 's not well; Cæsar 's be-
guil'd.

2 *Guard.* There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here!—Charmian, is this well
done?

Charmian. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dolabella. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dolabella. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou 330
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within.* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!'

Re-enter CÆSAR, and all his train, marching.

Dolabella. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæsar. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dolabella. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæsar. Poison'd, then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now ; she stood and spake.
 I found her trimming up the diadem
 On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood
 And on the sudden dropp'd.

340

Cæsar. O noble weakness !—
 If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
 By external swelling ; but she looks like sleep,
 As she would catch another Antony
 In her strong toil of grace.

Dolabella. Here, on her breast,
 There is a vent of blood and something blown ;
 The like is on her arm.

Guard. This is an aspic's trail ; and these fig-leaves
 Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
 Upon the caves of Nile.

350

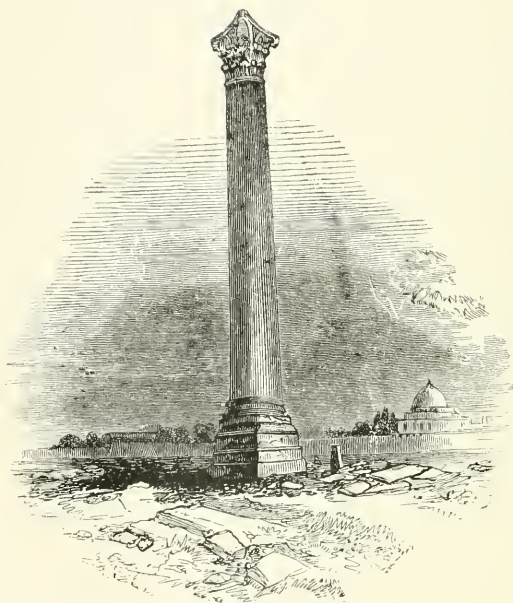
Cæsar. Most probable
 That so she died ; for her physician tells me
 She hath pursued conclusions infinite
 Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;
 And bear her women from the monument.
 She shall be buried by her Antony ;
 No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
 A pair so famous. High events as these
 Strike those that make them ; and their story is
 No less in pity than his glory which
 Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
 In solemn show attend this funeral,
 And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
 High order in this great solemnity.

360

[*Exeunt*

K





POMPEY'S PILLAR.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

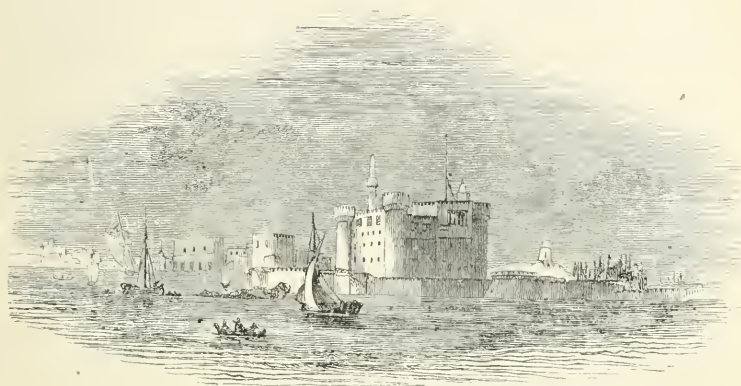
- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the American reprint of that ed.

NOTES.



ALEXANDRIA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following are the chief passages in North's *Plutarch* (see p. 11 above) which illustrate the play:*

"Cicero on the other side, being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against
i. 4. 56 fol. Antonius: so that in the end he made the senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Cæsar sergeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a Consul or Prætor: and moreover, sent Ilircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle: but both the Consuls were slain there.

* We take these from *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. (London, 1875), p. 167 fol.

"Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity: and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant shewed he himself. Every man that feeleth want or adversity, knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do: but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and mislike: but rather to the contrary, they yield to their accustomed easy life, and through faint heart, and lack of courage, do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers, to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eat wild fruits and roots: and moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alps, they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before. . . .

"Antonius being thus inclined, the last and extremest mischief of all other (to wit, the love of Cleopatra) lighted on him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen to any: and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight, and made it worse than before. The manner how he fell in love with her was this. Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her, being this: that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their war against him. The messenger sent unto Cleopatra, to make this summons unto her, was called Dellius; who when he had throughly considered her beauty, the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, he nothing mistrusted that Antonius would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself, that within few days she should be in great favour with him. Thereupon he did her great honour, and persuaded her to come into Cilicia, as honourably furnished as she could possible; and bad her not to be afraid at all of Antonius, for he was a more courteous lord than any that she had ever seen. Cleopatra on the other side, believing Dellius' words, and guessing by the former access and credit she had with Julius Cæsar and C. Pompey (the son of Pompey the Great) only for her beauty, she began to have good hope that she might more easily win Antonius. For Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then what the world meant: but now she went to Antonius at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment. So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace.

ii. 2. 190
fol.

Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set for-

ward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus ; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, howboys,¹ cithernes,² viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of her self, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture : and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them, were apparelled like the nymphs Nereids (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces ; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered³ with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side : others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end, there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post⁴ alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience : and there went a rumour in the people's mouths, that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again, he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius therefore, to shew himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her : where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it. . . .

"Now Antonius was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that though his wife Fulvia had great wars, and much ado with Cæsar for his affairs, and that the army of the Parthians (the which the king's lieutenants had given to the only⁵ leading of Labienus) was now assembled in Mesopotamia, ready to invade Syria ; yet (as though all this had nothing touched him) he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra unto Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports (as a man might say) and idle pastimes, the most precious thing a man can spend (as Antiphon saith), and that is, time. For they made an order between them, which they called *Amimetobion* (as much to say, no life comparable and matchable with it), one feasting each other by turns, and in cost exceeding all measure and reason. And for proof hereof, I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report, that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic ; and that having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a young man desirous to see things), to shew him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and

ii. 2. 183. saw a world of diversities of meats, and amongst others eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said :

¹ hautboys. In 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 351 (the only instance of the word in S) the folio has "Hoeboy."

² guitars.

³ crowded Cf *Cor.* p. 258.

⁵ sole.

⁴ posted. Cf *Gr.* 341.

'Sure you have a great number of guests to supper.' The cook fell a-laughing, and answered him: 'No,' quoth he, 'not many guests, nor above twelve in all: but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight: for Antonius peradventure will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well today, or else hath had some other great matters in hand: and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in.' . . .

"But now again to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery: but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also,

i. 1. 53. when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying very gallantly and wisely: 'that Antonius shewed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance: and the Romans a tragical face, to say, a grim look.' But to reckon up all the foolish sports they made, revelling in this sort, it were too fond¹ a part of me, and therefore I will only tell you one among the rest. On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none, he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen, that when he cast in his line, they should straight dive under the water, and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before: and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found² it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing: but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bad them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight

ii. 5. 15. commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt-fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently.³ Then they all fell a-laughing. Cleopatra laughing also, said unto him: 'Leave us, my lord, Egyptians (which dwell in the country of Pharus and Canobus) your angling-rod: this is not thy profession, thou must hunt after conquering of realms and countries.'

¹ foolish.

² discovered.

³ at once. * Cf. ii. 2. 163, iii. 4. 15, etc. below.

"Now Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from
i. 2. 84 Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first
fol. between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news, as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates and from Syria unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius with much ado a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So, first of all he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phœnicia: but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred sail: and as he went, took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy to come to him. By them he was informed, that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war: who being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to withdraw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicyon: and therefore Octavius Cæsar and he were the easilier made friends again. For when Antonius landed in Italy, and that men saw Cæsar asked nothing of him, and that Antonius on the other side laid all the fault and burden on his wife Fulvia; the friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse
ii. 2. 15 between them: but they made them friends together, and di-
fol. vided the empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the countries westward unto Cæsar, and left Africa unto Lepidus: and made a law, that they three, one after another, should make their friends Consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel, but yet it was to be confirmed with a straighter¹ bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himself afterwards of Accia. It is reported, that he dearly loved his sister Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of her first husband Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. For he denied not that he kept Cleopatra, neither did he confess that he had her as his wife: and so with reason he did defend the love he bare unto this Egyptian Cleopatra. Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserveth) she should be a good mean² to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him. So when Cæsar and he had made

¹ stricter.² means. See *R. and J.* p. 189.

the match between them, they both went to Rome about this marriage, although it was against the law that a widow should be married within ten months after her husband's death. Howbeit the senate dispensed with the law, and so the marriage proceeded accordingly.

“Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pinnaces and other pirates' ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates,

ii. 6. who so scoured all the sea thereabouts, that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia, and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the mount of Misena, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea: Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies upon the shore-side, directly over against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withal, that he should send a certain¹ of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and drew cuts² who should begin. It was Pompeius chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him: ‘And where shall we sup?’ ‘There,’ said Pompey; and shewed him his admiral galley which had six banks of oars: ‘that,’ said he, ‘is my father's house they have left me.’ He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his father's house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast anchors *enow*³ into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of mount Misena: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antonius' love unto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his ear, said unto him: ‘Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides?’ Pompey, having paused a while upon it, at length answered him: ‘Thou shouldst have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor.’ The other two also did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned into Sicily.

“Antonius, after this agreement made, sent Ventidius before into Asia to stay the Parthians, and to keep them they should come no further: and he himself in the mean time, to gratify Cæsar, was contented to be chosen Julius Cæsar's priest and sacrificer, and so they jointly together dispatched all great matters concerning the state of the empire. But in all other manner of sports and exercises, wherein they passed the time away the one with the other, Antonius was ever inferior unto Cæsar, and alway lost, which grieved him much. With Antonius there was a sooth-sayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of

¹ a certain quantity.

² lots. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 422: “We'll draw cuts for the senior.”

³ enough. Cf. i. 4. 11 below.

men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good, ii. 3. and very great) was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. 'For thy demon,' said he, (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee) 'is afraid of his: and being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other.' Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome. . . .

"In the meantime, Ventidius once again overcame Pacorus (Orodes' son, king of Parthia) in a battle fought in the country of Cyrestica, he being come again with a great army to invade Syria: at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit, as famous as ever any was, was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before

iii. 1. by the death of Marcus Crassus: and he made the Parthians fly, and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice together been overcome in several battles. Howbeit Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius' displeasure by it. Notwithstanding, he led his army against them that had rebelled, and conquered them again: amongst whom he besieged Antiochus king of Commagena, who offered him to give a thousand talents to be pardoned his rebellion, and promised ever after to be at Antonius' commandment. But Ventidius made him answer, that he should send unto Antonius; who was not far off, and would not suffer Ventidius to make any peace with Antiochus, to the end that yet this little exploit should pass in his name, and that they should not think he did anything but by his lieutenant Ventidius. The siege grew very long, because they that were in the town, seeing they could not be received upon no reasonable composition, determined valiantly to defend themselves to the last man. Thus Antonius did nothing, and yet received great shame, repenting him much that he took not their first offer. And yet at the last he was glad to make truce with Antiochus, and to take three hundred talents for composition. Thus after he had set order for the state and affairs of Syria, he returned again to Athens: and having given Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome, to triumph for the Parthians. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this present day, a mean man born, and of no noble house or family: who only came to that he attained unto, through Antonius' friendship, the which delivered him happy occasion to achieve great matters. And yet to say truly, he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Cæsar, to wit, that

they were alway more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves. For Sossius, one of Antonius' lieutenants in Syria, did notable good service : and Canidius, whom he had also left his lieutenant in the borders of Armenia, did conquer it all. So did he also overcome the kings of the Iberians and Albanians, and went on with his conquests unto mount Caucasus. By these conquests the fame of Antonius' power increased more and more, and grew dreadful unto all the barbarous nations.

" But Antonius, notwithstanding, grew to be marvellously offended with Cæsar, upon certain reports that had been brought unto him, and so took sea to go towards Italy with three hundred sail. And because those¹ of

iii. 4. Brundisium would not receive his army into their haven, he went farther unto Tarentum. There his wife Octavia, that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send her unto her brother, the which he did. Octavia at that time was great with child, and moreover had a second daughter by him, and yet she put herself in journey, and met with her brother Octavius Cæsar by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mæcenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and with all the instance¹ she could possible, intreated them they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunatest creature of all other. 'For now,' said she, 'every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the emperors, and wife of the other. And if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid) and that they grow to wars : for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them two the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow. But for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still.' . . .

" When Octavia was returned to Rome from Athens, Cæsar commanded her to go out of Antonius' house, and to dwell by herself, because he had abused² her. Octavia answered him again, that she would not forsake her husband's house, and that if he had no other occasion to make war with him, she prayed him then to take no thought for her : 'For,' said she, 'it were too shameful a thing, that two so famous captains should bring in civil wars among the Romans, the one for the love of a woman, and the other for the jealousy betwixt one another.' Now as she spake the word, so did she also perform the deed : for she kept still in Antonius' house, as if he had been there, and very honestly and honourably kept his children, not only those she had by him, but the other which her husband had by Fulvia. Furthermore, when Antonius sent any of his men to Rome, to sue for any office in the commonwealth, she received them very courteously, and so used herself unto her brother, that she obtained the things she requested. Howbeit thereby, thinking no hurt, she did Antonius great hurt. For her honest love and regard to her husband made every man hate him, when they saw he did so unkindly use so noble a lady : but the greatest cause of their malice

iii. 6. unto him was for the division of lands he made among his children in the city of Alexandria. And, to confess a troth,³ it

¹ urgency.

² truth. See *M. N. D.* p. 151.

³ deceived. See *Ham.* p. 215, or *Oth.* p. 158.

was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans. For he assembled all the people in the showplace, where young men do exercise themselves, and there, upon a high tribunal silvered, he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria; and at that time also Cæsarion king of the same realms. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander for his portion Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country; and unto Ptolemy for his portion Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithal he brought out Alexander in a long gown after the fashion of the Medes with a high cop-tank¹ hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians do use to wear them: and Ptolemy apparelled in a cloak after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feet and a broad hat, with a royal band or diadem. Such was the apparel and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of Alexander the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of Armenian soldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time (but at all other times else when she came abroad) the apparel of the goddess Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects, as a new Isis.

“Octavius Cæsar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome, he thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antonius on the other side sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest points of his accusations he charged him with were these. First, that having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the ile. Secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war. Thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate² out of his part of the empire, and having deprived him of all honours, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof, which had been assigned unto him for his part. And last of all, that he had in manner divided all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Cæsar answered him again: that for³ Lepidus, he had indeed deposed him, and taken his part of the empire from him, because he did over cruelly use his authority. And secondly, for³ the conquests he had made by force of arms, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia. And thirdly, that for³ his soldiers, they should seek for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their emperor and Captain. . . .

¹ conical. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 167, note on *A copitain hat.*

² sic; for triumvir.

³ as for. Cf. iii. 13. 51 below.

"Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and
 iii. 7. empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himself, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himself by her charms and amorous poisons: and that they, that should make war with them, should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatra's bed-chamber, that frizzled her hair, and dressed her head) and Charmion, the which were those that ruled all the affairs of Antonius' empire.

"Before this war, as it is reported, many signs and wonders fell out. . . . The admiral-galley of Cleopatra was called *Antoniad*, in the which
 iv. 12. 4. there chanced a marvellous ill sign: swallows had bred under the poop of her ship, and there came others after them that drave away the first, and plucked down their nests.

"Now when all things were ready, and that they drew near to fight, it was found, that Antonius had no less than 500 good ships of war, among which there were many galleys that had eight and ten banks of oars, the which were sumptuously furnished, not so meet for fight as for triumph: an hundred thousand footmen, and 12,000 horsemen; and had with him to aid him these kings and subjects following: Bocchus king
 iii. 6 68. of Lybia, Tarcondemus king of high Cilicia, Archelaus king of Cappadocia, Philadelphus king of Paphlagonia, Mithridates king of Comagena, and Adallas king of Thracia. All which were there, every man in person. The residue that were absent, sent their armies: as Polemon king of Pont, Manchus king of Arabia. Herodes king of Jewry; and furthermore Amyntas king of Lycæonia and of the Galatians: and besides all these, he had all the aid the king of Medes sent unto him. Now for Cæsar, he had 250 ships of war, 80,000 footmen, and well near as many horsemen as his enemy Antonius. Antonius for his part had all under his dominion from Armenia and the river of Euphrates, unto the sea Ionium and Illyricum. Octavius Cæsar had also, for his part, all that which was in our hemisphere or half-part of the world, from Illyria unto the ocean sea upon the west: then all from the ocean unto *mare Siculum*: and from Africa, all that which is against Italy, as Gaul and Spain. Furthermore, all, from the province of Cyrenia to Æthiopia, was subject unto Antonius. Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea: though he saw before his eyes, that for lack of water-men his captains did prest¹ by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take up in the
 iii. 7. 32. field, as travellers, muleteers, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys: so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough. But on the contrary side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery,² but they were light of yarage,³ armed and furnished with water-men as

¹ impress.

³ management. Cf. *yare* in iii. 7. 35, etc., below.

² show. Cf. *Ham.* p. 270.

many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundisium. So Octavius Cæsar sent unto Antonius, to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy: and that for his own part he would give him safe harbour to land without any trouble; and that he would withdraw his army from the sea, as far as one horse could run, until he had put his army ashore, and had lodged his men. Antonius on the other side bravely sent him word again and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that if he refused him so, he would then fight a battle with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before. Now whilst Antonius rode at anchor, lying idly in harbour at the head of Actium, in the place where the city of Nicopolis standeth at this present, Cæsar had quickly passed the sea *Ionium*, and taken a place called Toryne, before Antonius understood that he had taken ship. . . .

"So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but three score ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars.

iii. 7. 47. Into them he put two and twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut: who, as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said: 'O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer or to be slain on our feet.' Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himself. . . .

"Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both: when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busily about their yard-masts, and hoising¹ sail to fly. So they fled through the midst² of them that were in fight, for they had

iii. 10. been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships. For the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius shewed plainly, that he had not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, that the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not in his own); he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman, as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also. For when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, embarked upon a galley with five banks of oars, to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction. . . .

¹ hoisting. See *Rich. III.* p. 239.

² midst. The early eds. have *middest* in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 8. 64.

"Then Antonius sent unto Canidius, to return with his army into Asia by Macedon. Now for himself, he determined to cross over into Africa, and took one of his carecks¹ or hulks loden² with gold and silver, and

iii. 11. other rich carriage,³ and gave it unto his friends, commanding them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius very courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart; and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them in some secret place, until they had made their way and peace with Cæsar. . . .

"But now to return to Antonius again. Canidius himself came to bring him news, that he had lost all his army by land at Actium: on the other side he was advertised also, that Herodes king of Jurie, who had also certain legions and bands with him, was revolted unto Cæsar, and all the other kings in like manner: so that, saving those that were about him, he had none left him. All this notwithstanding did nothing trouble him: and it seemed that he was contented to forgo all his hope, and so to be rid of all his cares and troubles. Thereupon he left his solitary house he had built by the sea, which he called *Timoneon*, and Cleopatra received him into her royal palace. He was no sooner come thither, but he straight set all the city on rioting and banqueting again, and himself to liberality and gifts. He caused the son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra to be enrolled (according to the manner of the Romans) amongst the number of young men: and gave Antyllus, his eldest son he had by Fulvia, the man's gown, the which was a plain gown without gard⁴ or embroderie, of purple. For these things, there was kept great feasting, banqueting and dancing in Alexandria many days together. . . .

"Cleopatra in the meantime was very careful⁵ in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now to make proof of those poisons which made men die with least pain, she tried it upon condemned v. 2. 352. men in prison. For when she saw the poisons that were sudden and vehement, and brought speedy death with grievous torments; and in contrary manner, that such as were more mild and gentle had not that quick speed and force to make one die suddenly: she afterwards went about to prove⁶ the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applied unto men in her sight, some in one sort, some in another. So when she had daily made divers and sundry proofs, she found none of them all she had proved so fit as the biting of an aspik, the which causeth only a heaviness of the head, without swooning or complaining, and bringeth a great desire also to sleep, with a little sweat in the face; and so by little and little taketh away the senses and vital powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feel any pain. For they are so sorry when any body awaketh them and taketh them up, as those that be taken out of a sound sleep are very heavy and desirous to sleep.

"This notwithstanding, they sent ambassadors unto Octavius Cæsar in

¹ ships of burden. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 130, note on *Armadoes of caracks*.

² laden. S. uses *loaden* interchangeably with *laden*. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 140.

³ stores. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 3 and *M. W.* ii. 2. 179.

⁴ edging.

⁵ industrious. ⁶ test. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 38, etc.

Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and

iii. 12. Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained they did not greatly trust, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. For Alexas Laodicean, who was brought into Antonius' house and favour by means of Timagenes, and afterwards was in greater credit with him than any other Grecian (for that he had ever been one of Cleopatra's ministers to win Antonius, and to overthrow all his good determinations to use his wife Octavia well): him Antonius had sent unto Herodes king of Jurie, hoping still to keep him his friend, that he should not revolt from him. But he remained there, and betrayed Antonius. For where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he persuaded him to turn to Cæsar: and trusting king Herodes, he presumed to come in Cæsar's presence. Howbeit Herodes did him no pleasure, for he was presently taken prisoner, and sent in chains to his own country, and there by Cæsar's commandment put to death. Thus was Alexas, in Antonius' life-time, put to death for betraying of him. Furthermore, Cæsar would not grant unto Antonius' requests: but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drive him out of her country. Therewithal he sent Thyreus one of his men unto her, a very wise and discreet man: who bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that besides greatly liked her beauty,

iii. 13. might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour: insomuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well-favouredly¹ whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar: and bad him tell him, that he made him angry with him, because he shewed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now specially, when he was easy to be angered, by reason of his present misery. 'To be short, if this mislike thee,' said he, 'thou hast Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance.' From henceforth Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him then ever she did. For first of all, where² she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity, that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence: so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich. Now things passing thus, Agrippa by divers letters sent one after another unto Cæsar, prayed him to return to Rome, because the affairs there did of necessity require his person and presence. Thereupon he did defer the war till the next year following: but when winter was done, he returned again through Syria by the coast of Africa, to make wars against Antonius and his other captains. When

¹ soundly.

² whereas. See *Lear*, p. 179.

the city of Pelusium was taken, there ran a rumour in the city, that Seleucus (by Cleopatra's consent) had surrendered the same. But to clear herself that she did not, Cleopatra brought Seleucus' wife and children unto Antonius, to be revenged of them at his pleasure. Furthermore, Cleopatra had long before made many sumptuous tombs and monuments, as well for excellency of workmanship, as for height and greatness of building, joining hard to the temple of Isis. Thither she caused to be brought all the treasure and precious things she had of the ancient kings her predecessors: as gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, and cinnamon, and besides all that, a marvellous number of torches, faggots, and flax. So Octavius Cæsar, being afraid to lose such a treasure and mass of riches, and that this woman for spite would set it on fire and burn it every whit, he always sent some one or other unto her from him, to put her in good comfort, whilst he in the meantime drew near the city with his army. So Cæsar came and pitched his camp hard by the city, in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave

iv. 1.

Cæsar's horsemen back, fighting with his men even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and headpiece of clean¹ gold: howbeit the man-at-arms, when he had received this rich gift, stole away by night and went to Cæsar. Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him, 'That he had many other ways to die than so.' Then Antonius, seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest,² both by sea and land. So being at supper (as it is reported) he commanded his officers and household servants that waited

iv. 2.

on him at his board, that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could: 'For,' said he, 'you know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body.' This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a-weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken, he added this more unto it, 'that he would not lead them to battle, where he thought not rather safely to return with victory, than valiantly to die with honour.' Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they

iv. 3.

heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as they use in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs: and it seemed, that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe, that made this noise they heard, went

¹ pure.

² make a stand. See *M. of V.* p. 139. or *R. and J.* p. 215.

out of the city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them. The next morning by break of day, he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city :

iv. 10. and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of the enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploits his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men ; and then Cæsar's men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one : and then did all together row toward the city.

"When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yielded unto Cæsar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them with whom he had made war for her sake. Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which he had caused to be made, and there she locked

iv. 13. the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the meantime sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius believing it, said unto himself : 'What doest thou look for further, Antonius, sith¹ spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life?' When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and being naked,² said thus : 'O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee : but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman.' Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him,

iv. 14. that he should kill him when he did command him : and then he willed him to keep his promise. His man, drawing his sword, lift³ it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master : but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius : 'O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me.' Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently,⁴ for the blood stinted⁵ a little when he was laid : and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to despatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out, tormenting himself : until at last there came a secretary unto him (called Diomedes) who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates

¹ since. See *Ham.* p. 201, or *Gr.* 132.

² lifted. Cf. *Cor.* p. 192, foot-note.

³ ceased.

⁴ without arms. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 258, etc.

⁵ at once.

but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in

iv. 15. the which Antonius was trussed¹: and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised² Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight. For they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death: who holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up: but Cleopatra, stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bad her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had bewrayed³ his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk, he earnestly prayed her, and persuaded her, that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour: and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar. And as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days: but rather that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received; considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world; and that now he was over-

v. 1.

come, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman. As Antonius gave the last gasp, Proculeius came that was sent from Cæsar. For after Antonius had thrust his sword in himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard (called Dercetæus) took his sword with which he had stricken himself, and hid it: then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first news of his death, and shewed him his sword that was bloodied. Cæsar hearing this news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends and shewed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife: and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him, to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him.

"After this, he sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost: and furthermore, he thought that if he could

¹ wound.

² drew.

³ berayed, disfigured. Cf. *rayed* in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 54 and iv. 1. 3; and see our ed. p. 150.

take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph. But Cleopatra would never
 v. 2. put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spake together. For Proculeius came to the gates that were thick and strong, and surely barred, but yet there were some cranewes¹ through the which her voice might be heard; and so they without understood, that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons: and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bad him purposely hold her in talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was trised² up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut up in her monuments with her, saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and skreeked³ out: 'O poor Cleopatra, thou art taken.' Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself in with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, said unto her: 'Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to shew his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach⁴ him, as though he were a cruel and merciless man, that were not to be trusted.' So even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her. . . .

"Shortly after, Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. Cleopatra, being laid upon a little low bed in poor estate (when she
 v. 2. 111. saw Cæsar come into her chamber), suddenly rose up, naked in her smock, and fell down at his feet marvellously disfigured: both for that she had plucked her hair from her head, as also for that she had martyred all her face with her nails; and besides, her voice was small and trembling, her eyes sunk into her head with continual blubbering⁵; and moreover, they might see the most part of her stomach torn in sunder. To be short, her body was not much better than her mind: yet her good grace and comeliness and the force of her beauty was not altogether defaced. But notwithstanding this ugly and pitiful state of hers, yet she shewed herself within, by her outward looks and countenance. When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius: Cæsar, in contrary manner, reprovèd her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to
 v. 2. 140 live. At length, she gave him a brief and memorial of all the
 fol. ready money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood

¹ crannies.² drawn. See p. 164 above.³ shrieked.⁴ impeach, accuse. See *Rich. II.* p. 212.⁵ crying. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 87.

one Scaevola by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well-favouredly¹. Cæsar fell a-laughing and parted the fray. 'Alas,' said she, 'O Cæsar: is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff² creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable state: and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me? though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that they, making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me.' Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself. There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no ill will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly (as she

v. 2. 197
fol. had requested him) that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she requested Cæsar that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead unto the soul of Antonius. This being granted her, she was carried to the place where his tomb was, and there falling down on her knees, embracing the tomb with her women, the tears running down her cheeks, she began to speak in this sort: 'O my dear lord Antonius, it is not long sithence³ I buried thee here, being a free woman: and now I offer unto thee the funeral sprinklings and oblations, being a captive and prisoner; and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing and murdering this captive body of mine with blows, which they carefully guard and keep only to triumph of thee: look therefore henceforth for no other honours, offerings, nor sacrifices from me: for these are the last which Cleopatra can give thee, sith now they carry her away. Whilst we lived together, nothing could sever our companies: but now, at our death, I fear me they will make us change our countries. For as thou, being a Roman, hast been buried in Egypt: even so, wretched creature, I, an Egyptian, shall be buried in Italy, which shall be all the good that I have received by thy country. If therefore the gods where thou art now have any power and authority, sith our gods here have forsaken us, suffer not thy true friend and lover to be carried away alive, that in me they triumph of thee: but receive me with thee, and let me be buried in one self⁴ tomb with thee. For though my griefs and miseries be infinite, yet

¹ beat him soundly. Cf. p. 161 above.

² wretched. See *Oth.* p. 197.

³ since. See *Cor.* p. 236. For *sith* just below, see p. 163 above.

⁴ same. See *C. of E.* p. 143, or *Gr.* 20.

none hath grieved me more, nor that I could less bear withal, than this small time which I have been driven to live alone without thee.'

"Then having ended these doleful plaints, and crowned the tomb with garlands and sundry nosegays, and marvellous lovingly embraced the same, she commanded they should prepare her bath; and when she had bathed and washed herself, she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously

served. Now whilst she was at dinner, there came a country-
 v. 2. 241- man and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded¹ at the gates, asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened his basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and shewed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see so goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table² written and sealed unto Cæsar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was, but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he had received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself: howbeit, he sent one before in all haste that might be, to see what it was. Her death was very sudden: for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark-dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet: and her other woman (called Charmion) half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem

which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said unto her: 'Is that well done, Charmion?'
 v. 2. 324- 'Very well,' said she again, 'and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings:' she said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspick was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs, the aspick should bite her before she should see her: howbeit, that when she would have taken away the leaves for the figs, she perceived it, and said, 'Art thou here, then?' And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspick to be bitten. Others say again, she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspick, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit few can tell the troth³. For they report also, that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen on her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb: but it was reported only, that there was seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone, on the tomb-side toward the sea, and specially by the door-side. Some say also that they found two little pretty⁴ bitings in her arm, scant

¹ watched.

³ truth. See v. 156 above.

² tablet, letter. See *Cymb.* p. 189.

⁴ minute. Cf. v. 2. 243 below.

to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image, with an aspick biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius: and willed also that her two women shou'd have honourable burial."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—1. *General's*. The 1st folio has "generals," the later folios "generall" or "general." Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 65: "a bastard of the king's deceas'd," etc. See also i. 2. 166 below.

4. *Plated*. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 28: "Thus plated in habiliments of war."

5. *Office*. "Dedicated service" (Clarke).

8. *Reneges*. Denies, disclaims; as in *Lear*, ii. 2. 84: "Renege, affirm," etc. See our ed. p. 203. Coleridge would spell the word "reneagues," as it was pronounced. The quartos of *Lear* have "Reneag," and W. reads "reneags" here.

10. *To cool*. Johnson, not seeing that the *bellows* and the *fan* were both meant to *cool*, would read "To kindle and to cool a gypsy's lust." Malone quotes Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 30:

"An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre."

For the contemptuous use of *gypsy*, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 44: "Did a dowdy; Cleopatra a gypsy." See also iv. 12. 28 below.

12. *Triple*. Third; as one of the triumvirate. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 111:

"Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear."

15. *There's beggary*, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 6. 32: "They are but beggars who can count their worth." Stevens quotes Martial, vi. 36: "Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest;" and Ovid, *Met.* xiii.: "Pauperis est numerare pecus," which Golding translates: "Tush! beggars of their cattel use the numbers for to know."

17. *Then must thou needs*, etc. "Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords" (Johnson).

18. *Grates me: the sum*. It grates upon my ear, it vexes me; so be brief. The 2d folio has "Rate me, the summe;" and Rowe reads "Rate me the sum." Pope has "It grates me. Tell the sum."

19. *Them*. Changed by Pope to "it;" but S. makes *news* both singular and plural. Cf. iii. 7. 51 below: "The news is true." See *Much Ado*, p. 125, or *Rich. II.* p. 198 (note on *Odds*).

23. *Take in.* Take, subdue; as in *Cor.* i. 2. 24: "To take in many towns," etc. See our ed. p. 203.

28. *Process.* Summons; the legal sense of the word. Malone quotes Minsheu, *Dict.* 1617: "The writings of our common lawyers sometimes call that the *processe*, by which a man is called into the court and no more."

31. *Homager.* Vassal; the only instance of the word in S. Pope omits *else*.

34. *Rang'd.* Well ordered. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 206:

"To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin."

Rowe changes *rang'd* to "*rais'd*."

35. *Our dungy earth.* Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 157: "the whole dungy earth."

39. *To weet.* To wit, to know. Elsewhere in the early eds. the spelling is "wit;" as in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 90, *A. Y. L.* v. 1. 57, etc.

43. *But stirr'd by Cleopatra.* But influenced or inspired by Cleopatra. Johnson made *but*="except," and Mason="if but."

44. *Love.* The goddess of love, or Venus. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 52: "Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink;" and see our ed. p. 128.

45. *Confound.* Consume, spend; as in i. 4. 28 below. Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 17: "How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour?" See also *1 Hen. IV.* p. 152.

50. *Whose.* The 1st folio has "who;" corrected in the 2d. For *fully* the Coll. MS. gives "fitly."

53. *We'll wander through the streets.* Cf. extract from North, p. 152 above.

60. *That he approves,* etc. "That he proves the common liar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter" (Malone). Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 79: "approve it with a text," etc.

61. *Hope of.* Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 1: "So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?" etc.

SCENE II.—The stage-direction in the folio is "*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas*;" but Lamprius, Rannius, and Lucilius take no part in the dialogue. Perhaps, as Steevens suggests, they may have been in it as it was first written by S. and their names were accidentally left here after their speeches had been struck out. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 117, note on stage-direction.

Lamprias, or *Lampryas*, is mentioned by Plutarch. See p. 151 above.

4. *Charge.* The folios have "change;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Warb. and found also in the Southern MS.). Clarke thinks it "just possible" that the old reading may be right, and that the meaning may be: "this husband who, you say, is to bring his future horns in exchange for our present garlands." For *change*=exchange, see *1 Hen. IV.* p. 152, note on *Changing hardiment*. Some make *change*="vary, give a different appearance to."

8. *Is't you, sir, that know things?* "Admirably contrasted is the

waiting-woman's obtuseness in this form of question with the simple loftiness of the soothsayer's reply; the blundering generalization of commonplace with the large all-embracing amplitude of research into Nature's wonders; the prosaic vagueness and the poetic vagueness" (Clarke).

23. *Heat my liver.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 81: "And let my liver rather heat with wine," etc. For the liver as the seat of love, cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 179.

27. *Herod.* Cf. iii. 3. 3, iii. 6. 73, and iv. 6. 14 below. As Steevens notes, Herod was a familiar character in the mysteries of the early stage, on which he was represented as "a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant." Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 16: "it out-herods Herod;" and see our ed. p. 221. Charmian's wish is therefore "for a son who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke."

31. *I love long life better than figs.* A proverbial expression (Steevens).

34. *Belike.* It is likely, I suppose. Johnson explains the speech thus: "If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose I shall never name children, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, 'how many boys and wenches?'" Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 321.

36. *Fertile.* The folios have "foretell" or "foretel;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Warb.). The Coll. MS. has "fruitful."

37. *I forgive thee for a witch.* Alluding, as Steevens notes, to the proverb, "You 'll never be burnt for a witch."

47. *An oily palm,* etc. Malone compares *Oth.* iii. 4. 36:

* * * * * * *
"This hand is moist, my lady."
This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart."

49. *Worky-day.* Ordinary, common. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 12: "this working-day world."

57. *Alexas,—come,* etc. In the folio this is printed as if it were the speech of Alexas:

"Alexas. Come, his Fortune," etc.

Theo. was the first to suggest the correction, which is required by the sense, and is, moreover, confirmed (though we are not aware that this has been noted) by the fact that elsewhere the prefix to the speeches of Alexas is the abbreviation "*Alex.*" In the folio the proper names in the text are generally in italics, and this one was somehow mistaken for the prefix to a speech.

62. *Hear me this prayer.* Cf. v. 1. 51 below: "We 'll hear him what he says," etc.

74. *Saw.* The 1st folio has "Saue" (Save); corrected in the 2d.

86. *Joining.* Joining; used by S. only here and in *Cymb.* v. 4. 142 and v. 5. 440.

88. *Drave.* For the form, cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 190, *R. and J.* i. 1. 127, etc. *Drove* is the more common form of the past tense in S. For the participle he has *driven*, except in iv. 7. 5 below (*droven*) and 2 *Hen.* VI. iii.

2. 84 (*drove*, which Schmidt thinks may be the past tense). Gr. 343, 344. For *drave*, cf. *Josh.* xvi. 10, xxiv. 12, etc.

93. *As.* As if. Cf. iv. 1. 1 below. Gr. 107.

95. *Extended.* Seized upon; a legal use of the word. Cf. *extent* = seizure, in *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 17, and see our ed. p. 169. Steevens quotes Massinger, *New Way to Pay Old Debts*: "This manor is extended to my use."

Euphrates (the only instance of the word in S.) is accented on the first syllable, as by other writers of the time. Steevens quotes Drayton, *Polyolbion*, 21: "That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrates." Cf. *Cymb.* p. 166, note on *Posthumus*.

99. *Home.* Without reserve or "mincing." Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 166: "He speaks home," etc. See our ed. p. 174.

104. *Minds.* The folios have "windes" or "winds;" corrected by Hammer, at the suggestion of Warb. Clarke (like K. and St.) retains "winds," as "a figurative image for the brisk, wholesomely searching winds that make the earth duly fruitful instead of letting it lie stagnant and overgrown with idle weeds; as well as for the wholesomely rough breath of public censure and private candour which prevent the growth of moral weeds, and allow good fruits to spring up." Coll. also reads "winds," but takes it to be used in the provincial sense of "two furrows ploughed by the horses going to one end of the field and back again."

105. *Earing.* Tilling, ploughing. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 47: "He that ears my land spares my team," etc. See also i. 2. 105 below; and cf. *Deut.* xxi. 4, *Isa.* xxx. 24, etc.

Warb. paraphrases the passage thus: "While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest."

107. *Sicyon.* Spelt "Scicion" in the folio, as elsewhere.

109. *Stays upon your will.* Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 148: "we stay upon your leisure;" *Ham.* iii. 2. 112: "they stay upon your patience," etc.

117. *Contempt doth.* The 1st folio has "contempts doth," the 2d "contempts do;" but it is more likely that *contempt* was misprinted *contempts* than that *do* was made *doth*. Possibly S. wrote "contempts doth." Cf. *R. and J.* p. 140, or Gr. 334.

119. *By revolution lowering.* Johnson sees an allusion to "the sun's diurnal course;" but it seems to be rather to the turning of a wheel, probably suggested by the familiar "wheel of Fortune." Cf. iv. 15. 44 below. Steevens paraphrases it thus: "The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain." The Coll. MS. has "by repetition scouring."

121. *Could.* Could willingly, would fain.

122. *Enchanting.* Omitted in the 2d and later folios. Rowe reads "Egyptian."

124. *Ho! Enobarbus!* Capell's emendation of the "How now *Eno-*

barbus," of the folio. *Ho* is often printed "how" in the early eds., and the "now" was probably inserted by accident.

131. *A compelling occasion*. The folios have "a compelling an occasion;" corrected by Rowe.

135. *Upon far poorer moment*. "For less reason; upon meaner motives" (Johnson).

141. *Call her winds and waters sighs and tears*. Malone was at first inclined to read "call her sighs and tears winds and waters," but finally decided that the text is as S. wrote it. He compares *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 107: "To make your house our Tower;" but the present passage does not seem to us a transposition like that. *Enobarbus* means just what he says, and there is a humour in it which Malone appears to have missed.

155. *When it pleaseth*, etc. "When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another" (Malone). Johnson wished to read "shows to men." Hanmer has "they show to man."

161. *The tears live in an onion*, etc. Cf. *onion-eyed* in iv. 2. 35 below; and see *T. of S.* p. 128.

166. *Cleopatra's*. Changed by Hanmer to "Cleopatra." Cf. i. 1. 1 above.

167. *Your abode*. Your abiding or remaining here. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 53:

"Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him;"

that is, ask him to stay there.

170. *Expedience*. Expedition; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 33: "In forward-
ing this dear expedience." Elsewhere it is = haste; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1.
287 and *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 70.

171. *Part*. Depart; as often. See *M. of V.* p. 145. The folios have "love" for *leave*, which is Pope's correction. K. and Clarke retain "love," making the expression = "win her love to let us depart, prevail upon her love to endure parting."

172. *More urgent touches*. "Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives" (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 135:

"a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears."

174. *Many our contriving friends*. "Many friends who are busy in our interests" (Schmidt). For the order, cf. *T. of A.* iii. 6. 11: "many my near occasions."

175. *Petition us at home*. Are calling for our presence at home.

176. *Dare*. Defiance; again used as a noun (= daring, boldness) in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 78: "A larger dare to our great enterprise."

179. *To throw*, etc. That is, to transfer his name and honours to his son.

183. *Quality*. Disposition, character. Cf. i. 1. 54 above.
 184. *The sides o' the world*. The expression occurs again in *Cymb.* iii. 1. 51. *Danger* is not elsewhere used by S. as a verb.
 185. *The courser's hair*. Alluding to the old notion, still current in some places among children and the illiterate, that a horse-hair put into water will turn into a worm or snake.
 187. *Such whose*. For the relative after *such*, cf. i. 4. 28 below. Gr. 279. For *place* is the 1st folio has "places;" corrected in the 2d.

SCENE III.—1. *I did not see him since*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 58: "I was not angry since I came to France," etc. Gr. 347 (cf. 132).

3. *I did not send you*. "You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge" (Johnson). Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 2. 72:

"I will go meet them; and, my lord Æneas,
 We met by chance, you did not find me here."

8. *I do not*. For the ellipsis of the relative, see Gr. 244.

10. *The way to lose him*. That is, *it is* the way. The Coll. MS. points the line thus: "Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him."

11. *I wish*. Apparently used like "I pray," etc. Nicholson conjectures "the wish" or "your wish."

16. *The sides of nature*, etc. Steevens quotes *T. N.* ii. 4. 96:

"There is no woman's sides
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion."

28. *Though you in swearing*, etc. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 137:

"Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
 The immortal gods that hear you."

32. *Colour*. Pretext; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 178:

"Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
 For 't was indeed his colour," etc.

35. *Eternity was in our lips*, etc. "Cleopatra tauntingly says this as if it were a repetition of what Antony had formerly said of her" (Clarke).

36. *In our brows' bent*. Steevens quotes *K. John*, iv. 2. 90: "Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?"

37. *Was a race of heaven*. Was of heavenly origin. Warb. makes it = "had a smack or flavour of heaven," and Johnson accepts that explanation. Hamner changes *race* to "ray."

44. *In use*. In trust; a legal term. Cf. *M. of I.* iv. 1. 383:

"I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter."

46. *Port*. Some make this = gate, as in iv. 4. 23 below; but, as Pompey was approaching by sea, the reference is more probably to Ostia, the harbour of Rome. If it had the other meaning we should expect the plural, as in *Cor.* v. 6. 6.

48. *Breed*. Changed by Pope to "Breeds;" but it is probably an instance of "confusion of proximity" (Gr. 412).

49. *Condemn'd*. Accented on the first syllable, probably because coming before the noun. See *Cor.* p. 255 (on *Divine*) and p. 268 (on *Supreme*).

51. *Thriv'd*. The only instance of the participle in S. We find the past tense *thriv'd* in *Per.* v. 2. 9.

53. *Would purge*. Would be cured. Cf. the transitive use in *W. T.* iv. 4. 790, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 153, *Mach.* v. 3. 52, etc.

54. *Particular*. Private concern. For the use of *more*, cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 34: "a more requital," etc. Gr. 17.

55. *Safe*. Render safe; used as a verb by S. only here and in iv. 6. 26 below. Theo. changed it here to "salve."

58. *It does from childishness*. That is, as Ritson explains, from being so childish as to believe you. She does not believe at first that Fulvia is really dead. Malone explains it: "I am not so childish as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more;" which seems to us a very childish interpretation. The reply of Antony clearly favours the other.

61. *Garboils*. Disturbances, turmoils, "tantrums" (W.). The only other instance of the word in S. is ii. 2. 67 below. Steevens quotes Stanyhurst, *Æneid*, 1582: "Now manhood and garboils I chaunt and martial horror."

At the last, best. This has been variously interpreted, but probably refers to the last part of the letter, or that giving the good news of Fulvia's death. This explanation is confirmed by Cleopatra's reply: Steevens calls it a "conjugal tribute to the memory of Fulvia," and compares Malcolm's eulogium on the thane of Cawdor, *Mach.* i. 4. 7:

"nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving of it."

Boswell says: "Surely it means her death was the best thing I have known of her, as it checked her *garboils*." St. takes *best* to be vocative = "my best one."

63. *Vials*. "Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend" (Johnson).

68. *The fire*, etc. That is, the sun. Steevens, to fill out the measure, reads "Now by the fire." Cf. Gr. 508.

71. *Affect'st*. Pleasest, likest. The 1st folio has "affects;" a not uncommon contraction of such forms. See Gr. 340.

73. *So Antony loves*. Steevens, Clarke, and some other editors make this = *thus* (that is, in this uncertain, fickle way) Antony loves; but we think that *so* is = if: I am quickly ill,—and as quickly well again if Antony only loves me. For *so*, cf. ii. 5. 94 below. Gr. 133. The reply of Antony is consistent with either interpretation.

74. *Evidence*. The Coll. MS. has "credence," which W. adopts. *Give true evidence* = bear true testimony.

78. *Good now*. Not uncommon in this vocative construction. See *C. of E.* p. 140. For *Egypt* = queen of Egypt, cf. 41 above, and i. 5. 34, iii. 11. 51, 56, etc., below.

81. *Meetly*. Well; the only instance of the word in S.

84. *Herculean*. "Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules" (Steevens). Cf. iv. 12. 44 below.

85. *The carriage of his chafe*. His *chafed* or angry bearing. The noun *chafe* is used by S. only here; but cf. the verb in *Cor.* iii. 3. 27, *Hen.* VIII. i. 1. 123, iii. 2. 206, etc. See also *J. C.* p. 131. St. changes *chafe* to "chief" (that is, Hercules). For *carriage*, see *Much Ado*, p. 127.

90. *O, my oblivion is a very Antony*, etc., "O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous as Antony is, and I forget every thing" (Steevens). For *oblivion* = forgetfulness in this subjective sense, cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 40: "Bestial oblivion," etc.

For *forgotten*, see Gr. 374, and cf. our use of *mistaken*. Here there is probably a play upon the double sense of the word.

91. *But that your royalty*, etc. But that your sovereignty can make frivolousness subservient to your purpose, I should take you for frivolousness itself. Warb. explained it: "But that your charms hold me, who am the *greatest* fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the greatest;" and Steevens thus: "But that your queenship chooses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself;" but he suggested that it might mean, "But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself." Warb. considered that Cleopatra's reply favoured his interpretation (taking *idleness* to refer to Antony, as he had used it); but it may be better explained by ours, which is essentially the same as that of Clarke, who paraphrases the reply thus: "Ah! it is hard work to sustain such trifling so near the heart (or with so much of earnest feeling beneath it) as Cleopatra has carried on this trifling of hers."

96. *My becoming* kill me, etc. The meaning seems to be that she reckons her very graces as her deadly enemies if they do not gain his favour. Steevens thinks there may be an allusion to what Antony has said of her in i. 1. 49 above.

100. *Laurel*. The 2d folio has "Lawrell'd," which many editors prefer.

103. *That thou, residing here*, etc. Steevens remarks that the conceit may have been suggested by Sidney's *Arcadia*:

"She went, they staid; or, rightly for to say,
She staid with them, they went in thought with her."

He quotes also the *Mercator* of Plautus: "Si domi sum, foris est animus; sin foris sum, aninus domi est."

SCENE IV.—3. *Our*. The folios have "One;" corrected by Sr. (the conjecture of Heath and Johnson). Hanmer reads "A."

Competitor = associate; as in ii. 7. 71 and v. 1. 42 below. See also *T.* N. p. 158.

6. *Ptolemy*. Used, as in 17 below, because the queen belonged to the line of the Ptolemies. Cf. iii. 12. 18 below.

9. *The abstract of all faults*. "A microcosm of sinfulness" (Schmidt).

11. *Enow*. The old plural of *enough*. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 24, iv. 1. 29, *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 240, iv. 2. 28, etc. See also p. 154 above.

12, 13. *His faults*, etc. The comparison is elliptically expressed, but intelligible enough. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 120 :

"One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele."

14. *Purchas'd*. Acquired. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 360: "Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling;" and see our ed. p. 177.

20. *Reel the streets*. For the transitive use, cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 9: "Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels." Cf. Gr. 198.

22. *As*. See on ii. 2. 52 below. Johnson conjectured "And." *Composition*=composition; as in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 251: "thou art of sweet composition." In the only other instance of the word in S. (*T. and C.* ii. 3. 109, where the folios have "counsel") it is=combination.

24. *Soils*. Stains, blemishes. The folios have "foyles" or "foyls;" corrected by Malone. Coll. conjectures "foibles." S. does not use the plural anywhere else. Schmidt would retain "foils," explaining it as "blemishes."

When we do bear, etc. "When his trifling levity throws so much burden on us" (Johnson). S. is fond of playing on the various senses of *light*.

25. *If he fill'd*, etc. "If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits and dry bones*" (Johnson). *Call on him*=call him to account; or, perhaps, "visit him" (Schmidt). The Coll. MS. has "Fall on him."

28. *Confound*. See on i. 1. 45 above; and for *such . . . that*, on i. 2. 187.

31. *Being mature in knowledge*. That is, "being old enough to know their duty" (Johnson), or old enough to know better. Hammer reads "who, immature," etc.; but the *experience* and *judgment* that follow imply that the boys are *mature* enough to *know* what is right, though they may not have the manly strength to resist temptation.

33. *Here's more news*. See on i. 1. 19 above. We often, however, find the singular verb before a plural subject. Gr. 335.

38. *Ports*. The Coll. MS. has "fleets," but Coll. does not adopt it.

39. *Discontents*. Malcontents; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 76: "fickle changelings and poor discontents."

40. *Give*. Represent; as in *Cor.* i. 9. 55: "To us that give you truly."

43. *Ebb'd*. That has ebb'd, or declined. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 226: "Ebbing men;" and *Lear*, v. 3. 19:

"great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon."

For the form, cf. *forgotten* in i. 3. 90 above.

Rann changes the second *ne'er* to "not" (Malone's conjecture); but *never* is often=an emphatic *not*, and the repetition is quite in the manner of S.

44. *Comes dear'd*. Becomes endeared. The folios have "fear'd;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Warb.). The Coli. MS. reads "lov'd." Dr. Ingleby suggests that the old reading is="feer'd," a contraction of "affect'd," for which see *Macb.* p. 239.

46. *Lackeying*. The folios have "lacking;" corrected by Theo. Pope reads "lashing."

49. *Ear*. Plough. See on i. 2. 105 above.

52. *Lack blood to think on't*. "Turn pale at the thought of it" (Johnson). *Flush youth*= "youth ripened to manhood, youth whose blood is at the flow" (Steevens).

56. *Wassails*. The folios have "vassailes," "vassails," or "vassals;" corrected by Pope. For *wassail*=carousal, see *Macb.* p. 180, or *Ham.* p. 192. Henley believed "vassals" to be the true reading.

57. *Modena*. Accented here (the only instance of the word in S.) on the second syllable. Cf. the extract from North, p. 149 above.

61. *Suffer*. That is, suffer *with*. For the ellipsis of the preposition in relative sentences, see Gr. 394.

62. *Stale*. Urine. *Gilded*=covered with yellow scum.

71. *Lank'd*. Became lank or thin; the only instance of the verb in S. 'Tis *pity of him*. The same expression occurs in *Oth.* ii. 3. 130. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 14, *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 44, etc.

75. *We*. The 1st folio has "me," which Clarke retains.

79. *Front*. Face, encounter. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 25: "What well-appointed leader fronts us here?" Capell prints "front." See also ii. 2. 61 below.

84. *For my bond*. "That is, to be my bounden duty" (Mason).

SCENE V.—4. *Mandragora*. Mandrake; a soporific. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 330:

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Steevens quotes Webster, *Duchess of Malfy*:

"Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora, and make me sleep."

13. *Wot'st*. Knowest; used by S. only in the present tense and the participle *wotting*. For the latter, see *W. T.* iii. 2. 77.

14. *Demi-Atlas*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 36: "Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight."

15. *Burgonet*. A kind of helmet. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 204: "This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet."

20. *Broad-fronted*. "Bald-fronted" was the "bald" conjecture of Seward.

23. *Into*. Into; as often. Gr. 159.

24. *Anchor his aspect*. Cf. *Sonn.* 137. 6:

"If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride," etc.

Steevens quotes *M. for M.* ii. 4. 4.

Aspect is accented on the last syllable, as regularly in *S.* Gr. 490.

27. *That great medicine.* Alluding to the "grand elixir" of the alchemists. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 102 :

"Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring;"

and see our ed. p. 178. Walker suggests that *medicine* may be=physician, as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 75. Cf. *Macb.* p. 248.

34. *Egypt.* See on i. 3. 78 above.

39. *Arm-gaunt.* A puzzle to the critics, who have suggested many emendations : as "arm-gut" (Hanmer), "termagant" (Mason), "war-gaunt" (Jackson), "arrogant" (Boaden and Sr.), "rampaunt" or "ramping" (Lettsom), etc. Various attempts have been made to explain *arm-gaunt*, but we have no doubt that it is a misprint. The poet's word was not improbably "rampaunt," though, as Sr. says, the article *on* favours "arrogant."

41. *Dumb'd.* The folios have "dumbe" or "dumb;" corrected by Theo. We find "dumbs" in *Per.* v. prol. 5 : "Deep clerks she dumbs." Warb. reads "done." For the adverbial *beastly*, cf. *T. of S.* iv. 2. 34, *Cymb.* v. 3. 27, etc. The Coll. MS. has "boastfully."

50. *Mingle.* *S.* uses the noun only here and in iv. 8. 37 below.

53. *Several.* Separate ; as often. Cf. 68 and iii. 13. 5 below. See also *Temp.* p. 131.

54. *So thick.* "In such quick succession" (Steevens). Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 97 :

"As thick as tale
Came post with post."

62. *Paragon.* The verb is used in different though related senses in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 230 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 62.

65. *Cold in blood*, etc. The pointing is that of Warb. and is generally adopted ; the folio joins the words to what precedes.

69. *Unpeople Egypt.* "By sending out messengers" (Johnson).

ACT II.

SCENE I.—I. *Shall.* Will. Cf. Gr. 315.

3. *They not deny.* For the transposition of *not*, cf. ii. 2. 35 below. Gr. 305.

4. *Whiles.* Used by *S.* interchangeably with *while*. Gr. 137.

"The meaning is, while we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value" (Johnson).

10. *My powers are crescent.* Changed by Theo. to "My power's a crescent," on account of the following *it* ; but cf. *T. of A.* iii. 6. 101 :

"Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off," etc.

21. *Salt.* Wanton, lustful. Cf. *Oth.* p. 175.

Wan'd. Faded, declined. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 4 :

"I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown."

The folios have "wand;" Pope reads "wan," and Johnson conjectures "fond." "Wann'd" is an anonymous conjecture noted in the Camb. ed.

24. *Epicurean*. Accented on the antepenult, as in other writers of the time. S. uses the word only here and (in prose) in *M. W.* ii. 2. 300. Gr. 492.

25. *Cloyless*. Uncloying. Cf. *helpless*=unhelping (*V. and A.* 604, *Rich. III.* i. 2. 13, etc.), *sightless*=unseen (*Macb.* i. 7. 23), etc. See Gr. 3.

26. *Prorogue*. "Linger out, keep in a languishing state" (Schmidt).

27. *Leth'e'd*. The folios have "Lethied." For the noun, cf. ii. 7. 109 below.

31. *A space for*. Time long enough for. *Space* is often used of time; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 279: "within which space she died;" *A. W.* ii. 3. 188: "the coming space," etc.

37. *Egypt's widow*. Julius Cæsar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned (Steevens).

38. *Hope*. Expect, suppose; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 77: "Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope." Boswell remarks that it was considered a blundering use of the word in the time of Elizabeth, as appears from Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*: "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth, which Tanner having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, said thus with a certaine rude repentance: I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow! For [I feare me] I shall be hanged, whereat the king laughed agood, not only to see the Tanners vaine feare, but also to heare his ill-shapen terme."

41. *Warr'd*. The 1st folio has "wan'd;" corrected in the 2d.

45. *Pregnant*. Very probable. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 325: "O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!" See also *Lear*, p. 198.

Square. Quarrel. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 30: "And now they never meet . . . But they do square;" and see our ed. p. 138.

49. *Yet not know*. Do not yet know. For the transposition, see Gr. 76. Cf. iv. 12. 1 below.

50. *Stands our lives upon*. Behooves us as we value our lives. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 138: "It stands your grace upon to do him right;" and see our ed. p. 186, or *Ham.* p. 269. Gr. 204.

SCENE II.—8. *I would not shave 't*. That is, I would not show him even that degree of respect.

9. *Stomaching*. Giving way to anger or resentment. S. uses the verb only here and in iii. 4. 12 below. For the noun (=wrath), see *Lear*, p. 254.

15. *Compose*. Agree, make terms. Cf. *composition* in ii. 6. 58 below.

16. *I do not know*, etc. This is part of the conversation between Cæsar and Mæcenas as they come in.

21. *Loud*. In high words. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 150: "Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud," etc.

25. *Nor curstness grow to the matter*. "Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference" (Johnson). S. uses *curstness* only

here, but cf. *curst* in *Lear*, ii. 1. 67: "with curst speech" (see our ed. p. 198), etc.

35. *Not concern'd*. See on ii. 1. 3 above.

40. *How intend you, practis'd?* What do you mean by *practis'd*? The word was often = plot; as in *Lear*, iii. 2. 57: "practis'd on man's life," etc.

44. *Was theme for you*. Had you for its theme, was on your account. Coll. has "For theme was you," and St. conjectures "Had you for theme."

46. *Did urge me in his act*. "Made use of my name as a pretence for the war" (Warb.).

47. *Reports*. "Reporters" (Pope's reading). S. uses *reporter* only in 189 below.

50. *Stomach*. Disposition, inclination. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 35: "he which hath no stomach to this fight," etc.

51. *Having alike your cause*. I being engaged in the same cause with you (Malone).

52. *Patch a quarrel*. Make a quarrel, as it were, out of mere shreds and pieces. In the next line the *not* is not in the folios, but was inserted by Rowe. Clarke follows the old text, and believes that the language is purposely equivocal; "Antony allowing Cæsar to understand either 'If you desire to pick a quarrel with me, you could find stronger ground for basing it upon than these frivolous causes of complaint,' or 'If you wish to make up the quarrel between us, you have better means of doing so than by ripping up these trivial grievances.'" Dr. Ingleby (*S. the Man and the Book, Part I.* p. 145) also follows the folio, making *have* "the verb of obligation." He says: "Antony refers to former letters, and Cæsar to former excuses: so that when Antony speaks of *patching the quarrel*, he means that the quarrel has been already *worn out* by discussion. Cæsar ought (he says) to be able to adduce a new and entire ground of complaint; but that if he will patch up the old quarrel he must do it with something else than the pretence that Antony's wife and brother have made wars upon him. . . . *As* is the *conjunction of reminder*, being employed by S. and his contemporaries to introduce a subsidiary statement, qualifying, or even contradicting, what goes before, which the person addressed is required to take for granted." Cf. *A. V. L.* iii. 5. 38, *M. for M.* ii. 4. 89, and i. 4. 22 above. We can accept this explanation (which so far fits the other reading equally well) except in making *have* "the verb of obligation." If it were that *have*, it ought to mean, we think, you *are* obliged to adduce, or you *must* adduce, not "you ought to be able to adduce." It will hardly bear the "twist" that Dr. I. has to give it in order to make it serve his purpose here.

60. *With graceful eyes attend*. Look graciously or approvingly upon. Pope reads "grateful."

61. *Fronted*. Opposed. Cf. i. 4. 79 above.

62. *I would you had*, etc. "I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find that, though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter" (Malone). *Spirit* is a monosyllable (= *sprite*), as often, Gr. 463.

64. *Pace*. Teach paces to, break in. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 22:

“those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage.”

67. *Garboils*. See on i. 3. 61 above.

70. *Did you too much disquiet*. S. has *do* with many nouns with which we should not now use it; as “do danger” (*J. C.* ii. 1. 17), “do our country loss” (*Hen. V.* iv. 3. 21), “do him disparagement” (*R. and J.* i. 5. 72), “do him shame” (*R. of L.* 597, *Sonn.* 36. 10), “do him ease” (*T. of S.* v. 2. 179, *Ham.* i. 1. 131), etc.

For that = but for all that, nevertheless.

74. *Missive*. Messenger. Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 7: “Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me ‘Thane of Cawdor.’” S. uses the word only twice.

78. *Told him of myself*. “Told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience” (Warb.).

85. *The honour is sacred*, etc. “The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself” (Malone). Mason takes *now* to refer to *is*, not to *talks*: “the honour which Cæsar talked of was *now* sacred and inviolate, supposing that he had been somewhat deficient before” (as he has now brought Cæsar the aid which he neglected to send “when rioting in Alexandria”).

94. *Without it*. That is, without my honesty.

98. *Noble*. The 2d folio has “nobly.” Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 141: “she’s noble born;” and *Cor.* iii. 2. 6: “You do the nobler.” Gr. 1.

99. *Enforce*. Urge, lay stress upon; as in *Cor.* ii. 3. 227: “enforce his pride,” etc.

100. *Griefs*. Grievances. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 118: “redress of all these griefs;” *Id.* iv. 2. 42: “Speak your griefs softly,” etc. See also *1 Hen. IV.* p. 192.

102. *Atone*. Reconcile. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 202: “Since we cannot atone you;” and see our ed. p. 156.

110. *Your considerate stone*. That is, *I am* as silent as a stone. The meaning seems obvious enough, but Johnson wanted to read “Go to, you considerate ones,” and Heath conjectured “your confederates love.” Steevens cites many passages to show that “still as a stone” was a common simile. Cf. *T. A.* iii. 1. 46: “A stone is silent and offendeth not.” Tollet explains the passage thus: “I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions;” but we take it that *considerate* is simply = discreet, circumspect.

115. *What hoop*, etc. Steevens compares *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 43: “A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in.”

120. *Say not so*. The folios have “Say not, say;” corrected by Rowe. In the next line they have “prooffe” or “proof” for *reproof*, which was the conjecture of Warb.

122. *Were well deserv'd of rashness.* Would be well deserved for your rashness.

128. *To his wife.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 293, *Ham.* i. 2. 14, etc. See also *Matt.* iii. 9, *Luke*, iii. 8, etc. Gr. 189.

133. *Import.* Carry with them.

134. *Be tales.* For the measure, Pope reads "be but tales," and Capell "then be tales." Steevens conjectures "be as tales," St. "be half tales," Keightley "be tales only," and Nicholson "be mere tales."

144. *Power unto.* Elsewhere we have *of* (*Ham.* ii. 2. 27, etc.), *upon* (as in i. 3. 23 above), *in* (*Much Ado*, iv. 1. 75, etc.), and *over* (*Rich. III.* i. 2. 47, etc.).

156. *I must thank him only,* etc. I must just thank him, lest I be thought forgetful of his courtesies; and then I will defy him.

158. *At heel of that.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 341: "But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?" See also *T. of A.* i. 1. 27, etc.

159. *Of us.* For *of* with the agent, see Gr. 170.

164. *So is the fame.* Such is the report.

167. *Most.* Utmost, greatest; as in *Ham.* i. 5. 180: "at your most need," etc. Gr. 17.

168. *To my sister's view.* To see my sister; the "objective genitive."

177. *Disgested.* The 1st folio has "disgested." So in *Cor.* i. 1. 154 and *J. C.* i. 3. 205 we find "disgest." See Nares, s. v. *Disgest*; and cf. Wb.

180. *Eight wild boars roasted,* etc. See extract from North, p. 151 above.

186. *Square to her.* Just to her. Cf. *T. of A.* v. 4. 36:

"All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
Of those that are, revenges."

188. *Upon the river of Cydnus.* Mason criticised this as "an instance of negligence and inattention in S.," since, according to 216 below, Antony, being then in the market-place, did not see her on the river; which reminds one of Yellowplush's surprise at finding that Boulogne-sur-Mer was on the shore and *not* "on the sea." *Upon the river*, as Clarke notes, means "on the shores of the river," including the "city."

192. *The barge she sat in,* etc. Cf. North, p. 151 above.

200. *Cloth-of-gold of tissue.* Explained by some as = cloth-of-gold in tissue or texture (for *of* = in, see Gr. 173); but St. is probably right in making it = "cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue." He says that the expression "repeatedly occurs in early English books." He might have added that S. takes it from North. See p. 151 above.

201. *That Venus.* Warb. says that this means "the Venus of Protogenes, mentioned by Pliny."

206. *What they undid did.* That is, seemed to produce the glow they were intended to allay. Johnson thought it would be better to read "what they did, undid."

208. *Tended her i' the eyes.* Apparently = waited upon her looks. Clarke compares *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 168: "gambol in his eyes." Steevens cites *Ham.* iv. 4. 6: "We shall express our duty in his eye;" that is, in our personal attendance upon him.

209. *And made their bends adornings.* This is the great *crux* of the play. The notes upon it in the Var. of 1821 fill six pages, and include some very amusing matter. More recent commentators have added a good deal more of the same sort. If the old text be right, the simplest explanation is that they made their obeisance, or bowed, with such grace that it added to their beauty; or, as Steevens puts it, "each inclined her person so gracefully that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty." This idea of grace in doing service follows naturally enough the mention of their waiting upon her in the preceding line. Hammer changed *adornings* to "adorings," and W. reads "their bends, adoring." The only other emendation or explanation that seems worth mentioning is Dr. Ingleby's (*Shakes. Hermeneutics*, p. 119): "We read, after Zachary Jackson, '*the bends*' adornings.' Both *eyes* and *bends* were parts of Cleopatra's barge. The *eyes* of a ship are the hawseholes; the *bends* are the wales, or thickest planks in the ship's sides. North has it: '*others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge*;' which settles the question as to the meaning of *eyes*: and that once fixed, the other part of the interpretation is inevitable. What could the hardy soldier, Enobarbus, care for the curves of the mermaids' bodies? To us it is obvious that if the girls tended Cleopatra at the eyes, they would, *there*, be the natural ornaments of the bends." This is ingenious, but we cannot accept it. The reference in North to "tending the tackle" follows (see p. 151 above) the mention of "steering the helm;" and the counterpart to it in the play is *the silken tackle*, etc., which occupies the same position in the description. The part of North's account which corresponds to *made their bends adornings* seems to be the statement that the gentlewomen were apparelled "like the Graces," and this might suggest a reference to grace in their movements. We believe that in all that has been written on the passage, no one has called attention to the very close paraphrase of North which S. gives: "Her ladies and *gentlewomen* . . . were apparelled *like the* nymphs *Nereids* (which are the *mermaids* of the waters) and"—after getting so far we have only to seek a parallel for "like the Graces;" and may we not find it in *made their bends adornings*?—made their very obeisance, as they *tended her*, like that of the Graces waiting on Venus. As to the appropriateness of the description in the mouth of "the hardy soldier Enobarbus," is it any more poetical or sentimental than what precedes and follows? If he had an eye for the "delicate cheeks" and the "flower-soft hands" and all that, why not for the "curves of the mermaids' bodies?" Note how fond he is of dwelling on Cleopatra's witchery. Cf. 229–241 below, i. 2. 146 fol. above, etc.

210. *Tackle.* As a kind of "collective" noun, it here takes a plural verb. The later folios have "tackles."

211. *Swell.* Perhaps suggested by the swelling of the sails, and possibly with the added figurative idea of palpitating, as it were, with pleasure at the touch. Coll. adopts the bad "Smell" of his MS.

212. *Yarely.* Readily, deftly. Cf. *yare* (=quick) in v. 2. 282 below.

214. *Wharfs.* Banks; used by S. only here and in *Ham.* i. 5. 33: "on Lethe wharf,"

217. *But for vacancy.* "Alluding to an axiom in the Peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*" (Warb.).

222. *It should.* It would. Gr. 326.

225. *Barber'd ten times o'er.* Cf. 8 above.

226. *His ordinary.* His supper, his meal. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 211: "for two ordinaries." S. uses the noun nowhere else except in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 42: "the ordinary Of Nature's sale-work."

227. *Wench.* In the time of S. "not always used in a bad sense, but as a general familiar expression, in any variation of tone between tenderness and contempt" (Schmidt).

232. *Did make defect perfection.* An expression not unlike *made their bends adornings* above.

236. *Stale.* Render stale; changed in the 2d folio to "steale." Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 73: "To stale with ordinary oaths my love;" *Id.* iv. 1. 38: "out of use and stal'd by other men," etc.

238. *But she makes hungry, etc.* Cf. *V.* and *A.* 19:

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty."

Malone quotes *Per.* v. 1. 113: "Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry."

240. *Become themselves.* Are becoming. Malone compares *Sonn.* 150. 5: "Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill?"

241. *Riggish.* Wanton; the only instance of the word in S. Steevens and Malone cite examples of the noun *rig* (=harlot), but none of the adjective.

244. *Lottery.* Prize. Theo. has "allotery" (the suggestion of Warb.) =allotment.

SCENE III.—3. *Bow my prayers.* Rowe reads "in prayers," and the Coll. MS. "with prayers."

6. *Kept my square.* Explained by the context. Cf. the use of the verb in *W. T.* v. 1. 52:

"O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!"

8. *Good night, sir.* The 2d folio gives this to Octavia; but the reply of Cæsar shows that it is addressed to him.

14. *In my motion.* In my mind, "intuitively" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. W.* iii. 1. 13:

"like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it;"

and see our ed. p. 157. Theo. reads "notion" here, as Warb. does in *A. W.*

20. *Thy demon, tha' thy spirit, etc.* The reading of the 1st folio; the 2d has "that 's thy." Cf. the passage in North, p. 155 above. The wording of this seems to have suggested the change in the 2d folio, and has led some of the modern editors to adopt that reading; but K., D.,

V., W., Clarke, and the Camb. ed. follow the 1st folio. Abbott (Gr. 239) finds only one instance of the demonstrative before a possessive pronoun in S. (*J. C.* ii. 1. 112: "this our lofty scene"); but the combination is not uncommon in the plays. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 8. 96, *T. and C.* i. 1. 55, *J. C.* v. 5. 27, *Macb.* i. 7. 53, ii. 2. 61, iii. 6. 48, etc. See also iii. 5. 17 and iv. 14. 79 in the present play.

For *demon*=genius, or attendant spirit, cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 56:

"There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar;"

and *C. of E.* v. 1. 332:

"One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit?"

23. *A fear*. Apparently a simple personification, though Steevens thinks it necessary to compare the introduction of *Fear* as a personage in the old moralities. Thirlby's conjecture of "afear'd" is, however, plausible enough.

28. *Thickens*. Grows dim. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 50:

"Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood."

31. *Away*. The folios have "alway;" corrected by Pope.

35. *The very dice*, etc. Cf. North, p. 155 above.

36. *Cunning*. Skill; as in iii. 12. 31 below. Cf. *Ps.* cxxxvii. 5, and the adjective in *Gen.* xxv. 27, etc.

37. *Speeds*. Has good luck, prospers. See *W. T.* p. 161, note on *Sped.*

39. *All to nought*. That is, when the odds are as everything to nothing. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 238: "And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing;" and *Cor.* v. 2. 10: "it is lots to blanks."

Quails. "The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks" (Johnson). The birds were *in*hoop'd, or confined within a circle, to keep them "up to the scratch;" or, as others say, the one that was driven out of the hoop was considered beaten. Hamner reads "in-coop'd at odds," and Capell "in whoop'd-at odds."

SCENE IV.—6. *At the Mount*. That is, at Misenum. The 1st folio omits *at*.

8. *About*. That is, by a roundabout way. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 3. 11: "His horses go about."

SCENE V.—1. *Moody*. Pensive, sad; as in *C. of E.* v. 1. 79, etc. Cf. *T. N.* i. 1. 1: "If music be the food of love, play on."

3. *Billiards*. An anachronism, as Malone and others have pointed out; but cf. *C. of E.* p. 103.

8. *Show'd*. S. uses both *showed* and *shown* as the participle; so *bended* (12 below) and *bent*.

10. *Angle*. Angling-line. See *Ham.* p. 269.
12. *Tawny-finn'd*. The folios have "Tawny fine" or "Tawny-fine;" corrected by Theo.
15. '*T was merry when*, etc. See North, p. 152 above.
18. *Fervency*. Eagerness; the only instance of the word in S. *Fervent* does not occur in his works.
22. *Tires*. Head-dresses. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 60: "thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-vaillant, or any tire of Venetian admittance."
23. *Philippian*. S. names Antony's sword after the battle of Philippi; though, as Theo. tells us, there was no such custom in Roman times.
24. *Ram*. Hanmer changes the word to "Rain;" and Delius conjectures "Cram," as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 106. Malone compares *J. C.* v. 3. 74.
26. *Antony's dead!* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "*Anthony's dead*." The Camb. editors adopt Delius's conjecture of "*Antoni-
us dead!*"
27. *Mistress*. A trisyllable. Cf. *frustrate* in v. 1. 2 below. Gr. 477.
30. *Lipp'd*. The verb occurs again in *Oth.* iv. 1. 72: "To lip a wanton in a secure couch."
32. *We use*. We are accustomed. We do not now use the present in this sense. See *A. Y. L.* p. 156.
33. *The dead are well*. For this euphemism, cf. *W. T.* v. 1. 30, 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 3, *R.* and *J.* iv. 5. 76, v. 1. 17, etc. As Henley remarks, this use of *well* seems to have been suggested by 2 *Kings*, iv. 26.
38. *So tart a favour*. So sour a face. For *favour*, see *Ham.* p. 263, or *M. N. D.* p. 130. Hanmer reads "why so tart," and Malone "needs so tart."
41. *Formal*. Ordinary, common. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 144. Johnson explains it as "decent, regular."
44. *Captive*. The 2d folio misprints "captaine," and "Marke" for *Make* in 49 below; and in both cases the later folios follow it.
51. *Precedence*. What has gone before; as in the only other instance in which S. uses the word—*L. L. L.* iii. 1. 83. The accent is on the penult there as here.
64. *Unhair*. The only instance of the verb in S. *Unhair'd* (= beardless) is a conjectural reading in *K. John*, v. 2. 133 (see our ed. p. 174).
71. *Boot thee with*. Give thee to boot.
74. *Have made no fault*. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 218: "you have made fault;" *Sonn.* 35. 5: "All men make faults," etc.
75. *Keep yourself within yourself*. That is, do not get *beside* yourself with passion. Steevens compares *T. of S.* ind. 1. 100: "we can contain ourselves."
78. *Melt Egypt into Nile!* Cf. i. 1. 33 above: "Let Rome in Tiber melt."
81. *Afear'd*. Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid*, which Pope substitutes here. Cf. iii. 3. 1 below.
90. *Worser*. Used by S. some twenty times. Cf. i. 2. 57 above.
97. *Thou wouldst appear most ugly*. That is, "this news hath made thee a most ugly man" (*K. John*, iii. 1. 37).

101. *Much unequal.* Very unjust. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 102:

"To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours."

103. *That art not what thou 'rt sure of.* The reading of the folios, much tinkered by the editors. K. explains it thus: "Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee." Clarke says: "Who art not thyself that fault which thou art so sure has been committed. The messenger has before said, 'I that do bring the news made not the match,' and 'I have made no fault;' and he has so often repeated his assertion that Antony is married, that Cleopatra alludes to it as 'what thou 'rt sure of.'" V. thinks it may be—"Thou (the bearer) art not thyself the evil thing of which thou art so certain, and dost not merit to bear its odium;" and this seems to us the simplest way of putting it. Of the emendations, the following are worth noting: "that sayst but what thou 'rt sure of" (Hammer); and "That art not—What? thou 'rt sure of't?" (Mason's conjecture). W. changes *not* to "but," and explains the line thus: "being merely a messenger, you are to be regarded only according to the tenour of your message." He also takes *that* in the preceding line to be a demonstrative, and adds: "Cleopatra, in reply to the messenger's plea that he only performs his office, says, 'O that (namely, Antony's marriage), which is his fault, should make a knave of thee, that art but what thy tidings are.'" H. reads "art in what," etc.

105. *Are.* The subject *merchandise* (=goods) is treated as a plural. Cf. *tackle* in ii. 2. 210 above.

112. *Feature.* Personal appearance. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 126: "Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey." See also *Id.* iv. 2. 264, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 19, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 50, *Ham.* iii. 1. 167, iii. 2. 25, *Lear*, iv. 2. 63, etc. S. uses the plural only in *Temp.* iii. 1. 52.

116. *Though he be painted,* etc. Alluding, as St. notes, to the "double" pictures formerly in vogue, of which Burton says: "Like those double or turning pictures; stand before which you see a fair maid, on the one side an ape, on the other an owl." Cf. Chapman, *All Fools*, i. 1:

"But like a couzening picture, which one way
Shows like a crow, another like a swan."

117. *Way's.* As in the 4th folio, and="way he's" (Hammer's reading); "wayes" in the earlier folios.

SCENE VI.—7. *Tall.* Stout, sturdy. Cf. *T. N.* p. 123.

13. *Ghosted.* Steevens quotes an instance of the verb from Burton, *Anat. of Melan.* preface: "What madness ghosts this old man? but what madness ghosts us all?"

16. *The all-honour'd.* The 1st folio omits *the*, and in 19 misprints "his" for *is*.

24. *Fear.* Frighten. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 9:

"this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant."

See also *K. John*, p. 147.

27. *O'ercount me of my father's house.* As Malone notes, "*o'ercount* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to insinuate that Antony not only *outnumbered* but had *overreached* him." According to Plutarch, "when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them." See also p. 154 above.

28. *But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,* etc. "Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can" (Johnson). For other allusions to this habit of the cuckoo, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 60 (see the long note in our ed. p. 195), *Lear*, i. 4. 235, and *R. of L.* 849.

30. *From the present.* Away from, or foreign to, the present business. Gr. 158.

34. *To try a larger fortune.* That is, in trying, or if you try, for more at the hands of Fortune. He hints that in risking the chances of war he may lose rather than gain. For the "indefinite" use of the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

37. *Greed.* The reading of the 1st and 2d folios; the 3d and 4th (followed by the modern eds.) have "'greed." Cf. *C. of E.* p. 145, or Wb.

39. *Targes.* Targets, shields; as in *Cymb.* v. 5. 5, where, as here, the word is a monosyllable. See Gr. 471.

42. *Though I lose,* etc. Clarke remarks: "The historical fact of Sextus Pompey's having courteously received Antony's mother in Sicily when she fled from Italy is recorded by Plutarch; but the touch of delicacy in sentiment—declaring that to remind or reproach another with a benefit conferred is to forfeit the merit of it—is the dramatist's own exquisite addition. S. has more than once taken occasion to enforce this refinement in social morality; he has made that noble-minded, warm-natured, delicate-souled being, Antonio, the sea-captain in *T. M.* (whom we can never help associating, in strange closeness of analogy, with S. himself in character and disposition), say [iii. 4. 383]:

'Do not tempt my misery.
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.'

47. *Am well studied.* Am studious or earnestly desirous. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 10: "so loosely studied;" and *M. of V.* ii. 2. 205: "well studied in a sad ostent," etc. Cf. Gr. 294, 374.

51. *Timelier.* Earlier, sooner. Cf. *Mach.* p. 199.

54. *What counts harsh fortune casts.* The metaphor, as Warb. notes, is from making marks or lines in *casting accounts*.

66. *Meanings.* The folios have "meaning;" but Heath's emendation is required by the following *them*.

70. *A certain queen,* etc. Ritson says: "This is from the margin of North's *Plutarch*, 1579: 'Cleopatra trussed up in a mattress, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus' back;' but this marginal reference is to the following in the text: "She, only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends, took a little boat, and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castle. Then having

no other mean to come into the court without being known, she laid herself down upon a mattress or flockbed, which Apollodorus her friend tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his back and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cæsar in at the castle gate. This was the first occasion (as it is reported) that made Cæsar to love her: but afterwards, when he saw her sweet conversation and pleasant entertainment, he fell then in further liking with her, and did reconcile her again unto her brother the king, with condition that they two jointly should reign together."

73. *Are toward.* Are in preparation. Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 6. 68: "Here 's a noble feast toward;" *T. of S.* v. 1. 14: "some cheer is toward," etc.

83. *Have known.* That is, have known each other. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 4. 36: "Sir, we have known together in Orleans."

97. *Whatsome'er.* The reading of the 1st folio ("whatsomere"); changed to "whatsoe're" in the 2d. See *A. W.* p. 161. *True* = honest; as often. For its use in antithesis to *thief*, see *Cymb.* p. 182.

110. *Pray ye, sir?* Are you in earnest?

112. *Is.* For the singular verb with two singular subjects, see Gr. 336. Coll. prints the speech as a question.

113. *Divine of.* Predict concerning. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 79: "divine his downfall," etc.

120. *Conversation.* Behaviour, conduct. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 205.

127. *Occasion.* Need, necessity (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 3. 15: "But his occasions might have wooed me first," etc.

SCENE VII.—1. *Enter . . . with a banquet.* That is, with a dessert. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 9:

"My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer."

Nares quotes Massinger, *Unnatural Combat*:

"We 'll dine in the great room, but let the music
And banquet be prepared here."

Coll. adds, from *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"T is strange, how that we and the Spawiard differ;
Their dinner is our banquet after dinner."

Plants. As Johnson notes, there seems to be a play on the word as applied to the soles of the feet (Latin *planta*). Steevens cites Lupton, *Notable Things*: "the plants or soles of the feet;" and Chapman, *Ilia*: "Even to the low plants of his feete."

4. *High-coloured.* The 1st folio misprints "high Conlord."

5. *Alms-drink.* Warb. says that this means "that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him." He sees also a satirical allusion to "Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy." Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 18 fol.

6. *Pinch one another by the disposition.* A phrase = "touching one in a sore place" (Warb.); or "as they try each other by banter" (Clarke).

Coll. thinks that it refers to "the sign they give each other regarding the disposition of Lepidus to drink."

13. *Partisan*. A kind of halberd. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 80, 101, *Ham.* i. 7. 140, etc.

15. *Are the holes*, etc. The comparison is expressed elliptically: "is as sorry a blank as are the empty spaces," etc. (Clarke). In *sphere* we have an allusion to the old Ptolemaic astronomy. See *Ham.* p. 254. *Disaster*=injure, disfigure; the only instance of the verb in *S.* Schmidt remarks that it is "rather blunderingly used;" but it was an astrological term and is probably suggested here by the figure that precedes.

17. *They take the flow o' the Nile*, etc. *S.* probably got this information, either from Holland's *Pliny*, as Reed suggests, or from John Pory's translation of Leo's *Hist. of Africa*, 1600, as Malone thinks more probable.

20. *Foison*. Full harvest, plenty; as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 163, iv. 1. 110, *Mach.* iv. 3. 88, *Sonn.* 53. 9, etc.

26. *Your serpent*, etc. For the colloquial use of *your*, see Gr. 221.

33. *In*. That is, "in for it" (=drunk).

34. *Pyramises*. The singular *pyramis* was in use in the time of *S.* (cf. *1 Hen. VI.* i. 6. 21), but the plural is his own, and is probably intended as a touch of drunken enunciation. In v. 2. 61 below we have *pyramides*. The booziness of Lepidus is well hit off here. "His feeble attempt at scientific inquiry, in the remark concerning *your serpent of Egypt*, his flabbily persistent researches touching *your crocodile*, and his limp recurrence to his pet expression *strange serpent*, are all conceived in the highest zest of comic humour" (Clarke).

40. *This wine for Lepidus!* This is "the health that Pompey gives him" (52 below).

44. *It own*. For the old possessive *it*, especially in combination with *own*, see *W. T.* p. 172.

58. *Held my cap off*. Been a servant, been faithful.

69. *Inclips*. Embraces, encloses. Cf. *clip* in iv. 8. 8 below. On *pales*, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 19: "paled in With rocks," etc.

71. *Competitors*. Partners, associates. See on i. 4. 3 above.

74. *There*. Changed by Pope to "then." Steevens conjectures "theirs," but adds that *there* may be="in the vessel." It may be accompanied with a gesture towards the company they have left.

83. *Pall'd*. Impaired, waning; the only instance of this sense in *S.* See, however, *Ham.* p. 267, note on 9.

85. *This health to Lepidus!* But Lepidus is already "under the table," so to speak. We have heard nothing from him since Antony admonished him (61 above) that he was about to "sink."

93. *Then, is drunk*. The folios have "then he is;" corrected by Rowe.

94. *Go on wheels!* "The world goes on wheels" was a common phrase of the time. Taylor the Water-Poet took it for the title of one of his pamphlets.

95. *Reels*. Apparently suggested by *drunk*, and used for the sake of the rhyme to *wheels*. Cf. 118 below. Steevens conjectured "grease the wheels" for *increase the reels!*

98. *Strike the vessels.* Probably = "tap the casks," as most of the editors have explained it. Weber cites Fletcher, *Monsieur Thomas*, v. 10: "Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine," etc. The word *vessels* also favours this explanation, being elsewhere used of casks or large vessels; as in *T. of A.* ii. 2. 186: "If I would broach the vessels of my love," etc. Some, however, make *strike the vessels* = strike your cups together. Clarke, who adopts this explanation, objects to the other that Antony would hardly give an order for tapping fresh casks when Pompey was the entertainer; but the carousal had now reached a point where none of the company would stand overmuch upon etiquette. Ritson quotes *Oth.* ii. 3. 71: "And let me the canakin clink, clink!"

102. *Possess it.* "Be master of it" (Schmidt); or "occupy it, fill it up" (Clarke). The reading is perhaps doubtful. The Coll. MS. has "Propose," which occurred independently to W.; and St. conjectures "Propose."

112. *The holding.* The "burden" of the song. For *bear* the folios have "beate" or "beat;" corrected by Theo.

115. *Pink eyne.* Winking or half-shut eyes (the effect of intoxication); with perhaps a reference to the other sense of red. Johnson in his *Dict.* defines a *pink eye* as "a small eye," and quotes this passage in illustration. Nares quotes Fleming, *Nomenclator*: "Ayant fort petits yeux. That hath little eyes: pink-eyed;" and Wilkins, *Alph. Dict.*: "pink-eyed, narrow eyed." For the old plural *eyne*, cf. *M. A. D.* i. 1. 242, ii. 2. 99, iii. 2. 138, v. 1. 178, etc. We find it without the rhyme in *R. of L.* 1229 and *Per.* iii. prol. 5.

116. *Fats.* "Vats" (Pope's reading). Cf. *Joel*, ii. 24, iii. 13. See also Baret, *Alvearie*: "A fat, or vat. Orca."

117. *Hairs.* For the plural, cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 9, iii. 2. 120, *C. of E.* iii. 2. 48, etc. Here, however, it may be used because more than one person is referred to. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights*.

125. *The wild disguise,* etc. The wild intoxication hath almost made *antics* or buffoons (cf. *Rich. II.* p. 192) of us all. Clarke remarks: "The discriminative characterization developed in each of the revellers—Lepidus's fatuity and solemn dulness floundering beneath the overpowering effect of the repeated healths or toasts with which he is plied; Octavius's reluctance at the subversion of his cold equanimity by the riot of the carousal and the effect of the wine; Enobarbus's mad spirits—yet he even at length giving token of being 'weaker than the wine;' Pompey's capital bit of maudlin ('O Antony, you have my father's house— But, what! we are friends'), half lingering resentment, half drunken magnanimity of forgiveness; the untouched strength of the seasoned Mark Antony, able to bear any amount of drained cups; together with the rich gusto and classical grape-crowned animation of the whole scene, combine to render this one of the most magnificently painted orgy-descriptions ever set down on paper. It glows before our eyes like a Rubens canvas. . . . The finishing the whole with a shout and a flinging-up of caps puts the finishing stroke of climax to this finely conceived scene of wild vivacity."

130. *Take heed,* etc. The 1st folio (followed substantially by the others) reads:

"*Eno.* Take heed you fall not *Menas*; Ile not on shore
No to my Cabin:" etc.

The editors have divided the speech in various ways; the arrangement in the text is Capell's.

135. *Hoo!* See on iii. 2. 11 below, and *Cor.* p. 220.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—1. *Struck.* "Alludes to *darting*: thou whose darts have so often struck others art struck now thyself" (Johnson).

4. *Thy Pacorus*, etc. Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.

10. *Chariots.* Walker and D. conjecture "chariot;" but, as Clarke remarks, "a plural form, used in this way, is not unfrequent among poets and poetic writers or speakers, to give the effect of amplitude and generalization."

13. *May make too great an act.* Make an act too great; that is, as the context shows, because it may excite the jealousy of one's superior in office.

15. *Him we serve's away.* For the "confusion of construction" (or "attraction," as some prefer to call it), cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 46: "Ay, better than him I am before knows me," etc. See Gr. 208, and cf. 410. Pope of course changed *him* to "he."

24. *Darkens him.* Obscures himself. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 7. 5:

"And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own."

28. *The which.* See Gr. 287.

29. *Grants.* Affords, allows. Warb. remarks: "The sense is this: 'Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.' This was wisdom or knowledge of the world."

34. *Jaded.* Driven like *jades*, or worthless nags (cf. *Rich. II.* p. 219).

SCENE II.—6. '*T is.* Used contemptuously; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 70, *R. and J.* iv. 2. 14, etc. For the familiar use, cf. *Macb.* p. 168.

11. *Hoo!* The 1st folio has "How," the later folios "Oh!" or "Oh?" The folio often has *how* for *ho* or *hoo*, and we follow Clarke in reading the latter here as a favourite exclamation of Enobarbus. He adds: "The breathless fun of the present dialogue, its hurry of hyperbolical phrases heaped one atop of the other, as the speakers tumble them out in emulation of each other, for representation of what Lepidus says in exaggerated praise of both his objects of admiration, make one feel that S. himself enjoyed writing it."

12. *Thou Arabian bird!* The phoenix. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 17: "She is alone the Arabian bird;" *Temp.* iii. 3. 22:

"Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there," etc.

16. *Ho!* The reading of the first three folios; the 4th folio and most modern eds. have "Ho!"

17. *Cast.* Compute; as in *Sonn.* 49. 3, 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 21, etc. Cf. ii. 6. 54 above.

Number=express in *numbers*, or verse; the only instance of this sense in S.

20. *Shards.* The horny wing-cases of the "sharded" (*Cymb.* iii. 3. 20) or "shard-borne beetle" (*Macb.* iii. 2. 42). The meaning is: "they are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground" (Steevens).

26. *As my farthest band*, etc. "As I will venture the greatest pledge of security on the trial of thy conduct" (Johnson); or, as I will pledge any thing that you will prove to be. For *band*=bond, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 2, 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 157, *C. of E.* iv. 2. 49, etc. For *approof*, cf. *A. W.* ii. 5. 3: "of very valiant approof" (=of approved valour), and see also *Id.* i. 2. 50.

28. *Piece of virtue.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 56: "Thy mother was a piece of virtue;" and *Per.* iv. 6. 118: "Thou art a piece of virtue." For similar examples of *piece*=masterpiece, see *W. T.* iv. 4. 32, *Lear*, iv. 6. 137, and v. 2. 99 below.

29. *Cement.* S. accents both the noun and the verb (which occurs only in ii. 1. 48 above) on the first syllable.

32. *Mean.* Means; as often. Cf. iv. 6. 35 below, and see *R. and J.* p. 189.

35. *Curious.* Careful, punctilious, scrupulous. See *A. W.* p. 138 or *Cymb.* p. 179.

40. *The elements*, etc. The wish probably refers to her voyage to Egypt. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 45:

"O let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!"

Johnson explained it: "May the different *elements* of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful." Cf. *J. C.* v. 5. 73, and see our ed. p. 185.

43. *The April's in her eyes.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 189: "he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April."

49. *At full of tide*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 63:

"As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way."

52. *Were he a horse.* "A horse is said to have a cloud in his face when he has a black or dark-coloured spot between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and, being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course regarded as a blemish" (Steevens).

57. *Rheum.* Cf. *T. and C.* v. 3. 105: "and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones," etc. See Wb.

58. *Confound*. Destroy; as in ii. 5. 92 above. *Wail'd*=bewailed; as often. Cf. *V. and A.* 1017, *C. of E.* iv. 2. 24, *Cor.* iv. 1. 26, etc.

59. *Wept*. The folios have "weepe" or "weep," which Steevens defended. The editors generally adopt *wept*, which is due to Theo.

62. *Wrestle*. The 1st and 2d folios have "wrestle," which is still the vulgar pronunciation.

SCENE III.—2. *Go to, go to*. The 1st folio prints it "Go too, go too."

3. *Herod of Jewry*. See on i. 2. 27 above.

14. *As me*. See Gr. 210.

22. *Station*. Mode of standing. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 58: "A station like the herald Mercury," etc.

24. *Breather*. Cf. *Sonn.* 81. 11: "When all the breathers of this world are dead." See also *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 297.

25. *Observance*. Observation. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 5: "By what observance, I pray you?" *Oth.* iii. 3. 151: "Out of his scattering and unsure observance," etc. So *make better note*=be better observers.

37. *As low as*. Capell conjectured "Lower than;" but the original is a cant phrase with that meaning.

41. *Proper*. "Nice;" often used in a complimentary way. See *Temp.* ii. 2. 63, *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 10, etc.

43. *Harried*. Worried, used roughly; the only instance of the word in S. Minsheu, in his *Dict.*, 1617, defines the word, "To turmoile or vex."

44. *No such thing*. That is, no such remarkable thing, nothing extraordinary.

46. *Defend*. Forbid. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 98: "God defend the lute should be like the case!" etc.

SCENE IV.—3. *Semblable*. Like, similar; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 72, *Ham.* v. 2. 124, etc.

9. *Not look't*. The 1st folio has "not look 't," and the 2d "had look 't;" corrected by Theo. Rowe reads "o'er-look'd," and the Coll. MS. has "but look'd."

10. *From his teeth*. That is, for form's sake, not from his heart. Cf. Dryden, *Wild Gallant*: "I am confident she is only angry from the teeth outward."

12. *Stomach*. Resent. See on ii. 2. 9 above.

15. *Presently*. At once; as in ii. 2. 159 above.

16. *O, bless my lord*, etc. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 331 fol.

27. *Stain*. Eclipse, throw into the shade. Cf. *Sonn.* 35. 3: "Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun;" and *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 66:

"To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident."

Theo. reads "strain," Rann "stain" (= sustain), and Coll. "stay" (Boswell's conjecture).

28. *Your desires are yours*. You have what you desire.

32. *Solder*. The 1st and 2d folios have "soader" and the others "sodder."

SCENE V.—5. *Success*. Issue, that which *succeeds* or follows; as in ii. 4. 9 above. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 117: "Nor fear of bad success," etc.

7. *Rivalry*. Copartnership, equality; the only instance of the word in *S.* Cf. *rivals*=associates, companions; as in *Ham.* i. 1. 13: "The rivals of my watch," etc.

10. *Appeal*. Impeachment. See *Rich. II.* p. 150. *Up*=shut up.

12. *Then, world, thou hast*. The folios have "Then would thou hast;" corrected by Hamner.

A pair of chaps, no more. The comma was first inserted by Theo.

13. *And throw between them*, etc. "Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them" (Johnson).

14. *The one the other*. The folios have simply "the other;" corrected by Capell (Johnson's conjecture). Hamner reads "each other."

19. *More, Domitius*, etc. "I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news: Antony requires your presence" (Johnson).

SCENE VI.—3. *I' the market-place*, etc. See North, p. 157 above.

9. *Stablishment*. Settled inheritance; the only instance of the word in *S.* *Establishment* he does not use at all, though he has both *establish* and *stablish* (*1 Hen. IV.* v. 1. 10).

10. *Lydia*. Johnson adopts Upton's conjecture of "Lybia" (from Plutarch), but North has "Lydia."

13. *He there*. The folios have "hither;" corrected by Johnson.

20. *Who*. That is, the people of *Rome*. *Queasy with*=disgusted with.

23. *Who*. The reading of the 1st folio, changed in the 2d to "Whom." Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 30: "For who love I so much?" *Cor.* ii. 1. 8: "Who does the wolf love?" etc. Gr. 274.

29. *Being*. That is, he being deposed. The folios have "And being that, we" or "And being that we." Rowe corrected the pointing.

39. *Enter Octavia with her train*. The stage-direction in the folios. Some omit *with her train*, as inconsistent with what follows; but Cæsar simply wonders that she comes with so small a retinue. Antony had told her (iii. 4. 37 above) to take what "company" she pleased.

52. *Ostentation*. Changed by Theo. to "ostent," for the sake of the metre. Walker conjectures "ostention."

53. *Left unlov'd*. The Coll. MS. has "held" for *left*, and Sr. conjectures "felt;" but it is not unlikely that S. wrote *left unlov'd*, which certainly suggests the meaning, though something of logical precision is sacrificed to the antithesis. The editors of the last century were not troubled by it, and it is retained by Coll. (in spite of his MS.), D., K., V., Clarke, and the Camb. ed. St. conjectures "left unpriz'd," and W. adopts "held" without comment. Schmidt says that *left unlov'd* is="not felt; to love a love being a phrase like *to think a thought*, etc."

61. *Obstruct*. The folios have "abstract," which Schmidt explains as "the shortest way for him and his desires, the readiest opportunity to encompass his wishes." *Obstruct* was suggested by Warb., and is generally adopted by the editors.

67. *Who*. Referring to both of them.

69. *Bocchus, the king of Libya*, etc. See North, p. 158 above.

76. *More larger*. See Gr. 11.

Ay me. Changed by Hammer and others to "Ah, me!" but see *C. of E.* p. 142.

80. *Wrong led*. Misled; changed by Capell to "wrong'd."

81. *In negligent danger*. In danger from being negligent.

88. *Make them*. The folios have "makes his" or "make his;" corrected by Capell. Theo. reads "make their." Coll. gave "make his" (referring "his" to *justice*) in his 1st ed., but in his 2d he adopts Capell's reading.

89. *Best of comfort*. "May the best of comfort be yours!" (Steevens). Rowe reads "Be of comfort."

95. *Regiment*. Rule, sway. *Trull*=harlot; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 28, etc. Johnson remarks that the word was not "a term of mere infamy, but one of slight contempt, as *wench* is now;" but there can be no doubt of its meaning here. Cf. 66 above.

96. *Noises it*. Is noisy, or raises a disturbance. For the use of *it*, see Gr. 226.

98. *Dear'st*. For contracted superlatives, see Gr. 473.

SCENE VII.—3. *Forspoke*. Spoken against, gainsaid. It often meant "to bewitch, or destroy by speaking" (Nares); as in Drayton, *Her. Epist.*:

"Their hellish power, to kill the ploughman's seed
Or to forspeak whole flocks as they did feed;"

The Witch of Edmonton:

"That my bad tongue, by their bad usage made so,
Forespeakes their cattle, doth bewitch their corn;"

and Burton, *Anat. of Melan.*: "They are in despair, surely forespoken, or bewitched."

5. *Is 't not denounc'd against us?* Is not the war declared against us? See North, p. 158 above: "he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra," etc. Cf. the use of *denunciation* (= formal declaration) in *M. for M.* i. 2. 152. The folios read "If not, denounc'd," etc. Malone has "If not, denounce 't;" and Steevens, "Is 't not? Denounce," etc. The reading in the text is Rowe's.

20. *Take in Toryne*. Capture Toryne. See on i. 1. 23 above.

23. *Becom'd*. For the form, cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 406: "He would have well becom'd this place." See also *R. and J.* p. 204.

26. *For that*. Because. Gr. 151, 287.

32. *Muleters*. Muleteers. The 1st folio has "mililers," the other folios "muliters," which is the spelling in North. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 68: "base muleters of France!" Similar forms are "enginer" (see *Ham.* p. 241), "pioner" (*Ham.* p. 198, or *Oth.* p. 190), "mutiner" (*Cor.* p. 202), etc.

33. *Ingross'd by swift impress*. Got together by a hurried impressment or levy. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 75: "impress of shipwrights," etc.

35. *Yare*. Light and manageable. Cf. North: "light of yarage." See also on ii. 2. 212 above.

36. *Fall you*. Befall you, come to you. Cf. *K. John*, p. 133, note on *Fair fall*, etc.

44. *Merely*. Entirely, absolutely. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*, etc.

54. *Power*. Force, army. Cf. *J. C.* p. 168, note on *Are levying powers*.

57. *My Thetis!* My sea-nymph!

65. *But his whole action*, etc. Johnson explains this: "His whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reason;" but we think it rather means that his action does not rest on that which makes its strength. Malone puts it thus: "His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength (namely, his *land force*), but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea."

69. *Marcus Octavius*, etc. In the folios this speech is assigned to "*Veu.*;" corrected by Pope. Coll. thinks that "*Veu.*" may be an abbreviation of *Vennard*, the name of an actor. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 127, note on 86.

72. *Carries*. Has a range; probably from archery, as Steevens suggests. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 52: "he would have carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half," etc.

73. *Distractions*. Divisions, detachments. Cf. *L. C.* 231: "Their distract parcels."

77. *Throes forth*. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 231:

"a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield."

SCENE VIII.—5. *Prescript*. Direction, order; like *prescription* in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 151.

6. *Jump*. Hazard, stake; the only instance of the noun in S. Cf. the verb in *Mach.* i. 7. 7 (see our ed. p. 177), *Cor.* iii. 1. 154, and *Cymb.* v. 4. 188.

SCENE IX.—1. *Yond*. Not a contraction of *yonder*, as often printed. See *Temp.* p. 121.

2. *Battle*. Army; as in *K. John*, iv. 2. 78, *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 9, etc.

SCENE X.—2. *Antoniad*. The name of Cleopatra's ship. See North, p. 158 above.

5. *Synod*. In five out of the six passages in which S. uses the word, it refers to an assembly of the gods. See *A. Y. L.* p. 173.

6. *Cantle*. Piece; literally, corner. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 173.

7. *With*. By; as often. Gr. 193.

9. *Token'd*. Spotted. "The death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*" (Steevens). Cf. the use of the noun in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 423 (where there is a play upon the word):

"They have the plague. and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see;"

and *T. and C.* ii. 3. 187 :

"He is so plaguey proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'no recovery.'"

10. *Ribaudred*. Lewd, profligate. Some have thought the word a corruption of *ribaud* or *ribald* ; but "ribaudrous" and "ribauldous" are forms found in Baret and other writers of the time, and *ribaudred* may have been another then in use. Hammer reads "ribauld," and Malone "ribald-rid." Coll. has "ribald hag," and Sr. "ribaudred hag."

13. *The elder*. The superior. Steevens compares (misquoting, as often) *J. C.* ii. 2. 46 :

"We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible."

14. *Brize*. Gadfly. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 48 :

"The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tiger."

17. *Loof'd*. Luffed, brought close to the wind ; the only instance of the word in S. Coll. suggests that it may be = "aloof'd" (from *aloof*).

19. *Mallard*. Drake. Cf. the allusions to the timidity of the wild duck in *1 Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 108 and iv. 2. 21.

28. *Are you thereabouts?* Is that your opinion? Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 378 : "t is thereabouts."

31. '*T is easy to 't*. It is easy to go there. *Attend* = wait for.

35. *Wounded chance*. "Broken fortunes" (Malone). Johnson conjectured "chase" for *chance*.

36. *Sits*. Often used of the direction of the wind. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 102, *M. of V.* i. 1. 8, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 265, ii. 2. 123, etc.

SCENE XI.—3. *Lated*. Belated ; but not a contraction of that word. Cf. *Mach.* iii. 3. 6 : "the lated traveller;" and see our ed. p. 213.

17. *Sweep your way*. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 204 : "they must sweep my way," etc.

18. *Loathness*. Unwillingness, reluctance ; as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 130 and *Cymb.* i. 1. 108.

21. *Possess you*. Put you in possession.

23. *For indeed I have lost command*. Let me entreat you to leave me ; for indeed I have lost all power to command you to go (Steevens). Johnson explains it : "For I am not master of my own emotions."

35. *He at Philippi*, etc. Cæsar at Philippi kept his sword in the scabbard, like one wearing it in the dance. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 33 :

"no sword worn
But one to dance with ;"

and see our ed. p. 146.

37. *The lean and wrinkled Cassius*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 194 fol.

38. *Ended*. Cf. iv. 14. 22 below.

39. *Dealt on lieutenantry*. Acted by his lieutenants, fought by proxy. Cf. iii. 1. 16 above :

"Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person."

40. *Squares*. Squadrons; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 28: "our squares of battle."

44. *Unqualified*. Unmanned, deprived of his natural *qualities*.

47. *Seize*. The 1st folio has "cease." *But*=unless.

50. *Unnoble*. Elsewhere S. uses *ignoble*.

52. *How I convey my shame*, etc. "How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight" (Johnson).

54. *Stroy'd*. Destroyed; but not a contraction of that word. See Wb.

57. *The strings*. That is, the heart-strings.

58. *Tow*. The folios have "stowe;" corrected by Rowe.

59. *Thy full*. "The full" in the folios; corrected by Theo.

62. *Treaties*. Proposals for a treaty. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 481:

"Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?"

63. *Palter*. Shuffle, equivocate. See *J. C.* p. 145, or *Mach.* p. 254.

69. *Fall*. For the transitive use, cf. *R. of L.* 1551: "every tear he falls," etc. See also *J. C.* p. 169, note on *They fall their crests*.

Rates=rates as much as, is worth.

71. *Schoolmaster*. Euphronius, the preceptor of his children by Cleopatra.

SCENE XII.—3. *Argument*. Proof; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 243: "no great argument of her folly," etc.

5. *Which*. Who; as often. Gr. 265.

10. *His*. Its; that is, "of the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled" (Steevens).

12. *Requires*. Requests, asks. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 144: "In humblest manner I require your highness," etc.

18. *Circle*. Crown; as in *K. John*, v. 1. 2: "The circle of my glory." Cf. *round* in *Mach.* i. 2. 59 and iv. 1. 88.

28. *And in our name*, etc. W. conjectures that we should read

"What she requires; and in our name add more
Offers from thine invention;"

and Walker:

"and more
From thine invention offer."

31. *Thyreus*. The folios have (as in iii. 13. 73 below) "Thidias;" corrected by Theo.

34. *Becomes his flaw*. "Conforms himself to this breach of his fortune" (Johnson).

36. *Power*. That is, bodily organ. Steevens compares *T. and C.* iv. 5. 57.

SCENE XIII.—1. *Think, and die*. Despond and die. Hammer reads "Drink" and Tyrwhitt conjectures "Wink" for *Think*; but the word has the same meaning as "take thought" in *J. C.* ii. 1. 187: "take thought, and die for Cæsar." See our ed. p. 146. Cf. iv. 6. 35 below.

5. *Ranges*. Ranks; the only instance of the noun in S.

8. *Nick'd*. "Set the mark of folly on" (Steevens). Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 175: "nicks him like a fool;" and see our ed. p. 146.

10. *The mered question*. "The only cause of the dispute, the only subject of the quarrel" (Mason). *Mered* seems to be formed from *mere*, which Rowe substituted. Some take it to be from *meere*, to divide, and = limited. Cf. Spenser, *Ruines of Rome*, 22. 2: "Which mear'd her rule with Africa," etc. Johnson conjectured "mooted," and Mitford "admired."

11. *Course*. Follow, like a hunter *coursing* or chasing game. Cf. *Macb.* p. 175, note on *Cours'd*.

26. *Comparisons*. This may be = "comparative advantages," as several of the editors explain it; but we strongly suspect that it is a misprint for "caparisons," as Pope considered it. Cf. *V. and A.* 286: "For rich caparisons or trapping gay."

27. *Declin'd*. Fallen in fortune; as in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 76 and iv. 5. 189. W. thinks we should read "sword against sword declin'd" (cf. the second passage in *T. and C.*).

29. *High-battled*. Commanding proud armies (cf. *battle* in iii. 9. 2 above).

30. *Unstate*. Divest of state or dignity. Cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 108: "I would unstate myself," etc.

Stag'd. Exhibited as on a stage. Cf. v. 2. 217 below. See also *M. for M.* i. 1. 69: "to stage me to their eyes."

31. *Sworder*. Gladiator; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 135: "A Roman sworder and banditto slave."

32. *A parcel of*. "Of a piece with" (Steevens).

34. *Suffer*. Suffer loss or injury.

41. *Square*. Quarrel. See on ii. 1. 45 above.

42. *The loyalty*, etc. That is, to be loyal to fools is to make our fidelity mere folly. Theo. changed *The* to "Tho'."

46. *Earns a place i' the story*. Wins renown, is esteemed a hero.

55. *Cæsar*. The 1st folio has "Cæsars," and Malone reads "Cæsar's."

71. *Shroud*. Shelter, protection. Cf. the verb, in 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 1: "Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves," etc. See also Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 6: "That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain" (that is, the rain compelled them to seek shelter). The Coll. MS. adds "who is" after *shroud*.

74. *Deputation*. The folios have "disputation;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Warb.). *In deputation* = by deputy or proxy.

77. *All-obeying*. Which all obey. Johnson conjectured "all-obeyed." See Gr. 372.

80. *If that*. For *that* as a "conjunctive affix," see Gr. 287.

81. *Give me grace*. Grant me the favour.

82. *Your Cæsar's father*. Julius Cæsar, who had adopted Octavius.

83. *Taking kingdoms in*. See on i. 1. 23 above.

85. *As*. As if. Cf. i. 2. 93 above and iv. 1. 1 below.

87. *Fullest*. Most complete, "full-fraught" (*Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 139). Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 36: "a full soldier" (that is, a perfect one).

91. *A muss*. "A scramble, when any small objects are thrown down,

to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares). Cf. B. J., *Magnetic Lady*, iv. 1:

"The moneys rattle not, nor are they thrown
To make a muss yet 'mong the gamesome suitors;"

Middleton, *Spanish Gipsy*: "They 'll throw down gold in musses;" and Dryden, prol. to *Widow Ranter*:

"Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there 's a muss of more than half the town."

93. *Jack*. For the contemptuous use, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 72:

"Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack."

See also *Much Ado*, p. 164.

98. *Of she here*. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 3: "you have seen Cassio and she together," etc. Gr. 211.

109. *Feeders*. "Parasites" (Schmidt); as in *T. of A.* ii. 2. 168: "riotous feeders." Some make it =servants.

112. *Seel*. Blind; originally a term of falconry. See *Mach.* p. 212.

120. *Luxuriously*. Wantonly, lewdly. The only sense of *luxury* in S. is lust (see *Ham.* p. 196, or *Hen. V.* p. 166); and so with its derivatives.

121. *Temperance*. Chastity; as in *R. of L.* 884: "Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd."

124. *Quit*. Requite; as in 151 below.

127. *The hill of Basan*. See *Ps.* lxxviii. 15, and cf. *Ps.* xxii. 12.

131. *Yare*. Ready, prompt. See on iii. 7. 35 above.

146. *Orbs*. Spheres. See on ii. 7. 14 above, and cf. iv. 15. 10 below.

149. *Enfranchis'd*. The folios have "enfranched;" corrected by Theo. Cf. North, p. 161 above.

157. *Ties his points?* Does menial service; literally, fastens the *points*, or tagged lacings, of his trunk-hose. See *T. of S.* p. 150, or *W. T.* p. 196.

161. *Determines*. Comes to an end, dissolves. Cf. iv. 3. 2 below.

162. *Cesarion*. Cf. iii. 6. 6 above. The folios have "smile" for *smite*; corrected by Hanmer.

165. *Discandying*. Melting. The folios have "discandering;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Thirlby). Rowe reads "discattering." Cf. iv. 12. 22 below. K. retains "discandering," which he takes to be = "dis-squandering" (cf. "squandered" = scattered, in *M. of V.* i. 3. 22).

171. *Fleet*. "Float" (Rowe's reading). Steevens cites *Edward II.*: "This isle shall fleet upon the ocean;" *Tamburlaine*, 1590: "fleeting with the tide," etc. See also Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 12. 14:

"one of those same Islands which doe fleet
In the wide sea;"

Colin Clouts Come Home Again, 286: "That seemd amid the surges for to fleet," etc.

175. *Will earn our chronicle*. "Will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded" (Malone). Cf. 46 above.

180. *Nice*. Dainty, delicate, effeminate.

183. *Gaudy*. Joyous, festive; "still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either university" (Steevens). "The etymology of the word," says Blount in his *Dict.*, "may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium*, because (to say truth) they are days of *joy*, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students."

191. *Peep*. For the ellipsis of *to*, see Gr. 349. Cf. iv. 6. 9 below.

192. *There's sap in't yet*. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 266: "there's life in 't."

197. *Estridge*. Ostrich. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 188.

199. *Preys on*. The folios have "in" for *on*; corrected by Rowe.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—1. *As*. As if. See on iii. 13. 85 above.

5. *I have many other ways to die*. Hamner changed this to "He hath," etc., on the ground that Cæsar would not admit the probability of Antony's killing him; but it is probably said ironically. It is possible, however, that S. was misled by the ambiguous wording of the passage in North. See p. 162 above.

9. *Make boot of*. Take advantage of.

14. *Fetch him in*. Capture him. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 141:

"and swear
He 'd fetch us in."

SCENE II.—7. *Woo't*. Provincial for *wouldst thou* or *wilt thou*. See *Ham.* p. 265. Cf. iv. 15. 59 below.

8. *Take all*. "Let the survivor take all. No composition; victory or death" (Johnson). Cf. *Lear*, iii. 1. 15: "And bids what will take all." Coll. says it is "an expression from the gaming-table, meaning, let all depend upon this hazard."

25. *Period*. End.

26. *Or if, a mangled shadow*. "Or if you see me more, you will see me a *mangled shadow*, only the external form of what I was" (Johnson). Cf. Gr. 64.

33. *Yield*. Reward. Cf. "God 'ield you!" in *Ham.* iv. 5. 41; and see our ed. p. 247, or *Macb.* p. 175.

35. *Onion-eyed*. See on i. 2. 161 above.

36. *Ho, ho, ho!* Used as an expression of mockery or rebuke. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 421, *T. of A.* i. 2. 22, 117, etc. Some make it—"stop, desist" (= *whoa*, as addressed to a horse).

44. *Death and honour*. An honourable death.

SCENE III.—5. *Belike*. It is likely, probably. Cf. i. 2. 34 above.

13. *Music i' the air*. See North, p. 162 above.

14. *Signs well*. Is a good sign or omen.

23. *Give off*. Give out, cease. In *K. John*, v. 1. 27, the phrase is transitive (= resign).

SCENE IV.—2. *Chuck*. Chick. Cf. *Macb.* p. 212.

3. *Mine iron*. The folios have "thine" for *mine*: corrected by Hammer. Malone explains "thine iron" as "the iron which thou hast in thy hand."

5-8. In the 1st folio (followed substantially by the other folios) this passage reads thus:

"*Cleo*. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony*.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: False, false; This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee."

The arrangement in the text was suggested by Capell. Coll. gives *Thus it must be* to Antony; but it seems to be Cleopatra's remark about the armour she is trying to adjust.

13. *Daff't*. Doff it, take it off. The folios have "daft" or "doft." See *Much Ado*, p. 138, note on *Daff'd*. For *hear* the Coll. MS. has "bear."

15. *Tight*. "Handy, adroit" (Steevens). Cf. *tightly* (= adroitly) in *M. W.* i. 3. 88 and ii. 3. 67.

16. *My wars*. For the plural, cf. *Cor.* p. 205.

23. *Port*. Gate. See *Cor.* p. 211, or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 192. See on i. 3. 46 above.

24. *The morn is fair*, etc. The folios give this speech to "*Alex.*," but he has already revolted; corrected by Rowe.

25. *Blown*. Referring to the trumpets. H. takes it to refer to the morning, "the metaphor being implied of night *blossoming* into day."

28. *Well said*. Well done; as often. See *Oth.* p. 174, or *R. and J.* p. 161.

31. *Check*. Reproof. Cf. *Oth.* p. 158.

32. *Mechanic*. Vulgar; "such as becomes a journeyman" (Schmidt).

SCENE V.—1. *The gods*, etc. The folios give this and the two next speeches of the Soldier to Eros; corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Thirlby).

14. *Subscribe*. Sign it.

17. *Dispatch*.—*Enobarbus*! The 2d folio has "Dispatch Eros;" and Theo. reads "dispatch my Eros!" Steevens adopts Ritson's conjecture of "Eros, dispatch!"

SCENE VI.—2. *Took*. S. uses the forms *took*, *taken*, and *ta'en* for the participle.

6. *The three-nook'd world*. Cf. *K. John*, v. 7. 116: "Come the three corners of the world in arms," etc.

7. *Shall bear the olive freely*. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 87: "But peace puts forth her olive everywhere."

9. *Plant*. For the ellipsis of *to*, see on iii. 13. 191 above.

13. *Persuade*. The folios have "disswade;" corrected by Rowe. Cf. North, p. 161 above.

17. *Entertainment*. Employment. Cf. *A. W.* p. 162, or *Cor.* p. 252.

26. *Saf'd*. Gave safe conduct to. Cf. i. 3. 55 above. For the metre Rowe (2d ed.) reads "see safe," and Steevens "that you saf'd."

34. *This blows my heart*. "This generosity swells my heart, so that it will quickly break, 'if thought break it not, a swifter mean'" (Johnson). Rowe reads "bows" for *blows*.

35. *Thought*. Sorrowful reflection, taking to heart. See on iii. 13. 1 above. For *mean*, see on iii. 2. 32 above.

SCENE VII.—2. *Our oppression*. The *oppression*, or "opposition" (Hammer's reading), we experience.

5. *Droven*. Changed by Capell to "driven." For these irregular participial forms, see Gr. 344.

6. *With clouts about their heads*. That is, with their broken heads tied up. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 314. Perhaps it may be—"with knocks about the head," which the phrase sometimes meant.

8. *An H*. With a play upon the pronunciation of *H*, which was the same as that of the noun *ache*. See *Much Ado*, p. 150, note on 49, and cf. *Temp.* p. 119. *H* is "unable to explain" why the wound is *like a T*. Probably the shape of the gash is referred to.

10. *Scotches*. Cuts, wounds. Cf. the verb in *Cor.* iv. 5. 198: "scotched him and notched him like a carbonado."

16. *Come thee*. Here *thee* is probably a corruption of *thou*. See Gr. 212.

SCENE VIII.—2. *Gests*. Exploits (Latin *gesta*). The folios have "guests;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Warb.).

5. *Doughty-handed*. Stout of hands.

6. *As*. As if. See on i. 2. 93 above.

7. *Shown*. Shown yourselves, appeared; as in ii. 2. 145 and iii. 3. 23 above.

8. *Clip*. Embrace. See on *inclips*, ii. 7. 69 above.

11. *Whole*. That is, making them *whole* or sound again.

12. *Fairy*. Enchantress.

15. *Proof of harness*. Armour of proof. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 73: "Add proof unto my armour with thy prayers;" and see our ed. p. 162.

16. *Triumphing*. For the penultimate accent, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 14, v. 3. 15, *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 91, iv. 4. 59, etc. Gr. 490.

17. *Virtue*. Valour (Latin *virtus*). Cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 88: "valour is the chiefest virtue." See also *Id.* i. 1. 41, *Lear*, v. 3. 103, etc.

20. *Something*. Somewhat; as often.

22. *Get goal for goal*, etc. Win goal for goal, get the better of youth in the contest.

25. *Mankind*. "Accented mostly on the last syllable in *T. of A.*, on the first in the other plays" (Schmidt).

28. *Carbuncled*, etc. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 189:

"had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel."

31. *Owe*. Own; as very often. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 184: "That owes two buckets;" and see our ed. p. 204.

Warb. explained *hack'd targets*, etc., as = "hacked as much as the men to whom they belong" (cf. Gr. 419a), which may be right. Johnson gives it: "Bear our hacked targets with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that own them."

34. *Drink carouses*. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 277: "And quaff carouses to our mistress' health." See also the verb in *Ham.* v. 2. 300, *Oth.* ii. 3. 55, etc.

37. *Tabourines*. Drums. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 275: "Beat loud the tabourines."

SCENE IX.—2. *The court of guard*. The guard-room, or the place where the guard musters. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 220 and 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 4.

3. *Embattle*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 14: "The English are embattled," etc.

5. *Shrewd*. Bad, evil; the original sense of the word. See *J. C. p.* 145, or *Hen. VIII.* p. 202.

8. *Revolted*. Who have revolted. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 31: "revolted tapsters," etc.

Record. The noun is accented by S. on either syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 207.

13. *Disponge*. Drop, let fall; changed by Hammer to "disperge." Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 65: "spongy April;" and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 349: "the spongy south."

15. *Throw my heart*, etc. A conceit in keeping with the taste of the time. Johnson laments it thus: "The pathetic of Shakespeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting."

20. *Particular*. Personal relation. Cf. i. 3. 54 above.

22. *Fugitive*. Deserter; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 67: "thrust out like a fugitive."

29. *Raught*. Reached. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 43: "This staff of honour raught, there let it stand." We find it as the past tense in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 41, *Hen. V.* iv. 6. 21 (see our ed. p. 180), and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 68. *Reached* occurs only in *Oth.* i. 2. 24, where it is the participle.

30. *Demurely*. The word has been suspected, but we agree with Clarke that it not inaptly expresses "the solemnly measured beat, the gravely regulated sound of drums that summon sleeping soldiers to wake and prepare themselves for a second day's fighting after a first that has just been described by the listeners as a *shrewd one to us*." The Coll. MS. has "Do early."

SCENE X.—7. *They have put forth the haven*. This is all that the folios give for the line. The obvious gap has been variously filled; as by Rowe with "Further on," by Capell with "Hie we on," by W. with "Ascend we now," etc. The reading in the text is due to D., and seems to us the best that has been proposed.

SCENE XI.—1. *But being charg'd*, etc. Unless we are charged, we will remain quiet by land, as, I take it, we shall be allowed to be.

SCENE XII.—1. *Yet they are not.* They are not yet. For the transposition, cf. ii. 1. 49 above.

3. *Swallows have built,* etc. See North, p. 158 above.

4. *Augurers.* The folios have "auguries;" corrected by Capell. Pope has "augurs." For *augurers*, cf. v. 2. 332 below; and see also *Cor.* p. 218.

13. *Triple-turn'd.* Thrice faithless. Cf. iii. 13. 116 fol. above.

15. *Only wars on thee.* War only on thee. Cf. Gr. 420.

16. *Charm.* Charmer (as in 25 below), in the sense of witch or sorceress. Cf. *spell* in 30 below.

18. *Uprise.* Cf. *T. A.* iii. 1. 159: "the sun's uprise."

21. *Spaniel'd.* The folios have "pannelled;" happily corrected by Hanmer. Theo. reads "pantler'd" (the conjecture of Warb.); and Jackson suggests "pan-kneel'd!"

22. *Discandy.* See on iii. 13. 165 above.

25. *Soul.* Changed by Capell to "soil," and by the Coll. MS. to "spell." Walker conjectures "snake." For *grave* (which may be = deadly, destructive, as Steevens explains it), Pope has "gay," the Coll. MS. "great," and Sr. (2d ed.) "grand."

26. *Beck'd.* Beckoned, called by a look or nod. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 3. 13: "When gold and silver becks me to come on."

27. *Crownet.* The *crown* of my wishes and endeavours. Cf. v. 2. 91 below.

28. *Right.* Truly deserving the name, very; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 302, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 103, 127, 290, etc.

At fast and loose. An old cheating game. See *K. John*, p. 156.

34. *Plebeians.* Accented on the first syllable, as in *Cor.* i. 9. 7 and v. 4. 39. See our ed. p. 212.

36. *Be shown,* etc. Be made a show for the lowest and stupidest of the people. With K. and V., we follow the reading of the folios. The editors generally adopt Thirlby's conjecture of "doits" for *dolts*, and explain *poor'st diminutives* as = the pettiest of small coin. But the reference is to Cleopatra's being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, a "free show" for the rabble, not to her being exhibited for a fee. Besides it seems more natural for Antony to emphasize the low character of the spectators than the pettiness of the price charged, if there were any. The only other instance of *diminutives* in S. is *T. and C.* v. 1. 38, where it means insignificant persons. *Monster-like* = as a monster or monstrosity; but of course it is not necessary to see any reference to the fact that monsters were exhibited for money (cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 30 fol.).

39. *Prepared.* "Which she suffered to grow for this purpose" (Warb.).

43. *Nessus.* Alluded to again in *A. W.* iv. 3. 281.

44. *Mine ancestor.* See on i. 3. 84 above.

45. *Lichas.* The servant of Hercules who brought the poisoned shirt from Dejanira, and was thrown by his master into the sea. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 32:

47. *Worthiest.* That is, of being *subdued*, or destroyed. H. says: "Though Antony here uses the word *self*, his thoughts are really upon

Hercules, with whom for the moment he identifies himself." This is Heath's explanation and may possibly be right, though the other seems to us simpler and more natural.

48. *Young*. Omitted by Hammer.

SCENE XIII.—2. *Telamon for his shield*. That is, Ajax Telamon for the armour of Achilles, the celebrated *shield* being the most valuable part of it.

The boar of Thessaly was the boar killed by Meleager.

3. *Emboss'd*. Foaming at the mouth; a hunter's term. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 126.

SCENE XIV.—8. *Pageants*. The metaphor is taken from the theatrical exhibitions so called. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 155, *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 164, *L. L. L.* v. 1. 118, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 138, iii. 4. 55, etc.

Hazlitt remarks: "This is, without doubt, one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakespeare. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind,—are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness."

10. *The rack dislimns*. The floating vapour effaces or blots out. For *rack*, cf. *Ham.* p. 211, or *Temp.* p. 137.

12. *K'naves*. In its original sense of boy or servant. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 137.

18. *Moe*. More; used only with a plural or collective noun. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

19. *Pack'd cards*. A term for shuffling them unfairly. In *triumph* Warb. sees a play upon its sense of "trump" (Fr. *trionphe*), but this is doubtful.

22. *End*. See on iii. 11. 38 above.

26. *Die the death*. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 165, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 65, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 96, etc. See also *Matt.* xv. 4.

33. *Render'd*. Rendered up, gave up. Cf. iii. 10. 32 above.

39. *The battery from my heart*. Boswell explains this: "the battery proceeding from my heart, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax; I wish it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me."

40. *Continent*. Container. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 142.

41. *Crack*. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 92: "my old heart is crack'd—it 's crack'd!" See also *Cor.* p. 196.

46. *Length*. Steevens conjectured "life," but *length* is more expressive as=lengthening out of life.

49. *Seal then*, etc. The metaphor is taken from sealing a legal document, which completes it.

53. *Æneas*. Hammer reads "Sichæus" (the conjecture of Warb.), as Virgil represents Dido as shunning Æneas in the lower world and seeking her former husband; but S. forgot for the moment that the lovers were not associated in death as in life.

60. *Less noble mind*. Being of less noble mind; an ellipsis not unlike

many others in S. Rowe and Pope read "less noble-minded." Cf. North, p. 163 above.

61. *Which*. Who; as in iii. 12. 5 above.

63. *Exigent*. Exigency; as in *J. C.* v. 1. 19: "Why do you cross me in this exigent?" On the passage, cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 36 fol.

65. *Prosecution*. Pursuit; the only instance of the word in S.

68. *Defeat'st*. Destroyest. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 160: "defeat my life," etc.

72. *Window'd*. At a window. The only other instance of the word in S. is *Lear*, iii. 4. 31: "loop'd and window'd raggedness."

73. *Pleach'd*. Folded. Cf. its use = intertwined, interwoven, in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 7: "the pleached bower."

74. *Corrigible*. Submissive to correction. In *Oth.* i. 3. 329 it is = corrective. S. uses the word only twice.

75. *Penetrative*. Used by S. only here.

76. *Branded*, etc. "Branded with baseness him who followed" (Clarke).

79. *That thy*. See on ii. 3. 20 above.

80. *Useful*. For the adverbial use, see Gr. 1. S. uses the word elsewhere only in *K. John*, v. 2. 81. So he has *useless* only twice: *Temp.* v. 1. 60 and *R. of L.* 859 (where it is adverbial).

87. *Lo thee!* W. conjectures "Lo there!" Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 106: "Why, lo you now!"

98. *Got upon me*. Forestalled me in gaining. Cf. *win upon* in ii. 4. 9 above.

107. *Period*. End; as in iv. 2. 25 above.

112. *This tidings*. Hanmer reads "these" for *this*; but S. makes *tidings* both singular and plural. Cf. ii. 5. 87 above with v. 1. 27 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 177.

113. *Enter me with him*. Secure me a place in his favour, recommend me to him.

117. *Sufficing strokes for death*. Strokes sufficient for death. Cf. Gr. 419a. See also on iv. 8. 31 above.

123. *Dispos'd*. Made terms.

136. *To grace it*. By gracing it. Cf. Gr. 356.

SCENE XV.—7. *But not dead*. To fill out the line, Steevens conjectures "madam, but not dead;" and Keightley reads "but he is not dead."

10. *Sphere*. See on ii. 7. 15 above. If the crystalline sphere in which the sun was set were destroyed, the sun must fall and the earth become dark. For *darkling*, cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 86 and *Lear*, i. 4. 237. For *shore* H. reads "star," explaining "the varying star o' the world" as "the changing moon."

19. *Importune*. Accented on the penult, as always in S. Cf. *Ham.* p. 190. Gr. 490.

21. *Dare not*. That is, dare not descend from the monument. Theo. inserted "Come down" after *lips*.

23. *Imperious*. Imperial. See *Ham.* p. 264.

25. *Brooch'd.* Adorned, as with a brooch. Cf. the noun in *Ham.* iv. 7. 94:

“he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.”

See also *Rich.* II. v. 5. 66.

26. *Edge, sting, or operation.* The order does not follow that in the preceding line, and Hammer therefore read “operation, or sting;” but cf. *R. and L.* 615, 616:

“For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects’ eyes do learn, do read, do look.”

28. *Still conclusion.* “Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution” (Johnson). Schmidt is perhaps right in making it = “silently drawing inferences in surveying and examining my appearance.” Nares explains it similarly, as = “deep but quiet censure, looking demure all the while;” and V. endorses this interpretation. The Coll. MS. has “still condition.”

29. *Demuring.* Looking demurely, or with affected modesty.

32. *Here’s sport indeed!* Said, of course, with bitter but most pathetic irony. Johnson supposed it to mean “here’s trifling, you do not work in earnest;” and Steevens that it was intended “to inspire Antony with cheerfulness, and encourage those who were engaged in the melancholy task.”

33. *Heaviness.* The play upon the word (in its senses of *sorrow* and *weight*) is in keeping with what precedes.

38. *Where.* The folios have “when;” corrected by Pope.

39. *Quicken.* Revive, become *quick* (see *Ham.* p. 262, or *Hen. V.* p. 156) or alive. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 7. 39: “These hairs . . . Will quicken and accuse thee.”

44. *The false huswife Fortune.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 1. 85: “Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?” See also *A. Y. L.* p. 141, note on 27. For the contemptuous use of *huswife*, cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 95; and for the spelling, see *Cor.* p. 205.

47. *Gentle.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 46: “Be merry, gentle,” etc.

59. *Woo’t.* See on iv. 2. 7 above.

64. *The garland of the war.* Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 188: “Him vile that was your garland.” See also *Id.* i. 9. 60 and ii. 2. 105.

65. *The soldier’s pole.* “He at whom the soldiers pointed as at a pageant held high for observation” (Johnson); “their standard or rallying point” (Clarke); “their loadstar” (Schmidt). Clarke is probably right.

66. *Odds.* Generally singular in S., but sometimes plural; as in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 41: “these odds,” etc.

67. *Remarkable.* As St. remarks, the word, in the poet’s time, “bore a far more impressive and appropriate meaning than with us; it then expressed not merely observable or noteworthy, but something profoundly striking and uncommon.”

73. *E’en a woman.* The folios have “in a woman;” corrected by Capell. This is said in reply to Iras. See p. 19 above.

75. *Chares*. Drudgery; the Yankee "chores." Cf. the English "char-woman." S. uses the word only here and in v. 2. 231 below.

76. *Injurious*. Malignant.

78. *Naught*. Worthless, vile; usually spelt *naught* in this sense in the early eds., as *nought* when = nothing. See *A. Y. L.* p. 142, or *Rich. III.* p. 182.

79. *Sottish*. Stupid; the only instance of the word in S. For *set* = dolt, fool, see *Lear*, p. 235, or *Temp.* p. 132.

85. *Sirs*. For the feminine use, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 211. See also the use of *sirrah* in v. 2. 229 below. D. quotes B. and F., *The Coxcomb*, iv. 3, where the mother says to Viola, Nan, and Madge, "Sirs, to your tasks;" and *A King and No King*, ii. 1:

"Pan. Sirs, leave me all. [*Exeunt Waiting-women.*"]

89. *Case*. Cf. iv. 14. 41 above. See also *T. A.* v. 1. 168.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—2. *Frustrate*. Frustrated. A trisyllable, like *mistress* in ii. 5. 27 above. Gr. 477.

He mocks the pauses, etc. That is, they are mere mockery. Hanmer reads "he but mocks," and Malone "mocks us by."

5. *Appear thus*. That is, with a drawn and bloody sword (Steevens).

15. *The round world*. The line is imperfect, and something may have been lost; but it is not unintelligible as it stands. "S. seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might have been expected from the dissolution of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost" (Johnson).

21. *Self*. Same. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 10: "that self chain," etc. Gr. 20.

24. *Splitted*. For the form, cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 104, v. 1. 308, and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 411. For the expression, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 300: "When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow," etc. The Coll. MS. reads "split that self noble heart."

27. *Tidings*. The 2d folio has "a tydings," which helps out the measure. *But it is* = if it be not. Cf. v. 2. 103 below.

28. *And strange it is*, etc. The folios give this, and the next speech but one, to Dolabella (who has gone); corrected by Theo.

31. *Wag'd*. The reading of the 1st folio. The 2d has "way," and the 3d and 4th "may." Rowe reads "weigh'd," and Ritson conjectures "weigh." *Wag'd* seems to be = "were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager."

32. *Steer humanity*. Control a human frame.

36. *Lance*. The folios have "launch," which is merely an old form of the word.

37. *Perforce*. Of necessity; as in iii. 4. 6 above.

39. *Look*. Changed by Hanmer to "look'd;" but the present is better: or look, as I *now* do, on thine. *Stall* = dwell.

43. *In top of all design.* In the height of all design, in all lofty endeavour.

46. *His.* Its; referring to *mine*, that is, my *heart*.

47. *Unreconcilable.* The reading of the 1st and 2d folios, and favoured by the metre.

Should divide, etc. "That is, should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die" (Johnson).

50. *The business of this man looks out of him.* Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 46:

"What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange."

52. *A poor Egyptian yet.* "Yet a servant of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome" (Johnson). Clarke takes *yet* to be=till now: "I have been hitherto no more than a poor Egyptian; but at present—now that my queen is bereft of all—I am messenger from Cleopatra to Octavius Cæsar."

59. *Live.* The folios have "leave;" corrected by Rowe. Capell reads "Leave to be gentle," ending 59 at *cannot*. D. has "learn" (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt).

65. *Her life in Rome*, etc. Her living presence in Rome would add eternal glory to our triumph. Hammer reads "eternaling" for *eternal in* (the conjecture of Thirlby).

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Monument.* As Malone notes, the dramatist has here attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. This was possible on the old stage, on account of the balcony at the back, in which Cleopatra and her two attendants would be placed, while the Romans would appear in front below. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 128, note on *Enter aloft*, etc.

3. *Knave.* Servant. See on iv. 14. 12 above.

4. *And it is great*, etc. "The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide and the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a state which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level" (Johnson).

Theo. and some modern editors adopt Warburton's conjecture of "dug" for *dung*; but, as W. remarks, the latter word is "expressive of the speaker's bitter disgust of life." Cf. i. 1. 35 above:

"our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man;"

and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 444:

"the earth's a thief
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement."

See also on 280 below.

21. *With thanks.* That is, with thanks *for*. The ellipsis of the preposition is not uncommon when it has been already expressed (Gr. 394) or can be readily supplied. Cf. 64 below.

27. *Pray in aid*. "A term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question" (Hanmer).

29. *I send him*, etc. I deliver up to him the power he has won.

35. *You see how easily*, etc. The 1st folio gives this speech to "Pro.," the later folios transfer it to "Char." Malone was the first to see that it belongs to Gallus. Cf. the extract from North, p. 165 above.

42. *Languish*. Lingering disease or suffering. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 49: "One desperate grief cures with another's languish."

48. *Worth many babes and beggars!* "Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen than employ thy force upon babes and beggars?" (Johnson).

Temperance = moderation, self-control.

50. *If idle talk will once be necessary*. A puzzling line. Johnson explains it: "if it be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose;" and Steevens: "if it be necessary for once to talk of performing impossibilities." Malone supposes a line to have been lost after 50, like "I'll not so much as syllable a word;" and Ritson would insert "I will not speak, if sleep be necessary." Capell changes *sleep* to "speak." Hanmer and the Coll. MS. have "accessary" for *necessary*. Mr. C. J. Monro thinks that the *idle talk* is to be made *necessary*, or useful, in keeping her awake. Of these interpretations, Johnson's is as nearly satisfactory as any. Clarke puts it thus: "if it be needful to prate of my intentions."

54. *Chastis'd*. Accented by S. on the penult. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 104, *Mach.* i. 5. 26, etc. Gr. 491.

55. *Dull Octavia*. Mrs. Jameson remarks: "I do not understand the observation of a late critic [Hazlitt] that in this play 'Octavia is only a dull foil to Cleopatra.' Cleopatra requires no foil, and Octavia is not dull, though in a moment of jealous spleen her accomplished rival gives her that epithet. It is possible that her beautiful character, if brought more forward and coloured up to the historic portrait, would still be eclipsed by the dazzling splendour of Cleopatra's; for so I have seen a flight of fire-works blot out for a while the silver moon and ever-burning stars. But here the subject of the drama being the love of Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia is very properly kept in the background, and far from any competition with her rival: the interest would otherwise have been unpleasantly divided, or rather Cleopatra herself must have served but as a foil to the tender, virtuous, dignified, and generous Octavia, the very *beau idéal* of a noble Roman lady—

'whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter' (ii. 2. 128).

"The character of Octavia is merely indicated in a few touches, but every stroke tells. We see her with 'downcast eyes sedate and sweet, and looks demure'—with her modest tenderness and dignified submission—the very antipodes of her rival! Nor should we forget that she

has furnished one of the most graceful similes in the whole compass of poetry, where her soft equanimity in the midst of grief is compared to

‘the swan’s down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines’ (iii. 2. 48).

“The fear which seems to haunt the mind of Cleopatra, lest she should be ‘chastised by the sober eye’ of Octavia, is exceedingly characteristic of the two women: it betrays the jealous pride of her who was conscious that she had forfeited all real claim to respect; and it places Octavia before us in all the majesty of that virtue which could strike a kind of envying and remorseful awe even into the bosom of Cleopatra. What would she have thought and felt, had some soothsayer foretold to her the fate of her own children, whom she so tenderly loved? Captives, and exposed to the rage of the Roman populace, they owed their existence to the generous, admirable Octavia, in whose mind there entered no particle of littleness. She received into her house the children of Antony and Cleopatra, educated them with her own, treated them with truly maternal tenderness, and married them nobly.”

59. *Nak’d*. The folio printing, indicating that the word is monosyllabic. D. gives examples of the contraction from Chapman’s *Homer*.

61. *Pyramides*. The Latin plural was sometimes used for the sake of the measure. Steevens cites, among other instances, *Doctor Faustus*, 1604: “Besides the gates and high pyramides;” and *Tamburlaine*, 1590: “Like to the shadows of pyramides.” Hanmer reads “highest pyramid.”

64. *Find cause*. Capell adds “for it.” See on 21 above.

66. *For the queen*. The 2d folio reads “as for the queen.”

81. *The little O, the earth*. The folios have “o’ th’ earth” or “oth’ earth;” changed by Theo. to “O o’ th’ earth,” and by Hanmer to “orb o’ th’ earth.” The reading in the text is Steevens’s. Cf. *Hen. V.* prol. 13: “this wooden O” (the Globe theatre); and see also *M. A. D.* p. 165.

82. *Bestrid*. The only form of the past tense and participle of *bestride* in S. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 135:

“Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus.”

83. *Crested*. An allusion to the familiar use of a raised arm as a crest in heraldry. *Was propertied as*=had the properties of, was as musical as. For the allusion to the “music of the spheres,” cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 6, *T. A.* iii. 1. 121, *M. of V.* v. 1. 60, etc.

87. *Autumn*. The folios have “*Anthony*,” corrected by Theo. Corson would retain the old reading, seeing in it an allusion to the Greek *ἄρθος* or *ἀρθόροπος*, which he strangely thinks could mean “a flowering pasturage.”

91. *Crownets*. Coronets. Cf. iv. 12. 27 above.

92. *Plates*. Silver coin (Spanish *plata*).

98. *Vie*. Rival, or produce in rivalry.

99. *Were nature’s piece*. “The word *piece* is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the

piece done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by *nature* than *fancy* could present in sleep" (Johnson). For this use of *piece*, cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 104, v. 3. 38, *T. of A.* i. 1. 28, 255, v. 1. 21, etc. We might explain the word here as= model, masterpiece; as in iii. 2. 28 above.

103. *But I do feel.* If I do not feel. Cf. v. 1. 27 above. Gr. 126.

104. *Smiles.* The folios have "suites" or "suits;" corrected by Capell. Pope reads "shoots."

121. *Project.* Shape, form, set forth; the only instance of the verb in S. Hammer reads "parget," and Warb. "procter."

122. *To make.* As to make. Gr. 281.

123. *Like . . . which.* Cf. *such . . . which.* Gr. 278.

125. *Enforce.* Lay stress upon. Cf. ii. 2. 99 above.

138. *Brief.* Abstract, schedule. Cf. *M. A. D.* v. 1. 42: "There is a brief how many sports are ripe," etc.

140. *Not petty things admitted.* Trifling things excepted. Theo. changed *admitted* to "omitted;" but it seems to us more probable that Cleopatra is shrewd enough to leave the door open for the excuse she afterwards makes in 165 below. The exposure made by Seleucus leads her then to add that she has also reserved *some nobler token* for Livia and Octavia.

146. *Seal.* The 1st and 2d folios have "seele," and Johnson reads "seel;" but that word is elsewhere used only of the eyes (cf. iii. 13. 112 above), while to *seal* the *mouth* or *lips* is a common figure. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 89, *R. and J.* v. 3. 216, *Lear*, iv. 6. 174, etc.

150. *Your wisdom.* "And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely" (*Luke*, xvi. 8).

155. *Goest thou back?* Cf. the modern vulgarism of "going back upon" a person.

163. *Parcel the sum,* etc. "Add one more *parcel* or item to the sum of my disgraces" (Malone).

164. *Envy.* Malice; as often. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 259, *M. of V.* iv. 1. 10. 126, etc.

166. *Immoment.* Of no moment, insignificant; used by S. nowhere else.

167. *Modern.* Ordinary. Cf. *Mach.* iv. 3. 170: "A modern ecstacy;" *R. and J.* iii. 2. 20: "modern lamentation," etc.

169. *Livia.* The wife of Cæsar.

170. *Unfolded with.* Exposed by. Gr. 193.

174. *My chance.* My fortune. The figure seems to us a natural and expressive one: "or the last smouldering sparks of my fiery nature will flame forth through the ashes of my decayed fortune" (Clarke). Hammer needlessly changes *my chance* to "mischance;" and Walker conjectures "my change." If any change were called for, we should accept Dr. Ingleby's suggestion of "glance." He refers to what Cleopatra has said in 156 above, and adds: "She would burn him up with her glance—what Milton calls 'the charm of Beauty's powerful glance' (*P. L.* viii. 533)—and though the fire had almost faded out, the very cinders would smite him."

176. *Misthought*. Misjudged. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 108: "Misthink the king."

178. *Merits*. Deserts. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 5. 8: "a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself;" and *Id.* v. 3. 44:

"As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine."

185. *Make not your thoughts your prisons*. "Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune; be not a prisoner in imagination, when really you are free" (Johnson).

186. *Dispose*. Dispose of, do with. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 225, *C. of E.* i. 2. 73, etc.

191. *Words*. Flatters with words.

193. *Finish*. That is, die; as she had whispered her purpose of doing. Cf. *J. C.* v. 5. 5 fol.

196. *Put it to the haste*. "Make your soonest haste" (iii. 4. 27).

199. *Makes religion*. Makes it a sacred obligation.

210. *Aprons, rules*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 7: "Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?"

212. *Rank of*. Rank with. Gr. 168. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 98: "The breath of garlic-eaters."

215. *Scald*. Scabby, scurvy. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 1. 5 (see also 31, 33): "the rascally, scald, peggary, lousy, pragging knave," etc.

Quick. Lively, sprightly; with perhaps the additional idea of being prompt to take advantage of a fresh and popular subject.

216. *Ballad us*. For the fashion in the poet's day of making ballads on current events of note, see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 186 (note on 43), or *W. T.* p. 198 (on 263) and p. 210 (on 23). Cf. also Falstaff's threat in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 48.

217. *Extemporally*. The word occurs again in *V. and A.* 836: "sings extemporally." *Present*=represent; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 167: "when I presented Ceres," etc. See also *M. A. D.* p. 156.

220. *Boy my greatness*. In the time of S. female parts were performed by boys or young men. See *M. A. D.* p. 134, note on *Let me not play a woman*; and cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 202, note on *If I were a woman*.

226. *Absurd*. Changed by Theo. to "assur'd." H. remarks that "there seems to be no reason why *absurd* should be used here, while *assur'd* just fits the place;" but surely if his *intents* are *assur'd* from his point of view, they are *absurd* from hers, for she is going to *fool* them. In the same vein, after she has done this, she calls Cæsar *an ass unpolicied* (306 below).

229. *Sirrah Iras*. See on iv. 15. 85 above.

231. *Chare*. Task. See on iv. 15. 75 above.

236. *What poor an instrument*. For the transposition of the article, see Gr. 422.

238. *Plac'd*. Fixed; as in *P. P.* 256: "plac'd without remove."

240. *Marble-constant*. Firm as marble.

242. *Avoid*. Withdraw, depart; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 142, *C. of E.* iv. 3. 48, 66, etc.

243. *Worm*. Snake. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 37: "Outvenoms all the worms of Nile," etc.

256. *Fallible*. The 1st folio has "fallible," which should perhaps be retained as a vulgarism.

262. *Do his kind*. "Act according to his nature" (Johnson). Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 67: "Your cuckoo sings by kind," etc. See also *Much Ado*, p. 118 (on *Kind*) and p. 154 (on *Kindly*). Malone quotes *Romeo and Juliet*, 1562: "For tickle Fortune doth, in changing, but her kind."

275. *The devils mar five*. The Coll. MS. changes *five* to "nine." Perhaps the "old corrector" was thinking of *A. W.* i. 3. 81: "Among nine bad if one be good," etc.

278. *I wish you joy o' the worm*. "This short scene of the Clown's rustic obtuseness and grinning familiarity serves wonderfully to heighten the effect of Royal Egypt's coming death-scene; and its introduction at this juncture is completely consistent with our dramatist's scheme of contrasted situations" (Clarke).

280. *Now no more*, etc. Clarke remarks that this passage confirms the old text in 7 above. "Cleopatra here, in her own gorgeously poetical strain, takes leave of the material portion of existence, and prepares to enter upon the spiritual portion: she has previously condensed the aggregate products of earth—corn, wine, oil, fruits, and, indirectly, flesh-meat—into one superbly disdainful word *dung*; and she now figuratively sums them up in one draught of grape-juice, as the wine of life, the sustainer of mortal being, to which she bids farewell."

282. *Yare, yare*. Quick, quick. See on ii. 2. 212 above.

288. *I am fire and air*, etc. Alluding to the old idea that man was made up of the four elements. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 23: "He is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." See our ed. p. 169.

292. *Aspic*. Asp. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 450: "aspics' tongues." "Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress" (Steevens).

301. *He'll make demand of her*. "He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence" (Johnson).

302. *Mortal*. Deadly; as in i. 2. 128 above. *Wretch* is not used contemptuously, but as in *Oth.* iii. 3. 90, etc. See *Oth.* p. 183.

303. *Intrinsicate*. Apparently=intricate. Cf. *Lear*, p. 203, note on *Intrinsic*.

304. *Fool*. For the use of the word as a term of endearment or pity, see *A. Y. L.* p. 151.

307. *Unpolicied*. Devoid of policy, stupid.

313. *Wild*. The folios have "wilde" or "wild;" but Capell (followed by many editors) took it to be a misprint for *vile*, which is always "vild" or "vilde" in the early eds. As Coll. remarks, "Charmian might well call the world *wild*, desert, and savage, after the deaths of Antony, Cleopatra, and others whom she loved."

315. *Windows*. Eyelids; as in *R. and J.* iv. 1. 100 (see our ed. p. 172, note on *Grey eye*), *Cymb.* ii. 2. 22, etc.

317. *Away*. The folios have "away;" corrected by Pope.

318. *And then play.* She is perhaps thinking of Cleopatra's words in 232 above.

322. *Beguil'd.* Deceived, cheated; as in iii. 7. 74 above.

329. *Touch their effects.* Are realized. Cf. *R. of L.* 353: "Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried."

332. *Augurer.* See on iv. 12. 4 above.

334. *Levell'd at.* Guessed at; as in *M. of V.* i. 2. 41: "level at my affection." The metaphor is taken from *levelling*, or aiming, a musket. For its literal use, see *Rich. III.* p. 232.

345. *As.* As if. Cf. i. 2. 93 and iv. 1. 1 above.

347. *Something blown.* Somewhat swollen. Cf. iv. 6. 34 above.

351. *Caves.* "Canes" and "eaves" have been conjectured.

352. *Her physician tells me,* etc. See North, p. 160 above. *Conclusions* = experiments; as in *Cymb.* i. 5. 18, *Ham.* iii. 4. 195, etc. See also p. 20 above.

357. *Clip.* Enclose. See on iv. 8. 8 and ii. 7. 69 above.

358. *High events as these.* For the ellipsis of *so*, cf. Gr. 281.

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—We give below the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis" in his valuable paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspeare's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 237), with some explanatory extracts from the preceding pages appended as foot-notes:

"Time of the Play, twelve days represented on the stage; with intervals.

" Day 1. Act I. sc. i.-iv.

*Interval of 20 days?**

" 2. Act I. sc. v., Act II. sc. i.-iii.†

" 3. Act II. sc. iv.

Interval [time for the news of Antony's marriage to reach Alexandria; and for the Triumvirs to meet with Pompey near Misenum].

" 4. Act II. sc. v.-vii. [Act III. sc. iii.].

Interval? [time for the Triumvirs to return to Rome].

* "In Act I. sc. v. Alexas brings a message and a present of a pearl to Cleopatra from Antony. On his journey he has met 'twenty several messengers' sent by the Queen to Antony, and she says, 'He shall have every day a several greeting.' We may suppose then an interval of some twenty days between Days 1 and 2."

† "The first lines of Act II. sc. iii. must represent the termination of the meeting proposed in the preceding scene. At the end of it Antony bids Octavia and Cæsar good-night, and she and Cæsar evidently go out together; though the only stage direction is 'Exit.' We are, then, clearly in Antony's first day in Rome; yet his conversation with the Soothsayer, who now enters, would suppose the lapse of some time since his arrival. . . . The fact is, distant times are brought together in this scene, as in many other places of the drama."

- Day 5. Act III. sc. i. and ii.*
 [Act III. sc. iii.† See Day 4.]
Interval [much wanted historically].
- " 6. Act III. sc. iv. and v.
Interval [Octavia's journey from Athens to Rome].
- " 7. Act III. sc. vi.
Interval.
- " 8. Act III. sc. vii.
- " 9. Act III. sc. viii.-x.
Interval.
- " 10. Act III. sc. xi.-xiii., Act IV. sc. i.-iii.
- " 11. Act IV. sc. iv.-ix.
- " 12. Act IV. sc. x.-xv., Act V. sc. i. and ii.‡
- "Historic time, about ten years : B.C. 40 to B.C. 30."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR. — The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Antony : i. 1(25), 2(59), 3(47) ; ii. 2(86), 3(25), 6(16), 7(28) ; iii. 2(19), 4(25), 7(21), 9(4), 11(58), 13(110) ; iv. 2(41), 4(31), 5(11), 7(5), 8(37), 10(9), 12(43), 14(106), 15(23). Whole no. 829.

Cæsar : i. 4(62) ; ii. 2(56), 3(1), 6(16), 7(15) ; iii. 2(21), 6(83), 8(5), 12(22) ; iv. 1(13), 6(10), 11(4) ; v. 1(54), 2(58). Whole no. 420.

Lepidus : i. 4(15) ; ii. 2(27), 4(8), 6(6), 7(12) ; iii. 2(2). Whole no. 70.

Pompey : ii. 1(42), 6(64), 7(30). Whole no. 136.

Enobarbus : i. 2(47) ; ii. 2(79), 6(44), 7(18) ; iii. 2(22), 5(9), 7(30), 10(15), 13(44) ; iv. 2(11), 6(20), 9(17). Whole no. 356.

* "Enobarbus commences this scene with

'They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone :
 The other three [the Triumvirs] are sealing. Octavia weeps
 To part from Rome ; Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,
 Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
 With the green sickness.'

"These lines annihilate time and space. Dramatically Misenum and Rome become one. The treaty with Pompey concluded at Misenum becomes a Roman business ; and the interval I have marked between this and the preceding act is of dubious propriety. It becomes still more so if we include in Day 5 the following scene, which certainly cannot be later than the morrow of Act II. sc. v."

† "Time is so shuffled in these scenes that it is extremely difficult to make out any consistent scheme ; on the whole, I incline to transfer this scene to Day 4, and accordingly place it within brackets. It might follow, in stage representation, sc. vi. and vii. of Act II., or, better perhaps, come between them, thus affording variety to the audience and an equal distribution of repose and action to the players."

‡ "Much of the business of this scene—not easily to be gathered from the drama itself—is derived by the editors from Plutarch's history of Mark Antony, on which the play is founded. I am in some doubt whether a separate day, the morrow of Day 12, should not be marked for the last two scenes. Historically, of course, some time elapsed between the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra ; but all these scenes from Act IV. sc. x. to the end of the play are dramatically so closely connected that, in the absence of any specific note of time which would justify this division, I have deemed it best to include them all in one day, the last."

- Ventidius* : iii. 1(30). Whole no. 30.
Eros : iii. 5(18), 11(8) ; iv. 4(1), 5(2), 7(2), 14(18). Whole no. 49.
Scarus : iii. 10(21) ; iv. 7(11), 10(1), 12(7). Whole no. 40.
Dercetas : iv. 14(4) ; v. 1(17). Whole no. 21.
Demetrius : i. 1(5). Whole no. 5.
Philo : i. 1(16). Whole no. 16.
Mæcenæ : ii. 2(17), 4(4) ; iii. 6(10) ; iv. 1(5) ; v. 1(4). Whole no. 40.
Agrippa : ii. 2(30), 4(3) ; iii. 2(13), 6(5) ; iv. 6(1), 7(3) ; v. 1(6).
 Whole no. 61.
Dolabella : iii. 12(5) ; v. 1(1), 2(42). Whole no. 48.
Proculæus : v. 1(1), 2(31). Whole no. 32.
Thyreus : iii. 12(2), 13(29). Whole no. 31.
Gallus : v. 2(2). Whole no. 2.
Menas : ii. 1(8), 6(27), 7(33). Whole no. 68.
Meneceates : ii. 1(6). Whole no. 6.
Varrius : ii. 1(4). Whole no. 4.
Taurus : iii. 8(1). Whole no. 1.
Canidius : iii. 7(16), 10(9). Whole no. 25.
Silius : iii. 1(11). Whole no. 11.
Euphronius : iii. 12(14), 13(2). Whole no. 16.
Alexas : i. 2(11), 5(17) ; iii. 3(4). Whole no. 32.
Mardian : i. 5(6) ; ii. 5(1) ; iv. 14(12). Whole no. 19.
Seleucus : v. 2(5). Whole no. 5.
Diomedes : iv. 14(16), 15(3). Whole no. 19.
Soothsayer : i. 2(13) ; ii. 3(19). Whole no. 32.
Clown : v. 2(31). Whole no. 31.
1st Attendant : i. 1(1), 2(1) ; ii. 5(1) ; iii. 13(3). Whole no. 6.
2d Attendant : i. 2(1). Whole no. 1.
1st Messenger : i. 2(15), 4(16) ; ii. 5(25) ; iii. 3(18), 7(3) ; iv. 6(2).
 Whole no. 79.
2d Messenger : i. 2(4). Whole no. 4.
1st Servant : ii. 7(11). Whole no. 11.
2d Servant : ii. 7(8). Whole no. 8.
1st Soldier : iii. 7(13) ; iv. 3(12), 4(3), 5(12), 6(10), 9(13). Whole
 no. 63.
2d Soldier : iv. 3(8), 9(7). Whole no. 15.
3d Soldier : iv. 3(6), 9(7). Whole no. 13.
4th Soldier : iv. 3(5). Whole no. 5.
1st Guard : iv. 14(5) ; v. 2(18). Whole no. 23.
2d Guard : iv. 14(2) ; v. 2(2). Whole no. 4.
3d Guard : iv. 14(1). Whole no. 1.
Egyptian : v. 1(6). Whole no. 6.
Captain : iv. 4(1). Whole no. 1.
Boy : ii. 7(6). Whole no. 6.
Cleopatra : i. 1(21), 2(6), 3(70), 5(60) ; ii. 5(106) ; iii. 3(34), 7(15),
 11(8), 13(46) ; iv. 2(2), 4(9), 8(5), 12(1), 13(8), 15(68) ; v. 2(211). Whole
 no. 670.

Octavia : ii. 3(3) ; iii. 2(3), 4(16), 6(14). Whole no. 36.

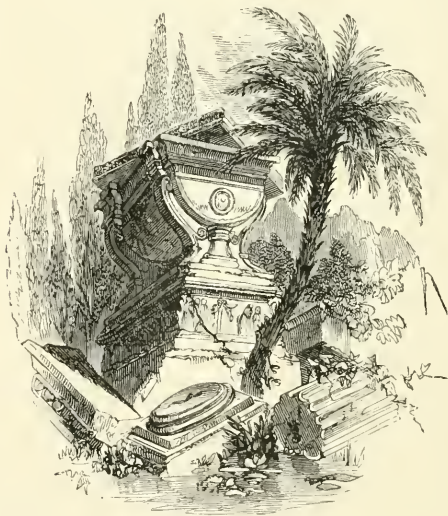
Charmian : i. 2(43), 3(8), 5(8) ; ii. 5(10) ; iii. 3(9), 11(2) ; iv. 4(1), 13(4), 15(5) ; v. 2(19). Whole no. 109.

Iras : i. 2(15) ; iii. 11(4) ; iv. 15(4) ; v. 2(7). Whole no. 30.

"*All*" : iii. 11(1) ; iv. 2(1), 3(3), 4(1), 14(2), 15(1) ; v. 1(1), 2(2). Whole no. 12.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows : i. 1(62), 2(204), 3(105), 4(84), 5(78) ; ii. 1(52), 2(250), 3(42), 4(10), 5(119), 6(145), 7(141) ; iii. 1(37), 2(66), 3(51), 4(38), 5(25), 6(98), 7(81), 8(6), 9(4), 10(37), 11(74), 12(36), 13(201) ; iv. 1(16), 2(45), 3(23), 4(38), 5(17), 6(39), 7(16), 8(39), 9(35), 10(9), 11(4), 12(49), 13(10), 14(140), 15(91) ; v. 1(77), 2(369). Whole number in the play, 3063.

Cleopatra has more lines than any other female character in the plays except *Rosalind*, who has 749 lines. *Imogen* comes next, with 596 lines.



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